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THE NEXT WAR

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SELDOM if ever have the oft-gathering war clouds cast such clear-cut shadows on the face of Europe. Seldom if ever have the European Great Powers known so accurately before the event how they, and their clients, would line up. Every European talks war, breathes war, acts in fear of war. Every European government, whether obligated to war or to the defense of its neutrality, is now preparing for a future in which preparedness for war will control normal civil life.

It may be that we ought all to expect peace — however uneasy a peace — because we all talk and think of war; just as the cleverest stock-market manipulators buy when everyone is selling, and sell when everyone is buying. We cannot, however, view the curve of European crises as if it were essentially the same as that of stock-market quotations. The crisis curve goes on reaching new 'highs.' We stand too close to the last epoch of pre-war crises, the decade 1904–1914. We remember how wrong were the constitutional optimists of Europe between the murder of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and August 4 of the latter year; how right were the American

observers who said that, unless the mad-cap career of the arms race were halted, 'the guns would go off by themselves.' If that was true of the last pre-war European epoch, how much more likely is it so to-day, when the arms race has attained astronomical dimensions?

The arms race of 1904–1914 looks positively decorous beside that of Europe to-day; yet the basic principles, the causal factors, are no different in kind. They have merely been raised to the *n*th degree of intensity. The factors making for war in Europe, for the second time within one generation, are manifesting themselves — despite new frontiers, strange ideologies, and unprecedented means of destruction — in the same vicious upward spiral of offensive and defensive preparations. The prophylactic does as much to bring about the catastrophe as the disease itself. To-day the whole world looks on, helplessly fascinated, while an irresistible force inexorably approaches an immovable wall.

The force may peter out. The wall, which has frequently been moved back at the last minute during recent years and months, may once more be hastily dismantled and reërected in another

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place; and so the world may gain another reprieve. But — and this is the point — nothing has been done, and less is currently being done than in the immediate past, to prevent an encounter which, though it may still be postponed, remains otherwise inevitable. As I said, the *trend* of the crisis curve is not being reversed. Accordingly, though we may paradoxically hope for the opposite of what all expect, though we may prophesy the futility, the impossibility, or the non-durability of another European war, like Sir Norman Angell¹ and Mr. Francis Hirst² before the Great War and like Mr. Possony³ to-day, we should be fools ourselves if we did not expect the majority of our fellows to be fools also. The signs are too grimly evident, the contour and outline of the war clouds too sharply etched. Europe is zigzagging in the direction of a general war. How will protagonists and antagonists line up? On what issue? How will the war be waged? What will be the relative distribution of advantages and drawbacks at the outset, halfway, and at the end? Who will win? And why? Let us first see what arouses these queries.

II

All observers of the European scene now realize — what Mr. Neville Chamberlain has publicly avowed — that the Munich Agreements and the policy of 'appeasement,' instead of reversing the entire trend of the crisis curve, have given it a terrible upward boost. This fact was not apparent to Mr. Chamberlain or MM. Bonnet and Daladier during the Munich crisis. (If it was, they can only have gone into the Munich conference as the French cynic said men go into second marriages, allowing hope to triumph over experience.) Realization was thrust upon them by Herr Hitler in the shape of the outright annexa-

tion of Bohemia and Moravia, and the establishment of the so-called 'protectorate' over Slovakia, on March 12-14. That unkind cut was driven deeper by the further breakdown of Mr. Chamberlain's personal policy of 'appeasing' Italy separately. This second blow at Mr. Chamberlain's policy was delivered on Good Friday, in the shape of the Italian annexation of Albania, and to the accompaniment of bombs and shells bursting indiscriminately among Catholic, Greek Orthodox, and Mohammedan Albanians.

These blows from Berlin and Rome were followed by a lesser — but in the long run, perhaps, even more discomfiting — cut from Burgos. The hopes of the British Prime Minister, on which reposed his personal policy of bribing Generalissimo Franco into gentility and Anglophilia by the power of the British purse, were dashed, for a critical short run if not longer, by the extremely pro-axis policy which the Generalissimo forthwith adopted. (It can hardly be maintained that he did so out of gratitude to Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini, for if gratitude alone were the reason for his policy, then he should surely have done at least as much for Mr. Chamberlain's Government!)

The immediate reactions of the British and French Governments to such unkind cuts have been remarkable alike for their speed and determination. Indeed, one may well define the last three months of Anglo-French policy as the epoch of the Great Reversals. Consider the behavior of the British and French Governments in this epoch, and you will be utterly unable to square it with their actions for seven years before last March.

They would not fight for Czechoslovakia. They have given black-and-white military guarantees to far weaker sisters in Europe within six months of Munich — to Rumania, Greece, and Turkey. They would not increase their trade with these countries, nor extend credits. Now they are positively falling

¹ *The Great Illusion*, 1910.

² In the *Economist*, summer of 1914.

³ *To-morrow's War*, 1938.

over backwards, prodigal with their loans, and running up almost unlimited bills for extra imports. They ostentatiously cold-shouldered Russia out of Europe's councils during the Munich crisis, and for years before it. Indeed, Munich can only be interpreted from the Anglo-French angle, if it were Machiavellian at all, as a deliberate incitement of Germany to expand anywhere in Europe as long as it was eastwards — that is, against Russia. Now the very same British and French Governments, led by the same individuals, are in cahoots with the red brand of Communism because of their fear of the brown kind. The defense of British and French democracy and private property, which hitherto led Conservatives to befriend and build up Germany and Italy, is now to be sought by Conservatives on the red plains of Russia.

Yet these reversals were not enough. Mr. Chamberlain demanded from the British people what no Prime Minister had been able to extract from them in peacetime since the days of the press gang: conscription. This, the necessary price for the solidarity of the French military alliance, and the equally necessary pledge to Britain's newly guaranteed allies, was the greatest reversal of all. As late as the end of March, Mr. Chamberlain reiterated his oft-repeated pledge to the Commons that conscription would never be forced on the British people without a general election. Within a month he had made the momentous reversal, in these indicative words before the Commons: —

Well, since then [March 29] I have changed my mind. I hope that everybody is ready to change his mind when necessity demands. Nothing would be more likely to lead the country into disaster than that the Government should refuse to change its mind if changed conditions required it. . . . [Since March 29] we felt compelled to give an assurance to Poland, followed by similar assurances to Greece and Rumania. . . . If they [these assurances] are to be effective we must inspire confidence, not only in the countries

to which we gave them, but throughout Europe, that we mean to carry them through to the end.

In other words peacetime conscription had been rendered necessary in order to reestablish confidence abroad in the word and good faith of Mr. Chamberlain's Government. In other words 'necessity,' *alias* Herr Hitler, had made mincemeat of the Munich pact and policy. In other words Britain herself could not rely on her new allies to keep their word unless she herself pledged a material proof of her own involvement, over and above the signature on the dotted line.

To sum up: the British Government's convulsive *volte-face* could not extract Britain herself from perils too late perceived, unless sacrifices unparalleled in peacetime were hastily shouldered by the British people *pour encourager les autres*. Unhappily, the bankruptcy of the British Government's former policies made the final *volte-face* too rapid, the sacrifices too extensive. Thus, for the eleventh-hour effort to be successful, Mr. Chamberlain's own measures have had to appear so bellicose as to increase, rather than diminish, the European tension. What might once have been a factor for peace became inevitably a factor, if not for actual war, at least for such a final European showdown as might involve war. What, in brief, were these Anglo-French measures? How has the 'non-aggression front' been drawn up, drilled, and disposed?

First, Mr. Chamberlain made it clear in his radio address to the nation on September 26, 1938 that he was abandoning Czechoslovakia to Herr Hitler only because he, Mr. Chamberlain, did *not* believe that the Third Reich was aiming at world domination by threats of force. After the elimination of what was left of Czechoslovakia last March, the British Prime Minister made it equally clear that he thought Herr Hitler *was* so aiming at world domination. The British Government's full military alliance

with France, the unprecedented guarantees to the various East European states, followed within a few weeks of Mr. Chamberlain's aggrieved condemnations of Herr Hitler at Birmingham and in the Commons. The extent of this about-face was striking enough; but it was emphasized by reference to Mr. Chamberlain's earlier refusal to be drawn into war over Czechoslovakia. In the September radio address the British Prime Minister could talk of 'a quarrel in a faraway country between peoples of whom we know nothing.' There is little doubt that the British Cabinet and people know far less about Poland, Rumania, and Greece than they ever knew about Germany and Czechoslovakia. The states newly guaranteed by Britain are certainly much farther away than Germany or Czechoslovakia. Within four weeks of that faraway country's total destruction by Herr Hitler, Mr. Chamberlain was pledging Britain to fight for Poland, Rumania, and Greece, provided only that these countries defended themselves against an aggressor.

Then, secondly, Signor Mussolini's *coup* against his own ally, Albania, led the British and French Cabinets to extend their commitments very considerably. Greece and Turkey were added to the list of guaranteed states before two months had elapsed from the annihilation of Czechoslovakia, and before five weeks had elapsed from the Albanian stroke. British warships were concentrated near Corfu and in the eastern Mediterranean, while French warships defended Gibraltar.

Thirdly, the new Anglo-French (but mainly English) guarantees appeared useless without support for the guaranteed states from their rear—that is, from Russia. This was obvious as soon as Mr. Chamberlain announced them to the Commons. Both Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill were quick to observe that Britain was thereby saddled with possibly unlimited

commitments. These commitments had never before been shouldered in peacetime. They virtually gave to Europe's weak sisters the power to decide when British blood should be shed on the Continent. For instance, if Poland, Rumania, Greece, or Turkey decided to oppose an aggressor by force of arms, then Britain was bound by her own bond to levy war on that aggressor; and only in the case of Turkey did Britain obtain a really reciprocal pledge. (In the event of war anywhere in Europe reaching into the Mediterranean area—an area hitherto undefined by Mr. Chamberlain—Turkey and Britain are mutually bound to defend each other.) One glance at the map shows how hard it would be, if indeed possible, for Britain to carry military aid to Poland. Turkey's entrance into the 'non-aggression front' gives Britain the ability to aid Rumania from the eastern Mediterranean through the Dardanelles, placed under Turkish defense since the Montreux conference of 1936; but no effective military aid can be given to Poland or Rumania in wartime without Russian participation on Britain's behalf.

In the negotiations with Russia, Mr. Chamberlain found himself in the position of a Daniel come to judgment. He and his Cabinet had, grievously late in the day, awakened to the peril facing Britain after Munich, and had promptly turned about-face. But their new East European policy stood the chance of proving a broken reed. Worse, it might prove a formidable liability without some measure of Russian coöperation. Yet they had studiously frozen out the Russians at Munich. How were they to secure just the right amount of Russian coöperation, (a) without frightening Poland and Rumania out of the allied group, (b) without giving Russia a *quid pro quo* which would leave her free to invoke Anglo-French military aid in other quarters of the globe (in the Far East, or in the upper Baltic), and finally (c) without goading Herr Hitler

to an act of despair by what would seem mere unprincipled 'encirclement'? The negotiations were so tortuous, pursued with such obvious distaste on both English and Russian sides, that the *ad interim* disappearance of M. Litvinov from the Foreign Commissariat, and the exasperated embarrassment which Mr. Chamberlain unguardedly manifested at this news, nearly threw the Anglo-French 'non-aggression front' into utter rout. It was only rallied and re-formed, in evident haste, by the prompt inclusion of Turkey — a dictatorship state modeled on Russia, on excellent terms with her, and calculated to serve as a bridge between the capitalist Western democracies and the Soviet Union. And so, like an inverted Pope going up to Canossa, Lord Halifax, that loyal performer of distasteful rôles created by Mr. Chamberlain, went to Geneva in May to placate the Russians.

Without a clear-cut agreement with Russia, then, the 'front' might prove far from strategic. On the other hand, the states of the eastern front distrusted Russia behind them, while they made it quite clear that after Munich they could not fully trust Mr. Chamberlain and the British Cabinet in front of them. Even Britain's written word was henceforth not enough. Accordingly, to brace French morale, to prove good faith to Britain's new allies, as much as to convince Russia that Mr. Chamberlain meant business, it was necessary for the British Cabinet to take the fourth military measure: the momentous step of conscription.

Fifthly, and last, a whole series of preparations for early warfare on a national scale had been set up or accelerated since Herr Hitler rebuffed Mr. Chamberlain's friendly hand after Munich. These British measures went far beyond the rapid expansion of aircraft production. That expansion had carried the rate of monthly output, by June 1939, to a figure around 900, which is equal to, if not surpassing, that of

the Reich. They extended beyond the naval and military expansion programs. They were almost exclusively composed of civil measures which a democracy, especially the British kind, never takes in peace unless it is morally certain of war; because to a large extent they do away with democracy itself.

Such measures, all executed since Munich and almost all greatly accelerated since March 14, are the following: blast-proof steel shelters for all urban citizens at a cost to the state of some \$100,000,000; increased storage of food and raw materials; division of civil government into twelve self-administered, self-supplying regions in wartime; registration for complete food rationing; the assimilation of the Territorial (militia) Army to the regular Army, and the decision to send a British Expeditionary Force of some thirty-two divisions to the Continent in wartime; registration and organization of all private road transport for war purposes; and plans for evacuation of certain big cities. Industry, civil trade, gold, foreign assets, foreign trade, freedom of movement, freedom of labor — all these gave way to some form of centralized control by a Government in power for nearly eight years. To purely civil measures of this kind must be added certain half-military activities. For instance, the rerouting of British shipping round the Cape of Good Hope under naval convoys; the new trade agreements with Rumania and Poland, under which the former is to receive three installments of \$25,000,000 each for armaments, additional exports, and large-scale works; and the credibly reported British Government's backing for the proposed \$100,000,000 Anglo-French loan to General Franco (private in form, under the auspices of Mendelssohn and Company). This loan is really an indirect way of bailing out Signor Mussolini, by enabling General Franco to repay the Duce for two and a half years of Italian non-intervention in Spain. Finally, on top of conscription

(revoking a promise), came very strong hints of complete wartime censorship of radio, public meetings, and the press — before a war!

The whole complex of civil and half-military measures, taken with the sudden disposition of British and French fleets, air forces, and air defenses, with the French manning of the Maginot Line and partial mobilization, has apparently proved sufficient to inculcate in both Führer and Duce a wholesome, if temporary, regard for realities. So much is evident in their speeches of April-May. Yet the tension has risen in Europe. Whatever lull there may be is ominously like that before a hurricane.

The pitiful upshot is that Mr. Chamberlain and MM. Bonnet and Daladier are strenuously trying to impress on the dictators that the 'democracies' mean business this time; while, on the other hand, the execution of Anglo-French 'business' has now been gravely hampered by the loss of so many onetime vantage points: Spain, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Austria, and so forth. Thus the ignorance, myopia, and incompetence of certain British Conservative politicians during the last five years have forced their Government to incur, on awakening with a start, far graver commitments than those which they steadfastly refused to shoulder throughout that period. Yet these very commitments, ironically enough, may now provoke war.

There is, unhappily, nothing new in this. We need not be surprised. It took two years of the last war before politicians realized that conscription in Britain was necessary. Then Sir John Simon resigned, and Mr. Neville Chamberlain secured from Mr. Lloyd George the portfolio of the National Service (that is, conscription) Department. (Now Sir John Simon and Mr. Chamberlain are in the closest of double harness, while Mr. Lloyd George has been out for over fifteen years.) Again, it took more than two years of futile battering tactics dur-

ing the last war, by which hundreds of thousands of British soldiers perished, to teach the British Staff as a whole that a unified command under the French was imperative.

Once more, it would seem that the familiar British process of 'muddling through' is nearing its equally familiar peak. At that point it has generally become necessary for all Europe, and the young blood of another generation, to pay for the peculiar lymphatic system of Britain's elder statesmen. (As H. G. Wells remarked, 'I suppose the last dinosaur to survive thought it was muddling through quite nicely.') Yet it would be perilous in the extreme for Herr Hitler or Signor Mussolini to assume that Britain, because of her elder statesmen's antics and gestures in the last seven years, will be inefficient in war. It would be equally dangerous to copy the Kaiser, and sniff at 'England's contemptible little army,' to doubt the young Englishman's will or ability to be a fine conscript, or to minimize (as the German press is doing) England's potential contribution to a war because of her falling birth rate.

Britain had in 1914 a population, up to the age of forty-five, only six sevenths of its present figure; but she put 5,000,000 men into the army between 1914 and 1918, of whom only 2,100,000 were conscripted after the initial date, February 10, 1916. The majority were volunteers. At that time, conscription could only be secured in the fevered emotion of war. Now it has been grimly accorded to a Government whose peacetime blunders have been made public property, whose record is anything but one of efficiency, and under whom less than 37 per cent of the electorate in recent by-elections could be got to turn out and vote either Aye or No. This paradox is, of course, ascribable to only one cause: the even more passive, pitiable, and incompetent behavior of the official opposition, the Labor Party. Thus, though British and French democracy is dying by inches

and of pernicious political anæmia, it is at least dying on its feet.

Accordingly, with all unfavorable factors duly weighed, the seriousness of the British and French Governments' recent actions must be emphasized. Both Governments are now out on a limb before the eyes of their peoples and the world. Having obtained, and committed themselves to, so much, they can hardly scramble back. Apart from the ruin of their countries, it would now spell the ruin of themselves and of their party.

III

Suppose, therefore, that another pre-Munich situation arises — how will the European Powers line up?

That depends, of course, on the issue creating the situation. It might be in the Mediterranean, but will almost certainly be in Eastern Europe. While Mr. Chamberlain has expressly stated that Britain is obligated to support Poland by force of arms if Poland's 'independence' is threatened by an aggression against Danzig as much as against the Corridor or Silesia, we have grounds for believing that Danzig may not prove a *casus belli*. For Britain and France on one side, Italy on another (she has once more nothing to gain from a German victory in Eastern Europe), and Nazi Germany herself, may well agree to make such formal concessions to Poland as will save alike Polish interests and prestige.

But then, whether Danzig goes back to the Reich or Herr Hitler agrees to remain content with *de facto* and not *de jure* sovereignty over the Free City, Danzig has only been a symbol of East Prussia's separation from the Fatherland. It is a territorial reintegration of Memel, East Prussia, and Danzig with the Reich at which Nazi policy has been aimed. That means, of course, the effective elimination of the Corridor — either by annexation of the Polish province of Pomorze, which would merely prelude the seizure of the provinces of Poznan

(including Posen) and Polish Silesia, or by such Polish cessions of 'corridors within the Corridor' as would in fact lead to the same result. Colonel Beck's speech to the Sejm, just before Herr Hitler's speech of April 28 'answering' President Roosevelt, showed a bold perception of the vital issues for Poland and little evidence of willingness to make concessions. Therefore on the Corridor question, if not on Danzig, the Poles may be expected to stand adamant, strengthened by the Anglo-French guarantee. Even if they do, however, Britain cannot get into the Baltic in time of war; so Russia becomes the decisive supply base for Poland.

Farther south lies Germany's second eastern expansion chamber, Rumania. She now possesses, besides her treaty and common frontier with Poland, an Anglo-French guarantee, a virtual common front with Germany (Hungary-Ruthenia-Slovakia), and also a common front with Russia. Accordingly she is almost precisely in Poland's position, though she has two added advantages and one extra disadvantage. Rumania now finds Italy's frontiers only a few miles away, in what was recently Albania, across the southern tip of Yugoslavia. But she has, to offset this disadvantage, access to the Black Sea, Dardanelles, and Eastern Mediterranean, in which British and French warships can operate by virtue of the recent British and French guarantees and agreements with Turkey and Greece. Moreover, seen in conjunction with the foregoing, Rumania can boast what Poland sorely lacks: a natural strategic front for defense, comprising the Carpathians and Transylvanian Alps which screen her wheat and oil fields. Within these advantageous boundaries, supported by Anglo-French funds, supplies, and warships, buttressed by Turkey and Greece, and likely to benefit from Russian material support, Rumania may prove a far stronger sister than, solitary, she undoubtedly is.

Accordingly, if we assume a German drive to the east against Polish or Rumanian territory, we must expect a general European war. Only on this assumption can the recent reversals in Anglo-French policy acquire any sense. And, *a fortiori*, we must go on to conclude that some kind of understanding with Russia will be reached by Britain (since France still has one on paper). However the manœuvres and higgings between such ill-assorted principals may develop, it is now crystal-clear that Russia's vital interests — the integrity of her Ukrainian granary, the immunity of her vast experimental laboratory from interference on the part of a triumphant Naziism athwart all Europe — demand alignment with Britain's new allies along her borders. Indeed, the very reasons given by *Izvestia* for the Russians' rejection of the first British proposals show that M. Stalin and his associates, like the Poles and the Rumanians, want to have the British obligations as clear-cut, comprehensive, and unequivocal as possible. For the Russians demanded a British commitment to fight for the integrity even of Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, and Finland. In other words, Russia required an outright triple defensive alliance with Britain and France, not because she wanted to choke these Powers off, but because she apprehended an even more extensive German *Drang nach Osten* than they did. She knew its victory spelled her defeat, and wanted her capitalistic allies as much 'in the bag' as they wanted their Communist one, and for precisely the same reason.

The higgling occurred over the cause of all higgling: not the thing itself, but the *terms* on which the thing shall be exchanged. Consequently, whether final agreement on those terms be reached or not, *the ultimate interests of the parties coincide* on the desirability of exchange. And the importance of this will only emerge once war really begins in Eastern Europe. To that extent, perhaps, Mr.

Chamberlain and his colleagues unwisely thought they could stall for time with 'the Bear that walks like a Man.' Unwisely, because their stalling ran the risk of being interpreted in Berlin (a) as evidence that they never intended to fight for their new Eastern allies' integrity, and (b) as stalling from the Moscow end — that is, as evidence that Russia wouldn't play ball in Eastern Europe. To that extent, therefore, both interpretations in Berlin might lure the Nazis forward to the east. And that would precipitate general war, on the grounds of what Mr. Chamberlain himself took pains to warn Germany would prove 'a tragic misunderstanding.'

It was, indeed, precisely to prevent German 'misunderstanding' of England's pre-war position, similar to that committed by the Second Reich in 1914, that Mr. Chamberlain's Cabinet decided on the big reversals of policy between March and May. It would be paradoxical, the extreme irony of fate, if this time *after* Britain had announced such new and sweeping military commitments the Third Reich perpetrated the very blunder for which Herr Hitler castigated the Kaiser and his advisers in *Mein Kampf*. Yet here we glimpse once again the central danger in the vicious spiral of current European politics: the utter lack of confidence in any country's commitments.

At this point Italy's position assumes great importance. For not only the question whether war *will* come, but also the questions what kind of war it will be, how long it can last, and how it will be won, depend for adequate answers upon the rôle which Italy will choose, or can be compelled, to play. Moreover, a refinement in the argument must here be introduced, according as we assess Italy's rôle *up to* the outbreak of a European war or *after* its outbreak. For example, Signor Mussolini has gone very far in one way to publish the military solidarity of the Rome-Berlin axis. He has had a stream of Nazi callers in Italy: Field

Marshal Göring, General Keitel, General von Brauchitsch. They have consulted with their Italian staff colleagues; and while General Pariani has been to Innsbruck to confer with General Keitel, having also received him in Italy, Count Ciano has been to Germany, and Herr von Ribbentrop to Italy, to confer over Albania, Yugoslavia, and so forth. The vaunted military solidarity of the axis has been codified in a military alliance. But none of this has altered European alignments by one iota. They remain where they will always be in peacetime.

Yet in another way the Duce has made it pretty plain that he does not want to be drawn into a general European war over, let us say, Eastern Europe. He even went on record in Turin, on May 12, as contradicting his bellicose anti-French speeches earlier this year, when he said that there was no European problem over which a war need break out. He obviously refrained from accepting any responsibility for an answer to President Roosevelt's appeal, by ostentatiously 'passing the buck' to Herr Hitler. This is probably the outcome of public anxiety inside Italy, of the Duce's dissatisfaction with Generalissimo Franco's commercial concessions to the Nazis in Spain, and of his own anxiety about the German drive down to the Adriatic and Ægean. Already he has lost the buffers of Austria and Czechoslovakia while up to his neck in Spain. His erstwhile ally Hungary, and his more recent friend Yugoslavia, have the German harrow almost on their fields. Hence, perhaps, quite another significance of that Albanian *coup*, so suddenly on the heels of Germany's elimination of Czechoslovakia. It gave the Duce some material gain to rank beside the spectacular recent gains by Herr Hitler. But it also gave him a nice foothold south of the sturdy, independent Serbs and Hungarians, if ever they — and the rest of the Balkan peoples, mostly backed by Britain — should fight against a German aggressor.

Accordingly, while in peacetime we may expect no overt wavering from the axis by Signor Mussolini, we may well wonder what he would do in wartime. It is not unthinkable that the British and French, fearing such Italian 'neutrality' as was 'non-intervention,' would prefer to send the Duce an old-fashioned twenty-four-hour ultimatum, couched in the words 'He who is not with me is against me.' That would properly put Italy, Signor Mussolini, and the Fascist régime on the spot. It would be a terrible dilemma. It would not be a choice between good and evil, peace and war, glory and ignominy, or victory and defeat; but a choice, as the comedian said, 'between the bad and the lousy.' It would mean taking a certain rap from Britain and France, or taking whatever rap could be spared by a desperate Germany, let down by her axis partner when the Reich's back was against the wall. Cornered rats go berserk. A cornered Reich could first pulverize Italy's industrial belt in the Lombardy plain, take Trieste and Fiume, and overrun Venezia Giulia. If the circumstantial accounts of swarming German Staff officers and Gestapo men in Northern Italy speak true, and if the German generals' visits to Libya and the concentration of German 'colonial divisions' a day's run from Trieste are part of a joint plan of campaign, Signor Mussolini and the Italian people may find themselves in a fix.

They may be in for shocking surprises, either way; for Italy is only a long neck stuck out. If the Duce is forced at pistol's point to make war with the Reich against Britain, France, and their allies, the Mediterranean will be closed to everything but warships. Both British and French vital communications *can* be secured round Africa or via the Atlantic, under convoy, and with only a little longer delay in voyage. That leaves the Italian navy and air force to break an Anglo-French blockade, exercised as much from *outside* Gibraltar and Suez as

within the Mediterranean. This can only be done by finding and attacking Anglo-French concentrations far from Italian air or naval bases. Cost what it may in the loss of an Anglo-French warship here or there, it cannot be accomplished by Italy. And her economic and social situation to-day gives little reason to think she could last out as long as Germany *once a war begins*. Again, the Reich will not be able to help her to any significant economic extent. Finally, there is the serious possibility that, if Italy joined Germany in a general European war, British and French forces might be compelled to crush Italy at the outset in a costly but successful *offensive*, mainly in Mediterranean waters. Thus the rap which the Duce might have to take from Germany (if he ran out on her) cannot be as great as the rap he would assuredly take from Britain and France. Moreover, the interests of Italy and the Italian people, despite all the rude words on either side of the Italo-French frontier, are remorselessly being fused by Germany with those of Britain and France.

For example, look now at Central Europe, the Adriatic, the Balkans, the position of the Dodecanese now Turkey is allied with Britain, the lack of Italian gains from Spain. Almost every factor which superficially might seem to draw Italy alongside the Reich to safeguard recent Italian acquisitions — the Dodecanese, Libya, the Balearic Isles, Ethiopia, Albania — is, *in terms of real warfare*, a strategic liability to Italy. These possessions are terribly scattered for a country which cannot command communications with them, and whose only ally is not only impotent to do so, but also, if it were able to, is quite likely to 'safeguard' by pocketing them. The dilemma of Italy's axis policy only emerges clearly once we assume the general war is 'on.' Then the Duce will certainly recall (if he has not already done so) Machiavelli's advice to the Prince: 'Never go into a war on the side

of a Power greater than yourself; for if you lose, you lose; and if by your aid the greater Power wins, then you will assuredly lose, too.'

Unfortunately, in seeking to avoid the disappointments which Italy experienced at the hands of victorious allies greater than herself in 1919, Signor Mussolini has landed her in a dilemma which seems infinitely more grievous. For it now looks as if she would take a rap whatever she does, whereas after 1918 she did get the South Tyrol, Trieste, and Fiume, part of Slovenia, Jubaland from Britain, and one or two lesser morsels. At any rate, as long as Britain and France are led by Mr. Chamberlain, M. Daladier, and their colleagues, Signor Mussolini can be immorally certain of, let us say, sympathetic treatment after a war *in which* (but not before which) Italy unaccountably showed up as a poacher among the gamekeepers. Cynical, perhaps; but the frequency and fervor of deathbed conversions have not killed religion. They are a belated tribute to it. Herr Hitler once called the attitude of democracies that of a governess. Well, it was an English governess who, not quite sure of the afterworld, made her little charges curtsy at the names of both God and Beelzebub. Why, in these uncertain days, should not Il Duce have a reinsurance policy up his sleeve?

IV

And supposing this war comes, over some petty incident like an assassination, or a ship sunk by a 'submarine of unknown nationality,' or some graver event like another German invasion of non-German territory? How will it be fought? How strong will be the opposing sides? And who will win? And why?

It is very dangerous to prophesy. Yet I feel fairly certain of two things. If it is from the outset a general war, — and that I now think it is almost certain to be, if it comes at all, — then I feel pretty sure that the eastern front, Poland and

Rumania in particular, *will* receive supplies, munitions, and probably coöperating aircraft from Russia. That would be common prudence on M. Stalin's part, whether he wanted all Western Europe to collapse into anarchy or whether he wanted to crush Nazi Germany in the company of British and French capitalists. For if Germany wins a lightning war in the east, as she otherwise would in a matter of months, then (a) she sits on Russia's frontiers from Finland to the Caucasus, and (b) she *may* finally defeat Britain and France and emerge as the European colossus. That would be bad for Russia, both in Europe and in the Far East, whereas judicious Russian aid would weaken Germany, keep the war going, and weaken everybody.

Italy's rôle may be decisive, in determining Russia's contribution. If Italy marches with Germany, Eastern Europe and the eastern Mediterranean will need Russian support. If Italy runs out on the axis, Russia may then limit her participation, seeing a German defeat inevitable. In any case, neither Poland nor Rumania, neither Greece nor Turkey, wants the Red Army on her soil. But, whether you think of Russia as wanting red ruin throughout Europe or as wanting to defeat Naziism as quickly as possible, she would have to aid the eastern front: either to keep Germany busy if Germany were winning too fast, or to beat Germany as quickly as possible.

Secondly, I am pretty sure that Italy can either be kept altogether from entering the war on the side of Germany or else be crushed, militarily and economically, in a matter of months. To force Italy on to the Anglo-French side, drastic Anglo-French action at the very twelfth hour is necessary. I think it will be forthcoming. It will perform the useful function of reënforcing Signor Mussolini's (and the vast majority of Italians') own predispositions, and of making up the Duce's mind. Yet, even if in this particular I am wrong, the Italian entry on Germany's side would

only be an initial strategic asset, and a rapidly wasting one. Italy would almost immediately prove a drain on Germany's limited resources. She would lengthen the war without altering its outcome. Only a neutral Italy (benevolent to Germany, malevolent to Britain and France) would really aid Germany, by supplying her over their common frontier and acting as a continual anxiety to Britain and France. The German General Staff may well, as is reported, desire this. They may have sent their staff officers and the Gestapo into Italy to ensure it. But the last word, unfortunately for Germany and Italy alike, lies perforce with Britain and France. *They* can compel Italy to choose. The choice is unenviable; but that need be no concern of theirs.

Now as to campaigns. Germany can bank only on her *Blitzkrieg*, her 'lightning war,' inherited from the Schlieffen Plan before the last war. It is the only kind of war, totalitarian war, the war of overwhelming force, for which her last six years of organization have fitted her. Her stocks, her substitute industries, both aimed to parry blockade; her rapidly (perhaps overrapidly) trained armed forces and air force; her overrapidly expanded armament industries — all these have drained her powers of long endurance. Her overrapid expansion across new territories has greatly increased her need to guard communications and keep down unsympathetic civil populations. A new and serious military front now opposes her to the east and southeast, where she reckoned only eight months ago that the elimination of Czechoslovakia had put Poland and Rumania 'in the bag.' France can put 1,500,000 trained reserves into the field within a few weeks of the time her standing army of 1,000,000 becomes engaged; and the British are to add a mobile force of some 200,000. Germany's army and reserves at full strength amount to only 2,500,000 men, including the air force and the Black S. S. (militarily trained), but ex-

cluding police and Brown S. A. (The latter will certainly be needed at home.) Skilled labor is already in acute shortage, in so-called peacetime; and the enormously swollen bureaucracy and administration cannot be denuded of men. In another two years her fully armed and trained man power will be over 3,000,000; but not now. Her exports are not keeping pace with her increased need of imports. Her output of aircraft has scarcely risen (except by the seizure of 1500 Czech planes since last October), owing to difficulties with labor supply, materials, and finance. Her whole naval program is modest and slow, for practically the same reasons.

Germany might last a year of general war; scarcely more, for her stocks and available production would not permit it, unless she could annex, control, and work Rumania. Even then it is doubtful if all Rumania's, Poland's, and Jugoslavia's output of oils and minerals would suffice for her wartime needs as the war progressed. Stocks and reclamation would provide leeway; but Germany has to *defeat*, not merely defend herself against, Britain and France. That is presumably the aim of the war. And on that score, whatever the damage, massacres, and embarrassments to the civil and military forces of Britain and France from the initial superiority in numbers of the German air force, it is now almost impossible to see how German *offensives*, by land or air or underwater, could to-day inflict defeat on Britain, France, and their associates before the German internal system collapsed. The utmost Germany might hope for would be the ruin of her adversaries with that of herself. No one might win; but Germany would certainly lose.

This is, of course, summary judgment. To give every ground for such conclusions — military, naval, aerial, economic, and even moral — would require many books. But some examples may suffice. Take the improvement of *de-*

fense on land and on sea. The inextricable struggles of masses of men in trenches, the inviolability of tanks, the peril from submarines, the effect of heavy artillery — these old factors have given way to the new (mediaeval!) fortified position, the anti-tank gun and trap, the modern automatic shoulder gun and machine gun, the listening apparatus, the convoy, the depth charge, and so forth. The *offensive* must remain the strategy of someone who begins a war, — especially of someone who begins a lightning war, — otherwise there's no lightning victory, but a remorselessly slow and sure defeat. Yet our twenty years' progress in instruments of death, by increasing the destructive power of any one soldier, have merely done what overrapid installations of machinery have done in industry. They have enormously raised the output (of death) per man; but they have rendered great armies of men less necessary. To put it another way, they have raised the ratio of necessary superiority in numbers for an offensive from about 2:1 to about 4:1 or even more.

Now this would aid Germany only if she could be certain of meeting no diversion at all in the east or southeast, so that she could throw all against the west; or else if Russia stayed out altogether, and Italy came in, with much the same effect. Even then, apart from greater naval and aerial embarrassments to Britain and France, one cannot see how the mere death and damage they suffer can be turned into their military defeat. And if Germany meets 1,500,000 Polish soldiers and 800,000 Rumanian soldiers in real warfare, not enough of even 3,000,000 soldiers will be left for a lightning victory in the west.

Similarly in the air or at sea, even a 2:1 superiority of the German air force at the outset cannot secure victory; nor can a superiority of submarines. The defense loses less, and inflicts terribly heavy losses. Britain and France cannot be starved out, terrorized out, or shot out,

as long as they retain (as they are already pledged to do in unison) joint superiority on the high seas, effective equality in fire power on land from the fortified French lines, and enough military and civil air defense to make enemy bombings *indecisive*. Over and above this, if they have allies who will keep up a running war elsewhere in Europe, it will prove a running sore to Germany. Japan may fish in troubled waters, but all Europe would have to suffer it. Moreover, if Russia is 'in' to the extent of military supplies, aircraft, and submarines, and Italy is 'out' of the German front, the case would appear utterly hopeless from Germany's standpoint.

Hopeless except to this extent: an act of despair of a warlike kind might not be 'liquidated' in Europe's present state until even the victors were vanquished, like Pyrrhus, by the effects of their victory. Such a calculation may well play a decisive part in the decisions of desperate men, who hate desperately.

Doomed themselves, like a modern Catiline, they may doom us all. In that event — and this is equally true if there's no war at all — the crucial query for all of us now should not be 'Who will win the war?' but 'What kind of peace can we make?'

Indeed, all the foregoing reflections lead us to one conclusion. Either by or without a war, Europe will have to end this so-called peace and establish real peace. The democracies will have to do that very soon, because Europe cannot stand, cannot afford, even this kind of peace for much longer, without going the road already trodden bare by Russia, Germany, and Italy.

When we view current debates about 'peace' or 'war,' democracy or dictatorship, private capitalism or state capitalism, from this angle, we begin to glimpse the magnitude of the crisis in our civilization. Indeed, it is the crisis of our civilization; and it is epitomized in the one query: Can we maintain both peace *and* democracy, anyhow?

GRANDFATHER LIVED IN THE MIDDLE AGES

BY ALMA DE MIER

I

A LITTLE handful of sketches from my grandfather's life ought properly, I suppose, to begin with an explanatory introduction. This paper, then, is purely biographical.

I never saw my grandfather. He died when I was a tiny child. All I know of him is from my father, who was incomparably the greatest storyteller I ever knew. Unfortunately, none of his stories were written down; and now, forty years after his death, many small details, as well as all the fire and brilliance, are lost. Names of less important places and dates are lacking. Dates did not interest him; I never knew him to give one. Some few have been supplied from history where possible; the rest are beyond recall. Like all really great storytellers, I fancy, he was temperamental in his telling. When he had finished a story, he usually retired into himself out of reach, and for no coaxing would come out to answer questions. Still, even as they stand, the tales seem worth the keeping, because of the picture they give of a life exotic equally in place and time.

About the last of the seventeen hundreds, there sailed from Cádiz for the New World one Faustino de Mier, with his wife, Teresa Benites de Mier, and their four-year-old son Joaquin, my grandfather. Don Faustino was going out to take over the Province of Magdalena, of which he had just been appointed Governor under the King of Spain. A

dour, harsh man he was, and his people did not love him. In the great house he built in Santa Marta, where his descendants still live, his portrait shows a face like a thundercloud, a red coat gleaming with orders, and a gold-headed cane. That is all anyone remembers of him now, though he ruled there for eleven years.

The end came in 1810 — the end of all that era. Revolution swept through Spanish South America like a tidal wave, and bad governors and good, the unpopular and the popular alike, were sucked down in the whirlpool. Don Faustino was one of the first to go. His death left the Royalist cause in Santa Marta without a leader; and, since that must not be, his fifteen-year-old son Joaquin, my grandfather, came forward, raised a regiment, and marched it to Barranquilla to join the Viceroy, Don Juan Sámano, just arriving from Spain. He fought as a colonel under Sámano, through the campaign which ended in the crushing defeat of the Royalist army at La Ciénega.

Every foot of that region was familiar ground to Don Joaquin, who had ridden and hunted over it from childhood, for it was only eighteen miles from Santa Marta. The knowledge was very useful to him now, when, at the close of that disastrous day, the order was given to scatter, and shift everyone for himself. Riding in the dark, by short cuts and

hunters' trails, he reached home about midnight, to waken his mother with his news. That capable lady at once took charge. Daylight found Don Joaquin on a ship sailing out of the harbor for Europe, his luggage in order, his pockets well supplied with money, letters of credit and introduction and all necessary papers, and all arrangements made for an absence of years. He was to make the Grand Tour, after the manner of his time, and to see the world. I think he enjoyed those years.

Meanwhile, in Santa Marta, through all the troubled times following the fall of the government, his indomitable mother held the estate together, — house, plantations, and business, — and did it so efficiently that when she called him home, after nine years, she handed the property over to him much increased under her care. She had selected him a wife too, and in nothing was her excellent sense better shown than in that selection.

Isabel de Rovira, eldest daughter of Don Pasqual de Rovira, Marques of Mansanares, last Spanish Governor of the Province of Chocó, was considered a great match for him, for the name De Rovira (it is extinct now) stood higher than De Mier. For herself, 'Her price was above rubies. . . . She did him good, and not evil, all the days of her life.' She gave him five sons, of whom my father was the third.

It was a busy if a patriarchal life they lived in the great house, built — with walls three feet thick for safety against earthquakes — around a square-tiled and fountained patio, in the centre of which towers far above the house the tamarind my grandfather planted the day his oldest son was born. The three large plantations (unbelievably estimated at about four hundred square miles apiece) and the more than a thousand slaves who worked them demanded all of an owner's time. His wife was a whole welfare association in herself, turned to for counsel and very practical help by everyone,

white or black, for miles around. For her good deeds she was loved and revered as a saint: the people called her Saint Elizabeth of Hungary. (The name Isabel is the Spanish for Elizabeth.)

Santa Marta, situated at the mouth of the large river Magdalena, was a sort of gateway to the country, where all travelers must stop and make arrangements for their further journey. And, since there were no inn accommodations for any but the merest peasants, it was a matter of course of that simpler life that strangers of the better sort should be taken in by the leading resident, as welcome guests. So it came about that many diplomatic and scientific passers-by spread the praises of Don Joaquin's gracious hospitality over Europe and America.

In a delightful old portrait of my grandmother that hangs in my room, she is shown sitting by her writing desk, with an opened letter in her hand. Family tradition has it that the letter is from Humboldt, who stayed with them some weeks on his Andean journey, and, finding his hostess much interested in nature studies, kept up a correspondence with her on those subjects as long as they lived.

This was the pattern of their everyday lives. As for the happenings: Don Joaquin's treaty with the Indians of Mamatoca that was so faithfully kept; Doña Isabel's lovely device for her daily welfare work, and the painting of that same portrait; the boys' hunting trips, and the failure of their one attempt at exploration — all these and many more are like the wonderful things seen at the bottom of rippling water, which the hand can never find and bring up. Only an occasional bit reaches the surface large enough or whole enough to bear telling.

II

Whenever people speak of 'our grandfathers' times,' I always feel so out of it all! For their grandfathers were every-

day Americans, of not too distant date, and different only in details from their grandsons to-day. Mine lived in the Middle Ages.

A Spaniard, born in Cádiz in seventeen-ninety-something, and taken to South America when his father was sent out as governor of a province, he fought on the Royalist side in the revolution there, and never renounced his Spanish citizenship. Nonetheless he lived and died the leading resident, and, indeed, almost ruler of Santa Marta, Colombia. This is the story of how he was an Italian.

Some are born Italians; some become Italians by naturalization; and some — but that is the story.

To Don Joaquin de Mier, my grandfather, at his house in Santa Marta, word was brought from the manager of his plantation of Paparis that an Italian vessel had gone ashore and broken up somewhere along the plantation's twenty-mile coast line. Nineteen of her crew had got to shore alive, badly battered, and with nothing but the rags they wore. 'And now,' went on the message, 'they are all coming down with the fever and will die like flies. What shall I do about it?'

My grandfather sent back word that every care be taken of them, assigning to nurse them two or three slaves who were good with the sick and who of course were immune, and directed that they be brought to him at Santa Marta as soon as they were well enough.

Some three weeks later, accordingly, he returned from his morning ride to find seventeen gaunt and listless scarecrows grouped about his office door, waiting. It was plain at a glance that they were all Italians; and, because in his youth he had spent some time in Italy, he liked Italians. He spoke to the nearest man in their language, and all the dull eyes brightened at the sound of their own tongue. Asking one what part of Italy he came from, he changed into the dialect of that province.

For each of the poor fellows he had a joke or some special word of his home town, until all the haggard faces took on new hope and cheerfulness. Then, calling the major-domo, — himself an Italian, — my grandfather put them in his charge, with orders to feed them well and bring them back in three days.

It was a wonderfully improved lot of men who appeared at the time set. My grandfather, still joking, got on his horse, rode with them to the store, and had each one fitted out with new clothes; then led the transformed group to the pier where lay one of his vessels ready to sail for Europe. To the captain of that ship (all his captains were Italians) he turned them over, directing that they be fattened up and not required to work, that they be taken each to the port of call nearest his home, and there given money for the rest of the way and a little in pocket beside. So Don Joaquin shook hands with them all, rode home, and forgot the incident.

It was more than a year afterward that an official-looking document arrived in his mail, bearing the royal seal of Italy. In some curiosity as to what the Italian Government could possibly have to say to him, he opened it. A letter, signed by the King's secretary, announced that His Majesty, having been much pleased and touched by the kindness shown to his humble subjects in their distress, was sending a portrait of himself as a token of his gratitude, and with it the citizenship of Italy.

Don Joaquin wondered what sort of portrait it would be, whether a medal, a miniature, or what. When it came at last, it proved to be a marble bust, larger than life and very handsome, which still stands in the dining hall of his Santa Marta house — the house now owned by his great-granddaughter, my cousin once removed, Elena de Mier.

As for the citizenship, he got himself an Italian flag, and ran it up thereafter on the King's birthday.

III

After a while it occurred to my grandfather that that citizenship might as well be made useful. There was no Italian consul in Santa Marta. Any ship sailing from that port for Italy had to send her papers to Barranquilla — a two days' journey in those times — to receive the official signatures. The German who acted as consul for Italy there was, besides, a rather undependable person, often absent, and not always in condition for business.

All that delay and inconvenience could be avoided if Don Joaquin, an Italian citizen in good standing, should be appointed a consul — of course without salary. Since the only ships sailing from there to Italy were his, there were even no fees to be considered: the arrangement concerned no one but the Italian Government and himself. As was to be expected, his application received a prompt and gracious answer. A room on the ground floor of his town house was fitted up as a consular office; a sign over its door read 'Italian Consulate,' and the flag flew regularly.

Until a few decades ago Colombia elected its presidents for two-year terms; and as every election resulted in a revolution the country was kept in a constant state of fighting. Those things, of course, are expensive, so the custom was to finance each by demanding, from everyone supposed to have any, money for the support of a cause to which, usually, he was wholly opposed. Often the revolutionists had tentatively approached my grandfather; but always, so far, he had bluffed and joked his way out. Each time, however, they were harder to repulse, and he knew that some other defense must soon be found. Now, when they came to him with the usual demand, he need only point to his sign and flag, and remind them that no consul can possibly take any part in the politics of the country to which he is accredited. Set forth with Don Joaquin's best dip-

lomatic skill, that answer served well in two or three small outbreaks; but, since everything wears out in time, it was inevitable that it should be challenged some day. A larger and more dangerous revolution came next, and the head of the committee boasted that they would get a contribution — and a large one — from Don Joaquin by no matter what means.

So, when they appeared before him one morning demanding fifteen thousand dollars, Don Joaquin knew that it was deadly serious now. The familiar story of the consulship of a foreign power they brushed contemptuously aside.

'That,' said the spokesman, 'is all talk — *disparati* — nonsense. We know that you are not an Italian, but a Spaniard, and that neither Spain nor Italy will do anything for you. You cannot talk it off this time. We shall be sorry to harm a man so respected, but we need the money. It is true, no doubt, that you have no such sum in the house, so we will give you a week to provide it. A week from this morning we will return for it, and we will tolerate no evasion or delay.' The committee bowed themselves out.

A week! But it had not needed a minute to take in the major facts of a very black situation. No help from Europe was possible: they had purposely made the time too short. Neither Spain nor Italy had any colony within reach; and on the one or two powers who had he had no claim. With the governor of the nearest one he was on the pleasantest of friendly terms. Because of that friendship the governor might perhaps be willing to write a note of protest, however futile; more than that he would have neither right nor power to do. And that was nothing!

The sum demanded, though large, was not more than my grandfather could get together in the stipulated time: again they had seen to that. But to do so would scarcely have postponed the end. The committee would be back imme-

diately for more — and again and again, until they had drained him dry; and then they would assuredly kill him, leaving his family penniless. While if he refused . . . He had not needed the scarcely veiled threat in the committee-man's speech. His father, the last Spanish Governor, had been seized in much the same way by the rebels in that greater revolution which had freed Colombia from Spain, and had died in their hands. How or how soon, no one ever knew: he was never heard of again.

Escape was out of the question. He would be watched every minute, and at the least move towards flight he would be seized and the black curtain would descend at once between him and his family.

I think he never wavered a minute in his decision. After writing an urgent appeal to the friendly governor, which he sent off by a messenger with orders to make the utmost possible speed, he devoted himself to devising every safeguard that the time permitted for the future of his wife and children.

The messenger made even better time than had been expected. Told, when he reached the governor's residence, that His Excellency was at dinner, he insisted so strongly on seeing him at once and delivering the letter into his own hands that he was allowed in to do so.

It was a state dinner, for the guest of honor was an Italian nobleman high in the government, who had been touring the New World for some months and was now about to return. The governor, apologizing, read the letter hastily through, frowning and muttering as he read, then turned again to his duties as host.

'Not bad news, I hope?' The guest took up the conversation.

'Bad for someone certainly,' the governor answered. 'And there is nothing whatever I can do' — and he gave an outline of the letter.

'Bad enough, indeed,' said the visitor

good-naturedly. 'And who is the poor fellow?'

'Joaquin de Mier of Santa Marta.'

'What! Oh, that must not be allowed! Why, I stayed with him when I was in Santa Marta a few months ago, and he entertained me like a prince!'

'I am as sorry as anyone,' groaned the governor, 'but what can I do? I have no warship in my pocket!'

'But I have!' The visitor was thoroughly roused now, and was already writing on a leaf from his notebook. 'You have an orderly here?'

'Certainly, Excellency.' The man was at his elbow before the note was finished.

'Take this, with your utmost speed, to the warship that is waiting for me at —. Give it yourself into the captain's own hand, and tell him that I repeat to hurry, *hurry!*'

Meanwhile, in Santa Marta, Don Joaquin went to and fro about his grim preparations, wearing his best face of unconcern, while the week sped past without a sign. He knew, of course, — he saw it daily, — that a man in trouble has no friends; still his eyes would turn towards the harbor, from which any help must come. And so it was that, early on the appointed morning, he saw the dark nose of a great ship slide past the promontory and enter the bay. A handsome warship she was, coming swiftly and breaking out the Italian colors as she came. The little fort at the entrance fired its regulation salute to the flag, but there was no answer.

Even before the anchor was down, a boat was overside, and her crew dropping into their places.

At this point my grandfather was interrupted by the voice of the committee's spokesman: 'Don Joaquin! Don Joaquin!'

He turned. 'You are early, gentlemen.'

The committee seemed breathless with haste. 'Don Joaquin, what can we do? There seems to have been some misunderstanding. That ship did not answer

our salute, and — as we came in just now she was running out her guns! She cannot — it is not possible that she can be meaning to shell the town! They cannot have misunderstood anything we said in our little argument a week ago to mean any disrespect for Italy — or her representative! How could they? A half-joking speech in the heat of argument!

‘Gentlemen,’ my grandfather said, ‘you know, of course, that an affront to the representative of a power is considered to be against the power he represents; and the European powers have a poor sense of humor.’

‘But you will explain to them, will you not? Just a word or two more than was meant — in the heat of argument! You must have known that we meant no discourtesy to a man we all respect so much! You will make it clear to them, will you not? And quickly —’

‘I am not in haste,’ said my grandfather. ‘Let us first understand this clearly. You wish to say that the whole interview of a week ago was a mistake and a misunderstanding, and you meant none of it — is that so?’

‘Yes! Yes! Anything you say! Only make haste — They are nearly here! We will apologize, or do anything you say.’

‘Then,’ said my grandfather, smiling, ‘we will consider the episode closed — if you will follow my advice. It is that you go home now and make a great dinner to-night in honor of the visiting warship, inviting all her officers. I will see to it that the invitation is accepted.’

No one ever again tried to get a contribution to revolutionary funds from Joaquín de Mier of Santa Marta.

IV

This is the story of that one incident of my grandfather’s life because of which his name has been honored for more than a hundred years.

There is one of the sights of Santa

Marta which no visitor is allowed to miss. If he stays over only a day, still he must drive the few miles up the first slope of the mountain that backs the town, to see the simple plantation house — surrounded by beautiful gardens now — where General Simón Bolívar, the Liberator, the Washington of South America, died.

He was only forty-seven, but years of war and of government-building had weakened his frail constitution; tuberculosis had fastened upon him, and now the end was near. His great wish was to be allowed to die in peace; but, alas, he was still Dictator of Colombia, and peace was not for him. The country seethed with rebellion. To many of the younger hotheads among that people so recently released from tyranny, government — any government — seemed intolerable; and the simplest way to freedom, to do away with the Dictator.

Their last attempt had so nearly succeeded that the dying man had been hurried from his bed to be hidden in a shadowy street corner, while a devoted group of friends and servants were killed holding back the assassins. The experience undoubtedly shortened his life, and he was never after wholly free from delirium. Brokenhearted from the death of his best friends, he was constantly haunted by the spectre of assassination. He knew he had only a few weeks to live, but he bitterly resented being hustled out by murderers. And he distrusted everyone.

In this sad state he sent for my grandfather, imploring to be taken home with him to die.

My grandfather’s face was very grave. ‘Ah, General,’ he said, ‘do not ask me that. You know that I am a Royalist. The people would not let me live a minute when you died. They would say that I had killed you.’

But Bolívar was too sick to listen to reason. ‘There is no one else I can trust,’ he said. ‘And you cannot refuse a dying man.’

'So be it,' said my grandfather at last, 'but let it be to my plantation house of San Pedro Alejandrino, not to the town house. It is quieter there, and the air is better.'

'Wherever you wish, Don Joaquin, so long as it is with you, in your care.'

Don Joaquin went home in a very gloomy mood, for the prospect was dark indeed. Here, however, the excellent sense of his wife, Doña Isabel, saved the situation. It was she who suggested that a proclamation be issued announcing that the Dictator was going to the house of his friend, Joaquin de Mier, to die, and calling upon everyone along the way to make his journey quiet and easy.

The Government insisted upon sending along two companies of troops as escort; but my grandfather managed to keep them out of Bolívar's sight, quartering them in a far corner of the plantation. Nevertheless, on Bolívar's first morning at San Pedro, he heard the reveille, and swore despairingly. War, he said, had followed him all his life, and he could not even die in peace from the sounds of it. It was not for long, however, for in six weeks he died. They placed him in my grandfather's family tomb in the Cathedral at Santa Marta, and there he lay twelve years.

Out of respect for Bolívar's memory, Don Joaquin and his descendants have kept the house at San Pedro Alejandrino unchanged through all these years, with only the addition of a bronze tablet on the wall of the room where he died, and the golden laurel wreath that was hung above it with a great national ceremony of dedication on the centenary of his death, a few years ago.

That house is, to all the republics of Spanish South America, what Mount Vernon is to us.

V

Bolívar was born in Caracas, Venezuela; and once or twice in his stormy life he had been Dictator of his own country. Each time, however, Venezuela

tired of him, and drove him into exile. She had given little thought to him when he lay dying, or for more than a decade after; but at length it dawned upon her that her chief glory was lying neglected in another country. The idea, once started, was received with enthusiasm. The Venezuelans would bring him home as Napoleon was brought home from St. Helena. An ornate and splendid tomb they built in the Cathedral at Caracas. A warship was fitted up as a funeral ship; deputations were appointed to go in her, and to receive him on her return. There would be speeches, ceremonies, and representatives from other nations.

My father was four years old when Bolívar died. At twelve he was sent to college in Spain, and at sixteen he sailed on one of his father's vessels for Santa Marta and home, his education finished. Wild with delight at the prospect of seeing his mother again, he wearied the captain, all through the passage, with his urging for more sail, more speed. But as they approached the port they were increasingly aware of a constant reverberating thunder, too regular and too long-continued for either earthquake or volcano.

The captain, to eager questioning, only shook his head. 'Guns,' he said, and refused to enter the port that night, for they must be bombarding the town.

Morning brought the sound clearer still; and very cautiously the vessel poked her nose beyond the point of the promontory, to see such a sight as none of them had ever dreamed of.

The great harbor, one of the finest on this hemisphere, was full of warships flying the flags of all nations. Not a country that had a navy but was represented; and from every one thundered the salute.

Hurriedly the little vessel slipped in and landed her company, just in time to see the ceremonies in honor of Bolívar.

There were speeches of welcome to the Venezuelan deputation, and answers

of grateful appreciation of the twelve years' hospitality to the man whom they united in honoring. There was the highest of High Masses in the Cathedral. But all of this my father missed. He had arrived in time, but no ceremony in the world could keep him a moment longer from his mother: they spent that morning very happily together.

But again and again he has told me of the great procession from the Cathedral to the funeral ship; of the marching troops, both Colombian and Venezuelan; of the catafalque with the pall-covered coffin; of the General's sword carried on a cushion, and on another cushion the many orders he had received; of the big gray war horse of the dead General, which for all those years had been tended and cared for, but never ridden, in my grandfather's stables, and now marched, proud and handsome still, after the catafalque, with the General's boots in the stirrups at each side of the saddle.

Then came the carriages with the bishops and the dignitaries — my grandfather, of course, riding with them as

host. And after them came the whole population of Santa Marta, on foot: not one who could walk was lacking in that last courtesy to their great dead guest.

In Latin countries, custom requires that everyone who attends a funeral shall wear black — a cruel rule within a dozen degrees of the equator. Down the dazzling white sand of the road to the little quay, a mile and a half long, wound the slow black company. And still, through the thunder of the guns that told of immortal glory, fainter and ever fainter came the far-off tolling of the Cathedral bells, telling of death.

It should be added that the Government of Venezuela, casting about for a suitable acknowledgment of my grandfather's hospitality to their hero, presented him with a marble bust of Bolívar, which still stands in the dining hall of his house in Santa Marta. They also gave him the decoration of the Order of the Liberator — though that was a somewhat inappropriate gift to a man who had fought as a Royalist all through the war!

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF BIRTH CONTROL

BY EDUARD C. LINDEMAN

I

THE use of contraceptives as a means for regulating birth is a practice which is now endorsed, I believe, by an overwhelming majority of American citizens. This fact may turn out to be more important for the future of our civilization than any other current event, not exclusive of the ominous threat to civilization itself which inheres in the irrationalism of European power politics.

The practice of birth control by means of contraceptives sold at exorbitant prices was, of course, fairly widespread long before the arrival of public sanctions. The semi-underground contraceptive industry utilized 300,000 retail distributing units offering for sale more than 2000 varieties of devices for which it received an income of a quarter-billion dollars a year. Although this vast industry has operated with one eye closed to legality, it seems clear that it was meeting a genuine need. Why, then, do I attach so much importance to the fact that the need and the practice have been accorded public recognition and endorsement?

My initial explanation may, perhaps, call for a slight indulgence from my readers: a teacher of philosophy is likely to shout for joy whenever reason conquers prejudice or intelligence catches up with action. He may receive as much pleasure on such an occasion as another might when witnessing the victory of his

favorite racing horse. He, the philosopher, knows that his 'horse,' reason, is handicapped from the very start. When the human digestive mechanism is asked to assimilate two conflicting chemical substances it rebels. The victim who has committed the error hears about the rebellion in short order; he gets a stomachache. When, however, as an educator has recently complained, the same individual entertains two conflicting ideas, he does not get a headache. He may go on for years without even knowing that a dilemma is living within him.

A community will, of course, suffer eventually if too many of its citizens refuse to resolve their intellectual conflicts. Our society has already paid too heavy a price for its prejudicial attitude toward birth control. So long as the sale of contraceptives remained a 'bootleg' enterprise, nobody could be honest about it. The manufacturer, the distributor, and the consumer were all involved in a conspiracy. It thus happened that only those who were equipped to play this furtive game, either by reason of their ability to pay or because of their willingness to violate the code (usually both), could become the beneficiaries of a device which would allow them to engage in sexual relationships without assuming the responsibility of reproduction. Those who could afford to do so did, of course, participate in this conspiracy, because

the alternatives had become unbearable.

But at last a clean shaft of light has thrust itself into this murky, subterranean stratum of human affairs. Five hundred birth-control clinics are now operating in the United States. A Circuit Court of Appeals has rendered a decision to the effect that birth control when administered by a member of the medical profession is legal. One state, North Carolina, has included birth control as a regular part of its public-health service. The attitude of medical societies, hitherto skeptical or hostile, has in recent years become increasingly favorable. All save two of the great religious bodies have added their sanctions. Social workers, nurses, and psychiatrists speak with increasing boldness on behalf of legalized birth control. A recent poll of American women living in both urban and rural areas and belonging to both Protestant and Catholic churches revealed the startling fact that seventy-nine out of every hundred are frankly and positively in favor of birth control.

These various advances have now become cumulative and tend to move forward with acceleration. A great movement of social reform has achieved a momentous victory and has thereby come to a crucial point.

In the past, human reproduction has been controlled by war, by disease and pestilence, or by famine and poverty. Henceforth reproduction may be determined by voluntary choice on the part of those who desire parenthood. We now have in our hands a fateful instrument which, if properly used, will inevitably reduce diseases among mothers and children, diminish the number of unwanted children, increase marital happiness, and lift family life to a new level of conscious satisfaction and enjoyment. These are significant prospects, but the most important implication of this great gain is still to be mentioned — namely, *we are now in possession of an*

instrument which may be used for the purpose of determining the quality of our future population.

It is fortunately true that the leaders of the birth-control movement, and especially undaunted Margaret Sanger, are aware of the fact that they now confront a new task. Those who dedicate their lives to a war against injustice and engage in the long and ever-recurrent struggle on behalf of human rights are frequently discarded as leaders at the very moment of victory. Their methods, especially their habits of combat, are often found to be incompatible with the enterprise of translating an ideal into social practice. The qualities of the ardent reformer and the patient educator are rarely found in harmonious combination in the make-up of the same person. If the birth-control movement is now to become a constructive force, an ally which democracy may utilize for the purpose of improving its human stock, leadership of a high calibre will be required.

II

The victory thus far achieved gives no warrants to the future. In its simplest terms it merely means that parents are now free to bring children into the world by design and not by accident. This is a victory on the side of freedom. Similar triumphs over fear, superstition, suppression, and slavery have been recorded in the past without a corresponding fulfillment of the promises of the reformers. Freedom to vote has not served as an adequate guarantor for the perpetuation of democratic institutions. A free system of public education gives no assurances of deepened wisdom. Freedom of speech and press may give truth a fairer field against falsehood, but does not compel to virtue. Freedom, alas, is the most precious and the most hazardous of man's possessions. Without freedom he is less than man, but with it he must either rise above humanity's common capacities or be consumed by its weak-

nesses. To be free *from* restraint is a negative attainment. To be free *for* the exercise of new functions and the assumption of fresh responsibilities is, on the contrary, an achievement that opens the gateway that may lead to creative experience.

What, then, are the new responsibilities to be assumed by those who have shared in birth control's victory?

Apparently, man's progress may be measured by his successive conquests over fear, but it is equally apparent that fear itself is never vanquished. When a majority of American citizens express approval of birth control we may infer that they have overcome those fears which previously held them to opposition. But the moment one set of fears is abandoned another begins to creep in to take its place. Since this essay is being written as a prelude to the future and not as history, I shall not recount those fears, misgivings, and superstitions which have so long and so stubbornly resisted the birth-control movement. The new fears are already showing above the horizon of public discussion, and the more important ones seem to be that legalized birth control will lead to (a) race suicide and family disintegration, (b) increased sexual promiscuity, especially among youth, and (c) a reduction in economic productivity.

The first of these fears deserves special attention. It has now become a part of popular knowledge that our population is no longer increasing at anything like its former rates. Indeed it appears that, if present trends continue, our population will have become static at approximately the year 1970. In this respect the United States is following a tendency which seems to characterize the whole of western civilization. The birth rate has been going downward in all European countries regardless of whether or not birth control has been legally sanctioned. A comparison between Ireland, where birth control is discouraged, and Holland, where it has long enjoyed public approval,

reveals that the birth rate is actually higher in the latter country by a slight margin and the increase of births over deaths (the real test of a nation's vitality) is more than double.

Those who believe in a high birth rate and large families should be reminded that high birth rates are invariably associated with high death rates. An increased population attained by means of a high birth rate and a correspondingly high death rate is exceedingly costly, both in terms of monetary costs and in terms of those immeasurable deficits which register themselves in chronic illness, in increased feeble-mindedness, in infant mortality, and in human misery in general.

All that may be said judiciously with respect to the current decline in the birth rate is that the cause lies much deeper than the means employed. The use of contraceptives may aid those who wish to prevent reproduction in carrying out their will in a more scientific manner, but it cannot be demonstrated that the existence of contraceptives is in and of itself the cause of this decline. Nor can it be successfully claimed that the legal use of contraceptives is a greater invitation to the limitation of birth than illegal practices, especially when abortions are added to the latter item. My deep-seated conviction is that the impulse to reproduce is as strong as ever it was, and that the dominant causes of decline in the birth rate are to be found in the realm of economics, politics, and science.

Young married couples who have acquired some knowledge concerning health and hygiene are determined to produce fewer but better children. Now that they know that better children may be produced through proper spacing, and that this procedure gives greater assurance for the mother's health, they proceed to practise birth control for these purposes. But with this knowledge available they will still refuse to reproduce if they are convinced that wars are

imminent or that economic scarcity will prevent them from giving their offspring a proper and decent rearing. When a group of seniors in one of our women's colleges were asked recently if it was their intention to become mothers, over half replied that they intended to marry but saw no sense in bringing more children 'into *this* kind of world.'

The acid test which needs to be applied to those who still oppose birth control and demand large families is this: do they also and with equal fervor strive to bring about greater economic justice, a better distribution of income, and a higher standard of living? If they are found wanting in these respects, I see no reason for granting the motive of sincerity to their anti-birth-control sentiments.

The second fear — namely, that legalized birth control will increase promiscuity — is usually entertained by adults and is directed towards youth. What they mean, presumably, is that when the fear of conception is removed young people will have no remaining restraint to check their sex impulses. By the same token one may assume that nothing should be done about venereal diseases because the fear of infection will keep young people from sex indulgence. Not only is this argument, I believe, unsound as logic, but it also reflects an offensive degree of unwholesomeness in the adult mind. Again, I should like to test the sincerity of these critics. Do they not know that young people with a will may now purchase contraceptives at drug stores, in poolrooms, and even at gasoline filling stations? Do they not know that commercialized prostitution subsists primarily on the patronage of married men?

One of the real aims of the birth-control movement is to bring more truth into the realm of sex experience, to lift it from the cellar of people's minds and place it in the upper air where the sunlight may shine upon it. This can never happen so long as people who consider

themselves 'good' continue to regard it with fear, secretiveness, and envy, while the less good degrade it to the level of vice and vulgarity. A decent society will inform young people about the facts of sex; it will instruct them with respect to its biological, psychological, and social importance; and it will then point out the latent æsthetic and spiritual potentialities which may flow from a healthy sex experience. Having done this, society must then have faith and confidence that youth will find its own way, so far as a faulty world allows.

III

The last of the above-mentioned fears deserves a more considered appraisal. We are now living in the midst of an economic dislocation which is world-wide in its consequences. This depression is stubborn and recalcitrant, refusing to respond to the usual remedies which have hitherto brought alleviation. It is, in fact, the first modern depression which has coincided with a declining birth rate, and, with respect to the United States, with a decrease of immigration. Is it not reasonable, therefore, to infer that the declining birth rate may be in itself one of the causes, if not of the initial depression, then at least of its chronic prolongation? Should the answer to this query be affirmative, is it not then logical to assume that we should adopt policies which will quickly increase our population?

My own inclination is to raise this question in another form, and with a positive rather than a negative weighting. For example, a legitimate inquiry inclusive of the above fear but transcending the fear incentive might be stated thus: Is there an optimum population toward which a nation might aim in view of its natural and technological resources? In other words, should population planning become an integral part of social and economic planning?

I have no hesitancy at this point: my response is positive and affirmative. This way of putting the question furnishes us at once with a new series of fascinating considerations and paves the way for a reasonable resolution between eugenics and economics.

The initial project required is an inventory of productive capacity, and happily several attempts have already been made in this direction. Once we have relatively accurate knowledge concerning the number of persons who might be well nourished, decently clothed, and satisfactorily housed on the basis of our material resources, we may then decide how near this optimum we wish to aspire. Our next responsibility would be to set in motion an educational program which would help married couples to decide how many children they should bring into existence, and at this point we should be obliged to take into consideration such factors as whether or not they really want children, the safe number to plan for in terms of the mother's and the children's health, and the probable earning capacity of the family.

Would such a program, designed to equate population with material resources, solve our economic dilemma and lead us automatically toward the abundant life? Alas, no. The above plan completely evades the problem of how to transform our current economy of scarcity into an economy of plenty. I have merely stated that it is my belief the United States could pursue a plan of this kind and that I should like to see us do so.

Before we can take the step from an unplanned scarcity to a planned plenty, a change must take place in our minds with respect to economic theory comparable to the change concerning birth control, a manifestation of social change which this essay celebrates. I happen to be a person — in the minority, no doubt — who believes that a psychological transformation of this variety is

possible and need not wait upon revolution. A portion of this belief is patently supported by wishful thinking, plus a grave doubt regarding the real benefits of revolutions achieved through violence. I may, however, claim another source of realistic support. In Denmark, Finland, Holland, and Sweden, conscious family planning and legalized birth control have evolved happily, alongside increasingly stable and more equitable economic systems.

The most startling fact concerning a civilization activated primarily by science and technology is this: once natural controls and balances have been disturbed, there must follow a continuing expansion of conscious control. Economic planning and social planning are not fanciful notions emanating from the minds of academic theorists; these are imperatives imposed upon us by reason of the fact that automatic or natural controls no longer operate.

If we utilize science for purposes of bringing the light topsoils of the West into cultivation and do not at the same time exercise increased control, the result will inevitably be the disappearance of soil fertility. If we allow our natural resources to be exploited freely by modern methods of engineering, the consequence will be depletion and serious topographical dislocation. Likewise, if we bring contraceptives into widespread use as a means of scientific birth control and do not quickly educate young people for family life and parenthood, and also furnish such economic security as will make these normal functions inviting, the result may easily be a further decline in the birth rate. It is still my contention, however, that the primary cause of decline will be unsettled economic, social, and political conditions and not the wider use of contraceptives. Under these circumstances, birth control will merely have become an added facility for carrying out a purpose precipitated by external conditions.

IV

If my argument is thus far sound, it appears that the coming strategy for those who have struggled for the right of married persons to determine whether or not they are to reproduce is to identify themselves henceforth with two other liberal movements — namely, economic reform and progressive education. With respect to economic reform it seems to me undeniably clear that our only hope of establishing a satisfactory productive system is to increase the purchasing power of low-income families. One of the few effective methods for achieving this aim in a non-regimented society is by means of powerful trade-union organizations. If, then, the ardent birth-control advocate does not also assist in making trade-unions more effective, he may be accused not merely of a logical fallacy, but also of having brought into universal use a good instrument which may be used for destructive ends.

If birth control is now to become an integral part of the larger struggle for human progress and is to associate itself with those who insist that economic planning and social planning have become conditions of our survival, its sponsors will need to come to terms with liberal educators. The only instrument for social change which a democracy may safely use is education. In crises it turns, of course, to short cuts, realizing, however, that these are deviations from principle.

There are those who insist that the concepts of planning and of democracy are mutually exclusive, but they reason, I believe, from a false premise. Since broad-scale planning has thus far been undertaken only by regimented nations, they assume that all planning implies regimentation. This assumption represents oversimplification as well as short-range thinking. There may be many varieties of planning. In essence, to plan means to establish harmonious

working relationships between means and ends. In a democracy the people share in the formulation of ends and goals, whereas in non-democratic states the people are used as means for the attainment of ends predetermined by rulers. Education for a democracy must therefore become a testing ground for the determination of ends as well as a laboratory for developing efficient means. All individuals and groups within a democracy acting on behalf of programs of social action must, consequently, associate themselves with educators and with educational institutions. If the people are to be consulted, they must also be educated.

What contribution to democratic education might, then, be reasonably expected from advocates of birth control now that they have won their initial victory on behalf of a basic human right?

They might be asked, in the first place, to cease making invidious and unfounded comparisons of eugenic character. I have heard it stated in recent times that the reason America will be obliged to abandon the democratic mode of life is primarily this: the educated and the well-to-do no longer assume their share of responsibility for reproduction, and hence the future population must come from the least competent element of the nation.

This mischievous doctrine seems to assume that nothing is to be done to alter either the economic or the educational status of those who are now privileged, an assumption which is in itself thoroughly anti-democratic. It also assumes that those few who are now born in families of affluence and high educational opportunity are by nature better equipped to rule than are those born under poorer circumstances. I do not believe that there is any adequate scientific ground for this presumption. In fact, it appears to me that the only safe eugenic hypothesis to be made in a democracy is that we all start out in life

on a fairly equal basis. Those who are manifestly unfit and incurably diseased should not, of course, be permitted to reproduce, but this rule should apply to all, regardless of class distinctions.

The manifest requirement of our democracy is a reinvigoration of incentive. The basis of democratic culture is a pervasive sense of striving toward an ideal. We might therefore ask birth-control advocates to aid us in formulating fresh ideals, goals, and ends which will serve as stimuli for this striving.

I assume, for example, that the educational goal of a democracy is to produce a maximum number of healthy, sensitive, reflective, progressive human beings. Once education is oriented in this direction, it may proceed to utilize its tools for the purpose of training these individuals for the assumption of responsibility for democratic values and methods in general.

The mere mention of a goal such as this points the direction for future planning. In a program of this type, birth control becomes the most significant instrument available. Through

its wise use the quality of our future population comes to be for the first time a matter of rational choice and scientific planning. The number of unwanted children, for example, may be quickly reduced. By means of proper spacing, mothers will be able to produce children with an improved chance for survival and healthy growth. Indeed, with birth-control service and parent education made readily available to all husbands and wives, family life itself will approach a new level of rational satisfaction and order sufficiently enticing, I believe, to constitute a new norm even for those who now shrink from the responsibilities of parenthood.

These claims rest upon simple hygienic, physiological, and sociological foundations. I do not say that birth control shall be utilized to dictate who is or who is not to reproduce his kind. But I do affirm that when procreation becomes a matter for enlightened and voluntary choice and is the result of neither accident nor coercion the human stock will be automatically improved, and marriage and family life will be saner, healthier, and more exciting adventures.

ON HEARING GOOD MUSIC DONE BADLY

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

I

SOME years ago — no, what am I saying? — it was all of twenty-three years ago when I was strolling on Forty-second Street one early spring evening with a friend who had been stage-director of one of the great European opera-houses. The weather was the unseasonable kind of thing that New York's dishonest climate puts on every once in a while to lure you into pneumonia at such a moment as ye think not, but we took a chance on it and sat for a spell on the bench behind the Public Library. I was wondering what we might do as an agreeable way to pass the evening, when it occurred to me that the Metropolitan's season was still going — not that I was so keen about the Metropolitan's way of doing things, but since my friend had been in the business, I thought he might be interested. I forget now what opera was on that night; nothing I cared for, anyway, or I should remember. Perhaps it was *La Tosca*. At all events, whatever it was, I suggested that we might walk over to Broadway and take a flash of it.

My friend did not reply at once; he was looking far off into the fading colors of the sky. Presently he said in a kind of hesitant murmur, apparently more to himself than to me, 'I put . . . that opera on . . . in 1891 . . . with Terzina, de Lucia, Scotti and Plançon.' Then, after a moment's silence, he turned to me briskly, and said, 'No, I think not.'

His reaction struck me as natural enough. At that time it would have been mine; in fact, it was mine then and for some time afterward, when the occasion offered. To a person who had heard Fernando de Lucia and Edmond Clément sing there was nothing left for a tenor to do, so why listen to another? Why bother about basses after Plançon; or about baritones when one has heard Battistini and Gilibert at their best? Or sopranos, after Neshdanova and Selma Kurz? Why dress up and go to symphonies which one has heard directed by Mottl, Muck, Nikisch, Mahler, Weingartner? What has the *Manzoni Requiem* for one who has heard it at the Augusteo under Edoardo Mascheroni, with Russ, Espósito, Bonci and de Angelis? Let the original impression remain undisturbed; don't sophisticate it, don't mix it up and addle it with something inferior. So I felt, and therefore I gradually dropped out of music. For a considerable while I heard no symphonic music, never heard opera except at the Monnaie, and heard chamber music only occasionally when the programme presented something new to me which I thought probably might be interesting.

I was blasted out of this state of mind about fifteen years ago by the chance remark of a friend who has so long been an ever-flowing fount of profound wisdom for me that if it had all soaked in I

should now be as wise as Israel's king. In Brussels, late one afternoon, my friend and I were talking about going up to Antwerp to hear one of Mozart's operas done in Flemish. I demurred. A fine bracing rain was blowing in off the North Sea, Antwerp seemed farther off than it had any right to be, one could much easier stay home and do something else, the performance would probably be poor; besides, I had heard that opera several times in Vienna under old Schalk, and I didn't want to get the taste out of my mouth. My friend said simply, 'I think you're wrong. I believe you have to hear a poor performance every now and then to make you realize fully how dam' good the best is.'

This was a brand-new idea to me, an entirely new way of looking at the matter. I saw at once that there might be something in it, so I said no more. We went to Antwerp, heard the opera; the performance was not poor, not by a long shot. It was good, well put on, well directed, well sung and well acted; and curiously, the new canons of criticism which I was applying, or rather the new incidence of criticism, made it seem better than it was. My friend's idea actually worked. My recollections of the Viennese performance were brightened and sharpened in a most remarkable way. Many little details of its exquisite perfection had sunk below the surface of my memory, and while this performance did not reproduce them, it dredged them all up again, one after another, alive and kicking. Even its omissions did this. My imagination instantly supplied a missing piece of 'business' or costumery, a missing feature from the setting, a missing trill or roulade, and with it came the memory of how pleasing and delightful the reality had been. I went back to Brussels that night quite jubilant at having tapped a new spring of happiness, and horribly out of conceit with myself for being such an ass as not to know I might have done it long ago. The revolution had begun.

II

I have no idea of what a real musician would think of this. Mr. Stock or Mr. Damrosch might say it is all moonshine, that I am trying to debauch the public's taste, and that my editor ought to be ashamed of himself for letting me do it. That is as it may be. I ought to make it clear, however, that I am but an amateur of the lowest order in musical matters, a rank outsider, and that I am merely exploiting something which has worked well for me, and might possibly work well for others like me; also, I do it with all proper diffidence and under correction of those competent to give it.

Proceeding with my musical memories, then, it seems to me that I must have been born knowing every note of the *Kreutzer*. I heard it played time and again from my childhood up, played in all sorts of ways, good, bad, indifferent, for I come of musical folk on both sides of my family, and especially in my earlier years they were having other musical folk about them day and night. I always felt a peculiar love and reverence for the *Kreutzer*, and cherished a lasting scunner on Count Tolstoy for throwing mud at 'the second movement with its silly variations.' Evidently the great and good old man's notions of music were one of the few things on which I can't follow him. Sometimes I heard renderings of the *Kreutzer* which I thought were very fine, and still they left me with the vague sense of something in it which I had never heard quite brought out. Then, when I was still a young man, I heard Ysaye play it — twice within a few days I heard him play it with exactly the kind of pianist his playing called for. That finished me with the *Kreutzer*. I said I would never listen to it again until, if, when and as, I might hear it in heaven; and in fact I did not hear it again for a number of years.

Offenbach's music was played, sung, hummed and whistled around my cradle.

Offenbach and I arrived in America at very nearly the same time. My arrival did not arouse so much public interest as his. He gave New York a faint and far-off intimation of the Second Empire's glamour, and his music was immensely popular with those who were susceptible to such impressions. The Second Empire may have been a tinsel empire, as some have said it was, but it was a lovely tinsel. Nor as a matter of fact was it a tinsel empire, not by any manner of means. France got eighteen years of roaring prosperity out of it, which her grateful brood of *épiciers* promptly forgot as soon as the news from Sedan came in; thus proving themselves good sound natural-born republicans, blood-brothers of our noble selves. That, however, is another matter, and is not to be gone into at the moment.

In one way and another, by the time I was thirty-five or so I had got some of Offenbach's operettas pretty well by heart. I am not sure I could make a success of conducting the *Orphée*, the *Grande Duchesse* and the *Vie Parisienne* without a score, but even now, if I were not too old and frail to stand the unaccustomed strain, I should admire to take a chance on any of them or on all three in a row. I heard various performances which ranged all the way from fair-to-middling up and down; in the season, up to a few years ago, you could usually find a slim repertoire of his operettas going somewhere in Paris. Then latterly, by pure luck I happened to be on hand when one of the great European opera-houses put all its resources behind a six-weeks post-season run of operetta — an unheard-of thing. They put on the three I have named, and also the *Belle Hélène* and the *Jolie Parfumeuse*. I would wager all I have in the world that there were never such performances given anywhere at any time, not even in the days of Hortense Schneider and Zulma Bouffar, with Offenbach himself conducting.

If this had happened before the revo-

lution, I would have shut down on those operettas as I had shut down on the *Kreutzer* and on many other things, including Offenbach's *Hoffmann* after I had heard it at the Monnaie some twenty years ago. But the revolution worked great wonders. I have heard *Hoffmann* three times with pleasure at the Opéra-Comique, and one Saturday afternoon I went into the Metropolitan to hear with pleasure what I firmly believe was the very worst travesty on it that was ever put on any stage. With pleasure even have I heard the 'silly variations' of the *Kreutzer* sentimentalized to death by those most dreadful beings, the Infant Phenomena of the Violin, beside whom Mr. Crummles's atrocious little brat is a sweet and lovely cherub. I have listened with pleasure to indifferent recordings of songs from the *Vie Parisienne* — and here let me interject a plea. When she has nothing else to do, won't some good French or Belgian lyric soprano who is intelligent enough to understand what she is singing — someone who can do just that special kind of thing in just the special style that Mme. Bakkers, Emma Luart, Vina Bovy or Marthe Coiffier would have put into it — won't she make a twelve-inch record of the Letter Scene to rejoice a garrulous old man's heart? If she will, I'll besiege every editor from Antwerp to Marseille to give her puffs. The only records available make a great song very trivial. But coming back to the point, not one of my post-revolutionary adventures in the realm of music but has left me as my wise friend said it would, with a sharper, clearer, more intelligent and satisfying sense of how dam' good the best is.

III

It seems that even good bird-dogs are wiser than I was. In the days when I used sometimes to shoot a little, I had seen them 'sharpening their scent,' as my fellow-huntsmen called it, on a decayed fish or some equally unpleasant

object. It seemed a revolting way to get results, but apparently it worked. Since the revolutionary principle had turned out so well in musical matters, I began to think that perhaps 'life is like that,' and I decided to see how it would work in other fields, such as literature and history, where I felt perhaps a little less helpless and more at ease than in the field of music; and by coincidence it was again a remark about music which turned my attention that way. I had an acquaintance who reviewed music for a newspaper, as a rule very generously as well as ably, but the *début* of a young tenor as Ernesto in *Don Pasquale* broke him down, as in all justice I can say it should have done, for I heard that performance. His only notice of this tenor was that he 'instantly put me in mind of Bonci and Anselmi, not because his singing was like theirs, but because it wasn't.'

There I saw at once precisely the right turn which one would have to give the new principle in order to apply it to literature and history. In my former frame of mind, for example, I would never have read Herr Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, not even if my pastor had laid the reading of it on me as a religious duty. I still keep to Emerson's rule of not reading any book until it has been out a year, detective-stories excepted, which I doubt that Emerson ever read, but which in moments of deplorable weakness I sometimes do, and forget utterly in the next ten days. When the year of quarantine was up, I tackled *Mein Kampf*, and I am free to say it did me a world of good because it at once reminded me of Frederick the Great; not because it is the kind of book which Frederick would or could have written, but because it so profoundly and unmistakably and unquestionably isn't. It sent me back on Frederick's trail, not as it is marked out by Mr. Carlyle — no, nothing like that. It sent me back to Frederick's correspondence with Voltaire, first of all, and then to the record

of many incidents in his career which bring him out (mistakes and all) as a philosopher, an almost fanatical lover of justice, an able and tireless promoter of his people's good, and a faithful friend of sound traditional culture. Thus *Mein Kampf* has put me permanently in its debt for giving me a fresh and lively sense of what a deuced whaling big man old Frederick really was.

There is a lot to be had out of such comparisons as this, regarding them disinterestedly as mere studies in conduct and character. One gets the same suggestions out of reading Napoleon's memoirs as I got out of Hitler's. Napoleon was never quite the real thing; always trying his best to make himself the real thing, he never quite could — the Corsican *arriviste* was continually cropping up. Frederick was the real thing, without trying — he simply was. The point seems to be, I think, that if you want the real thing, you must go to birth and breeding to get it. The fact that you don't always get it there does not at all militate against the fact that you can't get it anywhere else. Ernest Renan said austere, 'Man does not improvise himself'; and if you want it in homelier terms, you may take it from a house-keeper of the old school, who, when I mentioned a neighbor's way of dolling up cabbage in some newfangled style, said simply, 'That's nonsense. You can't make anything out of biled cabbage but biled cabbage.' Put one of the Comrades on an imperial throne, and while he won't be a Comrade any longer, the accidents of birth and breeding which permitted him ever to be a Comrade will remain in force as long as he lives. You can easily imagine a modern Napoleon as having been a Comrade somewhere on his way up; you can't possibly imagine a modern Frederick as having ever been one. When Napoleon was at the top, and from then on, was he ever more than a sort of glorified *Führer* or *Duce*? Precious little. Frederick was a vast deal more than that. In fact, of the

two Napoleons I always thought Napoleon III was much nearer the real thing in emperors than the other, and I believe I could prove it.

Not long ago I read a novel, a very good one, of the vintage of 1935 or thereabouts. It made me think of Tourgueniev; again, not because it is at all the kind of novel Tourgueniev wrote, but because it so distinctly isn't. It left the reader nothing to do but read. It described everything for him, explained everything, built up everything, brought out everything, and set the whole before the reader like a housewife coming in from the kitchen with a 'made dish,' all hot, ripe and ready to be forked in. Hence I should say on an estimate it ran to something like 120,000 words. I am not disparaging the novel; I say again, it was good. All I say is that when I was through with it I felt as if I had had a square meal — a comfortable-enough feeling, certainly — but my imagination had not been exercised, it had been left asleep throughout, and in order to wake it up again and give it something to do, I went back to Tourgueniev. I reread *Old Portraits*, *The Brigadier*, *Phantoms*, and marveled afresh at the consummate skill — so plainly discernible even through the medium of a translation — which by no more than a word here, a turn of phrase there, keeps the reader's imagination going at such speed as to fill out the story completely, one might say with no help at all from the writer. Tourgueniev could have easily put the whole novel I speak of into ten thousand words, and in such terms as to produce an impression which one would never forget. The writers of the Gospels had this skill; no one knows how they came by it, but they unquestionably had it. The stories of the Crucifixion and of the Prodigal Son, for example, must have been the fascination and the despair of every storyteller since their time.

Again, only day before yesterday a friend put in my hands some stories written by a young man whom I used to

know slightly. They are interesting, charming, delightful, and thus in themselves they did me a service, but a greater service because they sent me back promptly to Theocritus. They do not resemble the idyls of Theocritus, and for that reason they reminded me of them. This author believes in the romance, beauty and poetry of human life, and is deeply touched by modern literature's neglect of them. All praise to him for that. A few lines from his general preface set the tone of his work; they are worth quoting. He says: —

I like the young writers of to-day. I like the hard, clear quality of their prose. But I do not believe that what they talk about is any more real than Little Red Riding-hood. . . . I know that falsehood and meanness, brutality and arrogance, have increased in the world during these last ten years. Still, there is no reason to make a cult of them.

So Theocritus might have prefaced his idyls, if it had occurred to him to do so, for he was a poet of the decadence, the Alexandrian period, from which the great Greek tradition had departed. A critic says that 'austere spectators saw in Alexandria an Eastern capital and mart, a place of harems and bazaars, a home of tyrants, slaves, dreamers and pleasure-seekers' — in short, very much such a place as the author I have been reading sees (and I also see as clearly as he) in New York. The entire civilization of the third century might have impressed Theocritus, if he had thought about it, quite as American civilization must impress any disinterested observer. But apparently Theocritus thought little about it; he was another Wordsworth —

The cloud of human destiny,
Others will front it fearlessly,
But who, like him, will put it by?

Hence from the idyls there is entirely absent any sense of deliberate effort, of purposeful strain, or any sense that in the re-presenting of life's beauty and poetry Theocritus was going against a powerful spiritual current. This sense is

not absent from the work I have just now been reading. I do not complain of the author on that account; far from it. He has worked in an atmosphere of desiccating spiritual aridity, the sky over his head is of iron and brass, and the wonder is that the sense of effort is no more obtrusive than it is. I say only that the greatest service his work has done me is by opening the way to a most valuable reappraisal of the bright and beautiful genius of Theocritus.

IV

We might look at the principle from still another angle. Last year a young man who knows more about music than I do was telling me an incident of the days when he was a student at Munich under Wallnöfer. He and two or three other youths went to a concert one evening to hear a symphony of Haydn. Presently an older man joined them, a professor of music at Leipzig, if I remember correctly. When the symphony was finished, one of the young men said, 'After all, Beethoven didn't have very far to go.' 'Oh, no,' said the professor, with a wave of his hand. 'It's all there.'

True enough; nevertheless Beethoven wrote stunning fine symphonies. The point is that there is nothing discouraging about looking back and discovering that somewhere or other what you are trying to do is already all there — quite the contrary. A fresh realization of how good the best is leads straight to a fresh sense of what to do about it. When Beethoven took to writing symphonies, he could hardly have helped getting a brand-new sense of what a tremendous fellow Haydn was, and if he made the right use of that sense, as no doubt he did, he must have found it bracing and sustaining. There is something so highly animating about the frank and free exercise of admiration as to make it a virtue in the traditional meaning of the term, the Roman *virtus*.

Probably Beethoven had no idea of trying to improve on Haydn or beat him at his own game; he seems too much of a man for that. I dare say that, like a good artist, he simply went *spielend* along with what was in his own head, and let the seasoning and bracing influence of his new sense of Haydn's greatness help to keep him up to the mark. Emerson was always exhorting men to live by their admirations and not by their disgusts. One can do that; and wholehearted admiration of the best that has been done is what opens the way widest to whatever chance there may be of matching it or even improving on it. If one lives by one's disgusts, one stands a slim show of ever being able to improve on anything, least of all to improve on oneself.

V

But in order to become aware of how *dam' good* the best is and to let it work its will with one, one must have some notion of what it is and where to find it; and here one has to rely on what the Scots philosophers called 'the common sense of mankind.' As the turmoil and welter of life goes on, the self-preserving instinct of humanity snatches out certain men, certain works, and puts them in a safe place, because it knows that humanity cannot permanently do without them. It knows that while humanity will again and again lose sight of them and disregard them, perhaps for long periods, it must finally come back to them, for otherwise man's collective life cannot go on. These are what the common sense of mankind agrees to call the best. At some periods and in some regions — the age of Pericles in Greece, of Elizabeth in England, the mid-nineteenth century in France — the best is easier to find and recognize because the contemporary currents of thought and feeling are set more or less its way. At other times it is harder to find because contemporary currents are set against it. At present, and in our civilization, the best is ex-

tremely hard to come at because the influences which combine to disparage it and shoulder it aside are uncommonly many and powerful; and on this account a great deal of useful ability is condemned to a futile ineptitude.

This criticism of our times is quite sound, its analysis is correct enough, but it is ineffectual. So much of our literature, for example, we say makes rather painful reading on account of the embarrassment one feels for its authors who so obviously have had no edifying experience of how good the best is. But to be effectual, criticism does not stop here. It goes back to Diotima, the lovely learned gal of Plato's *Symposium* who has shed a delightful perfume over two thousand years of literary history — charming creature that she must have been! — and who said that 'herein is the evil of ignorance, that he who is neither good nor wise is nevertheless satisfied with himself; he has no desire for that of which he feels no lack.' Ignorance is not for the critic to pause upon; the self-satisfaction which ignorance engenders is. To undermine this, it is the critic's business to show where and what the best is and why it is the best, to keep it continually to the front, and strictly to shape his own works and ways according to its measure.

We are beginning to look a little askance at the principle of universal suffrage, not only as applied to politics, but as extended over the whole range of spiritual and social activity. Making mere number count for everything in every decision, from the election of a President to the make-up of a publisher's list or a concert-programme, seems to be issuing in a swift and disturbing degeneration. The pseudo-democratic notion that we can all arrive at perfection by following our noses is losing force. To get a clear sense of all this and a correct view of its rationale, one goes back to the

Athenian stranger in the *Laws*, who says, speaking of poetic contests:—

The ancient and common custom of Hellas, which still prevails in Italy and Sicily, did certainly leave the decision to the body of spectators, who determined the victor by a show of hands. But this custom has been the destruction of the poets, for they now habitually compose with a view to pleasing the bad taste of their judges, and the consequence is that the spectators instruct themselves. Also it has been the ruin of the theatre; they ought to be having characters better than their own put before them and thus receive a higher pleasure, but now by their own act the opposite result follows.

The spectators instruct themselves — there it is. As the professor from Leipzig said, it's all there. Under the system of universal suffrage the spectators instruct themselves in politics, they instruct themselves in literature, music, art, religion, ethics, manners, everything, and the best is thus buried continually deeper under the accumulated mass of inert self-satisfaction which it is the business of criticism to loosen and dig away.

Even so, the best is always accessible. If criticism does its part, it is easier to be got at, but if not it is still accessible. My present concern, however, is not with this matter of accessibility, but with showing how all sorts of things, even indifferent poor things, if properly used, will light up the best and give it a new power of attraction. Shabby music will do this, shabby literature, drama, painting, sculpture; a shabby social life, shabby morals and manners, shabby people; shabby political ideals and practices, shabby jobholders. Perhaps my testimony to the good use that can be made of very poor stuff will have more weight because for so long I believed that there was no good use to be made of it; but if, on the other hand, it seems to be a little fanciful, the reader may make what allowance he likes for a convert's proverbial excess of zeal.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Bourdon Gauge of Morale

BY EDMUND WILSON

I

HEMINGWAY'S *In Our Time* was an odd and original book. It had the appearance of a miscellany of stories and fragments; but actually the parts hung together and produced a definite effect. There were two distinct series of pieces which alternated with one another: one a set of brief and brutal sketches of police shootings, bullfight crises, hangings of criminals, and incidents of the war; and the other a set of short stories dealing in its principal sequence with the growing-up of an American boy against a landscape of idyllic Michigan, but also with the return home of American soldiers. But it seems to have been Hemingway's intention — *In Our Time* — that the war should set the key for the whole. The cold-bloodedness of the battles and executions strikes a discord with the sensitiveness and candor of the boy at home in the States; and presently the boy turns up in Europe in one of the intermediate vignettes as a soldier in the Italian army, hit in the spine by machine-gun fire and trying to talk to a dying Italian: '*Senta, Rinaldi. Senta,*' he says, 'you and me, we've made a separate peace.'

But there is a more fundamental relationship between the pieces of the two series. The shooting of Nick in the war does not really connect two different worlds: has he not found in the butchery abroad the same world that he knew back in Michigan? Was not life in the

Michigan woods equally destructive and cruel? He went once with his father, the doctor, when he performed a Cæsarean operation on an Indian squaw with a jackknife and no anæsthetic and sewed her up with fishing leaders, while the Indian wasn't able to bear it and cut his throat in his bunk. Another time, when the doctor saved the life of a squaw, her Indian picked a quarrel with him rather than pay him in work. And Nick himself sent his girl about her business when he found out how terrible her mother was. Even fishing in Big Two-Hearted River — away and free in the woods — he was conscious in a curious way of the cruelty inflicted on the fish, even of the silent agonies endured by the live bait, the grasshoppers kicking on the hook.

Not that life isn't enjoyable. Talking and drinking with one's friends is great fun; fishing in Big Two-Hearted River is a tranquil exhilaration. But the brutality of life is always there, and it is somehow bound up with the enjoyment. Bullfights are especially enjoyable. It is even exhilarating to build a simply priceless barricade and pot the enemy as they are trying to get over it. The condition of life is pain; and the joys of the most innocent surface are somehow tied to its stifled pangs.

The resolution of this discord in art made the beauty of Hemingway's stories. He had in the process tuned a marvelous

prose. Out of the colloquial American speech, with its simple declarative sentences and its strings of Nordic monosyllables, he got effects of the utmost subtlety. F. M. Ford has found the perfect simile for the impression produced by this writing: 'Hemingway's words strike you, each one, as if they were pebbles fetched fresh from a brook. They live and shine, each in its place. So one of his pages has the effect of a brook-bottom into which you look down through the flowing water. The words form a tessellation, each in order beside the other.'

Looking back, we can see how this style was already being refined and developed at a time — fifty years before — when it was regarded in most literary quarters as hopelessly non-literary and vulgar. There had been the nineteenth chapter of *Huckleberry Finn*: 'Two or three nights went by; I reckon I might say they swum by; they slid along so quick and smooth and lovely. Here is the way we put in the time. It was a monstrous big river down there — sometimes a mile and a half wide,' and so forth. These pages, when we happen to meet them in Carl Van Doren's anthology of world literature, stand up in a striking way beside a passage of description from Turgenev; and the pages which Hemingway was later to write about American wood and water are equivalents to the transcriptions by Turgenev — the *Sportsman's Notebook* is much admired by Hemingway — of Russian forests and fields. Each has brought to an immense and wild country the freshness of a new speech and a sensibility not yet conventionalized by literary associations. Yet it is the European sensibility which has come to Big Two-Hearted River, where the Indians are now obsolescent; in those solitudes it feels for the first time the cold current, the hot morning sun, sees the pine stumps, smells the sweet fern. And along with the mottled trout, with its 'clear water-over-gravel color,' the boy

from the American Middle West brings up a fat little masterpiece.

In the meantime there had been also Ring Lardner, Sherwood Anderson, Gertrude Stein, using this American language for irony, lyric poetry, psychological insight. Hemingway seems to have learned from them all. But he is now able to charge this naïve accent with a new complexity of emotion, a malaise. The wholesale shattering of human beings in which he has taken part has given the boy a touch of panic.

II

The next fishing trip is strikingly different. Perhaps the first was an idealization. Is it possible to attain such sensuous bliss simply through being alone in the woods, smoking, fishing, and eating, with no thought about anyone else or about anything one has ever done or will ever be obliged to do? At any rate, today, in *The Sun Also Rises*, all the things that are wrong with human life are there on the holiday, too — though one tries to keep them back out of the foreground and occupy one's mind only with the trout, caught now in a stream of the Pyrenees, with the kidding of the good friend from the States. The feeling of insecurity has deepened. The young American now appears in a seriously damaged condition: he has somehow been incapacitated sexually through wounds received in the war. He is in love with one of those international sirens who flourished in the cafés of the post-war period and whose ruthless and uncontrollable infidelities, in such a circle as that depicted by Hemingway, have made any sort of security impossible for the relations between women and men. The lovers of such a woman turn upon and rend one another because they are powerless to make themselves felt by her.

The casualties of the bullfight at Pamplona, to which these young people have gone for the *fiesta*, only reflect the

bitings, bashings, betrayals, of demoralized human beings out of hand. What is the tiresome lover with whom the lady has just been off on a casual escapade, and who is unable to understand he has been discarded, but the man who, on his way to the bull ring, has been accidentally gored by the bull? The young American who tells the story is the only character who keeps up standards of conduct, and he is prevented by his disability from dominating and directing the woman, who otherwise, it is intimated, might love him. Here the membrane of the style has been stretched taut to convey the vibrations of these qualms. The dry sunlight and the green summer landscapes have been invested with a sinister quality which must be new in literature. One enjoys the sun and the green as one enjoys suckling pigs and Spanish wine, but the apprehension and uneasiness are undruggable.

Yet one can catch hold of a code in all the drunkenness and social chaos. 'Perhaps as you went along you did learn something,' Jake, the hero, reflects at one point. 'I did not care what it was all about. All I wanted to know was how to live in it. Maybe if you found out how to live in it you learned from that what it was all about.' 'Everybody behaves badly. Give them the proper chance,' he says later to Lady Brett. "'You wouldn't behave badly.'" Brett looked at me.' In the end, she sends for Jake, who finds her alone in a hotel. She has left her regular lover for a young bullfighter, and this boy has for the first time inspired her with a respect which has restrained her from 'ruining' him: 'You know it makes one feel rather good deciding not to be a bitch.' We suffer and we make suffer, and everybody loses out in the long run; but in the meantime we can lose with honor.

This code still markedly figures, still supplies a dependable moral backbone, in Hemingway's next book of short stories, *Men Without Women*. Here Hem-

ingway has mastered his method of economy in apparent casualness and relevance in apparent indirection, and has turned his sense of what happens and the way in which it happens into something as hard and clear as a crystal but as disturbing as a great lyric. Yet it is usually some principle of courage, of honor, of pity — that is, some principle of sportsmanship in its largest human sense — upon which the drama hinges. The old bullfighter in 'The Undefeated' is defeated in everything except the spirit which will not accept defeat. You get the bull or he gets you: if you die, you can die game; there are certain things you cannot do. The burlesque show manager in 'A Pursuit Race' refrains from waking his advance publicity agent when he overtakes him and realizes that the man has just lost a long struggle against whatever it is which has driven him to drink and dope. 'They got a cure for that,' the manager had said to him before he went to sleep; "'No," William Campbell said, "they haven't got a cure for anything."'

The burned major in 'A Simple Enquiry' — that strange picture of the bed-rock stoicism compatible with the abasement of war — has the decency not to dismiss the orderly who has rejected his proposition. The brutalized Alpine peasant who has been in the habit of hanging a lantern in the jaws of the stiffened corpse of his wife, stood in the corner of the woodshed till the spring makes it possible to bury her, is ashamed to drink with the sexton after the latter has found out what he has done.

This Hemingway of the middle twenties — *The Sun Also Rises* came out in 1926 — expressed the romantic disillusion and set the favorite pose for the period. It was the moment of gallantry in heartbreak, grim and nonchalant banter, and heroic dissipation. The great watchword was 'Have a drink'; and in the bars of New York and Paris the young people were getting to talk like Hemingway.

III

The novel, *A Farewell to Arms*, which followed *Men Without Women*, is in a sense not so serious an affair. Beautifully written and very moving of course it is. Probably no other book has caught so well the strangeness of life in the army for an American in Europe during the war. The new places to which one was sent of which one had never heard, and the things that turned out to be in them; the ordinary people of foreign countries as one saw them when one was quartered among them or obliged to perform some common work with them; the pleasures of which one managed to cheat the war, intensified by the uncertainty and horror — and the uncertainty yet almost become a constant, the horror almost taken for granted; the love affairs, always subject to being poignantly broken up and yet carried on while they lasted in a spirit of irresponsible freedom which derived from having forfeited control of all one's other actions — this Hemingway got into his book, written long enough after the events for them to present themselves under an aspect fully idyllic.

But *A Farewell to Arms* is a tragedy, and the lovers are shown as innocent victims with no relation to the forces that torment them. They themselves are not tormented within by that dissonance between personal satisfaction and the suffering one shares with others which it has been Hemingway's triumph to handle. *A Farewell to Arms*, as the author has said, is a *Romeo and Juliet*. And when Catherine and her lover emerge from the stream of action — the account of the Caporetto retreat is Hemingway's best sustained piece of narrative — when they escape from the alien necessities of which their romance has been merely an accident, which have been writing their story for them, then we see that they are not in themselves convincing as human personalities. And we are confronted with the paradox that Hemingway, who

possesses so remarkable a mimetic gift in getting the sense of social and national types and in making his people talk appropriately, has not shown any very solid sense of character, or, indeed, any real interest in it. The people in his short stories are satisfactory because he has only to hit them off: the point of the story does not lie in personalities, but in the emotion to which a situation gives rise. This is true even in *The Sun Also Rises*, where the characters are hit off with wonderful cleverness. But in *A Farewell to Arms*, as soon as we are brought into real intimacy with the lovers, as soon as the author is obliged to see them through a searching personal experience, we find merely an idealized relationship, the abstractions of a lyric emotion.

With *Death in the Afternoon*, three years later, a new development for Hemingway commences. He writes a book not merely in the first person, but in the first person in his own character as Hemingway, and the results are unexpected and disconcerting. *Death in the Afternoon* has its value as an exposition of bullfighting; and Hemingway is able to use the subject as a text for an explicit statement of his conception of man eternally pitting himself — he thinks the bullfight a ritual of this — against animal force and the odds of death. But the book is partly infected by a queer kind of maudlin emotion, which sounds at once neurotic and drunken. He overdoes his glorification of the bravery and martyrdom of the bullfighter. No doubt the professional expert at risking his life single-handed is impressive in contrast to the flatness, the timidity, and the unreality of much of the business of the modern world; but this admirable miniaturist in prose has already made the point perhaps more tellingly in the little prose poem called 'Banal Story.' Now he offsets the virility of the bullfighters by anecdotes of the male homosexuals that frequent the Paris cafés, at the same time that he puts his chief justification

of the voluptuous excitement of the spectacle into the mouth of an imaginary old lady. The whole thing becomes a little hysterical.

The master of that precise and clean style now indulges in purple patches which go on spreading for pages on end. I am not one who much admires the last chapter of *Death in the Afternoon*, with its rich, all too rich, unrollings of memories of fine times in Spain, and with its what seem to me irrelevant reminiscences of the soliloquy of Mrs. Bloom in *Ulysses*. Also, there are interludes of kidding of a kind which Hemingway handles with skill when he assigns them to characters in his stories, but in connection with which he seems to become incapable of exercising good sense or taste as soon as he undertakes them in his own person (the burlesque *Torrents of Spring* was an early omen of this). In short, we are compelled to recognize that, as soon as Hemingway drops the burning glass of the disciplined and objective art with which he has learned to concentrate in a story the light of the emotions that flood in on him, he straightway becomes befuddled, slops over.

This befuddlement is later to go further, but in the meantime he publishes another volume of stories — *Winner Take Nothing* — which is almost up to its predecessor. In this collection he deals much more effectively than in *Death in the Afternoon* with that theme of contemporary decadence which is implied in his panegyric of the bull-fighter. The first of the stories, 'After the Storm,' is another of his variations — and one of the finest — on the theme of keeping up a code of decency among the hazards and pains of life. A fisherman goes out to plunder a wreck: he dives down to break in through a port-hole, but inside he sees a woman with rings on her hands and her hair floating loose in the water, and he thinks about the passengers and crew being suddenly plunged to their deaths (he was almost killed himself in a drunken fight the

night before), he sees the cloud of sea birds screaming around, and he finds that he is unable to crack the glass with his wrench and that he loses an anchor grapple with which he next tries to attack it; so he goes away and leaves the job to the Greeks, who blow the boat open and clean her out.

But in general the emotions of insecurity here obtrude themselves and dominate the book. Two of the stories deal with the hysteria of soldiers falling off the brink of their nerves under the strain of the experiences of the war, which here no longer presents an idyllic aspect; another deals with a group of patients in a hospital, at the same time crippled and hopeless, still another (a five-page masterpiece) with an old man who has tried to commit suicide although he is known to have plenty of money and who now creeps into a café in search of 'a clean well-lighted place': 'After all, he said to himself, it is probably only insomnia. Many must have it.' Another story, like *The Sun Also Rises*, centres around a castration; and four of the fourteen are concerned more or less with male or female homosexuality. In the last story, 'Fathers and Sons,' Hemingway reverts to the Michigan woods, as if to take the curse off the rest: young Nick had once made love to a nice Indian girl with plump legs and hard little breasts on the needles of the hemlock woods.

These stories and the interludes in *Death in the Afternoon* must have been written during the years which followed the stock-market crash. They are full of the apprehension of losing control of oneself which is aroused by the getting out of control of a social-economic system, as well as of the fear of impotence which seems to accompany the loss of social mastery. And there is in such a story as 'A Clean Well-Lighted Place' the feeling of having got to the end of everything, of having given up heroic attitudes, of wanting only the illusion of peace.

IV

And now, in proportion as the characters in his stories run out of fortitude and bravado, he passes into a phase where he is occupied with building up his public personality. He has already now become a legend, as Mencken was in the twenties; he is the Hemingway of the handsome photographs with the open neck and the outdoor grin, with the ominous resemblance to Clark Gable, who poses with giant marlin which he has just hauled in off Key West. And unluckily — but for an American inevitably — the opportunity soon presents itself to exploit this personality for profit: he is soon turning out regular articles for well-paying and trashy magazines.

This department of Hemingway's writing there is no point in discussing in detail. The most favorable thing one can say about it is that he made an extremely bad job of it, where a less authentic artist would probably have done somewhat better. The ordinary writer, when he projects himself, usually produces something which, though unlikely, is sympathetic; but Hemingway has created a Hemingway who is not only incredible but obnoxious. He is certainly his own worst-invented character.

But this journalism does seem to have contributed to the writing of some unsatisfactory books. *Green Hills of Africa* (1935) owes its failure to falling between the two genres of personal exhibitionism and fiction. 'The writer has attempted,' says Hemingway, 'to write an absolutely true book to see whether the shape of a country and the pattern of a month's action can, if truly presented, compete with a work of the imagination.' He does try to present his own rôle objectively, and there is a genuine Hemingway theme — the connection between success at big-game hunting and sexual self-respect — involved in his adventures as he presents them. But the sophisticated technique of the fiction writer comes to look artificial when it is applied

to a series of real happenings; and the necessity of sticking to what really happened makes impossible the typical characters and incidents which give point to a work of fiction. The monologues of the false — the publicity — Hemingway are almost as bad as his magazine articles. He inveighs with much scorn against the literary life and against the professional literary man of the cities; and then manages to give the impression that he himself is a professional literary man of the touchiest and most self-conscious kind. He delivers a self-confident lecture on the high possibilities of prose writing; and then produces such a sentence as the following: 'Going down-hill steeply made these Spanish shooting boots too short in the toe and there was an old argument, about this length of boot and whether the bootmaker, whose part I had taken, unwittingly first, only as interpreter, and finally embraced his theory patriotically as a whole and, I believed, by logic, had overcome it by adding onto the heel.' As soon as Hemingway begins speaking in the first person, he seems to lose his bearings, not merely as a critic of life, but even as a craftsman.

In another and significant way, *Green Hills of Africa* is disappointing. *Death in the Afternoon* did provide a lot of data on bullfighting and build up for us the bullfighting world; but its successor tells us little about Africa. Hemingway keeps affirming — as if in accents of defiance against those who would engage his attention for social problems — his passionate enthusiasm for the African country and his perfect satisfaction with the hunter's life; but he has produced what must be one of the only books ever written which make Africa and its animals seem dull. Almost the only thing we learn about the animals is that Hemingway wants to kill them. And as for the natives, though there is one fine description of a tribe of marvelously trained runners, the principal impression we get of them is that they were simple and

inferior people who enormously admired Hemingway.

It is not only that, as his critics of the Left had been complaining, he shows no interest in political issues, but that his interest in his fellow beings seems actually to be drying up. It is as if he were throwing himself on African hunting as something to live for and believe in, as something through which to realize himself; and as if, expecting of it too much, he had got out of it abnormally little, less than he is willing to admit. The disquiet of the Hemingway of the twenties had been, as I have said, undruggable — that is, in his books themselves, he had tried to express it, not drug it, had given it an appeasement in art; but now there sets in, in the Hemingway of the thirties, what seems to be a deliberate self-drugging. The situation is indicated objectively in 'The Gambler, the Nun, and the Radio,' among the short stories of 1933, in which everything from daily bread to 'a belief in any new form of government' is characterized as 'the opium of the people' by an empty-hearted cripple in a hospital.

But at last there does rush into this vacuum the blast of the social issue, which has been roaring in the wind like a forest fire.

Out of a series of short stories he had written about a Florida waterside character he decided to make a little epic. The result was *To Have and Have Not*, which seems to me the poorest of all his stories. Certainly some deep agitation is working upon Hemingway the artist. Craftsmanship and style, taste and sense, have all alike gone by the board. The negative attitude toward human beings has here become definitely malignant: the hero is like a wooden-headed Punch, always knocking people on the head (inferiors — Chinamen or Cubans); or, rather, he combines the characteristics of Punch with those of Popeye the Sailor in the animated cartoon in the movies. As the climax to a series of prodigies, this stupendous pirate-smuggler named

Harry Morgan succeeds, alone, unarmed, and with only a hook for one hand, — though at the cost of a mortal wound, — in outwitting and destroying with their own weapons four men with revolvers and a machine gun, by whom he has been shanghaied in a launch.

The impotence of a decadent society has here been exploited deliberately, but less successfully than in the earlier short stories. Against a background of homosexuality, impotence, and masturbation among the wealthy holiday-makers in Florida, Popeye-Morgan is shown gratifying his wife with the same indefatigable dexterity which he has displayed in his other feats; and there is a choral refrain of praise of his virility — which wells up in the last pages of the book when the abandoned Mrs. Popeye regurgitates Mrs. Bloom's soliloquy.

To be a man in such a world of maggots is noble, but it is not enough. Besides the maggots, there are double-crossing rats, who will get you if they are given the smallest chance. What is most valid in *To Have and Have Not* is the idea — conveyed better, perhaps, in the first of the series of episodes than in the final scenes of massacre and agony — that in an atmosphere (here revolutionary Cuba) in which man has been set against man, in which it is always a question whether your companion is not preparing to cut your throat, the most sturdy and straightforward American will turn suspicious and cruel. Harry Morgan is made to realize as he dies that to fight this bad world alone is hopeless. Again Hemingway, with his barometric accuracy, has seized the real moral feeling of the moment — a moment when social relations were subjected to severe tension, seemed already disintegrating. But the heroic Hemingway legend has at this point invaded his fiction and, inflaming and inflating his symbols, has produced an uncomfortable hybrid, half Hemingway-character, half nature myth.

Hemingway had not himself particularly labored this moral of individualism

versus solidarity, but the critics of the Left labored it for him and received his least creditable piece of fiction as the statement of a new revelation. The progress of the Communist faith among the American writers since the beginning of the economic crisis has followed a peculiar course. That the aims and beliefs of Marx and Lenin should have come through to the minds of intellectuals who had been educated in the bourgeois tradition as great awakeners of conscience, a great light, was quite natural and entirely desirable. But the conception of the dynamic Marxist will, the exaltation of the Marxian religion, seized the members of the professional classes like a capricious contagion or hurricane, which shakes one and leaves his neighbor standing, then returns to lay hold on the second after the first has become calm again. In the moment of seizure, each one saw a scroll unrolled from the heavens, on which Marx and Lenin and Stalin, the Bolsheviks of 1917, the Soviets of the Five-Year Plan, and the GPU of the Moscow trials, were all a part of the same great purpose. Later the convert, if he were capable of it, would get over his first phase of snow blindness and learn to see real people and conditions, would study the development of Marxism in terms of peoples, periods, personalities, instead of logical deductions from abstract propositions or — as in the case of the more naïve or dishonest — of simple incantatory slogans. But for many there was at least a moment when the key to all the mysteries of human history seemed suddenly to have been placed in their hands, when the infallible guide to thought and behavior seemed to have been given them in a few easy formulas.

Hemingway was hit pretty late. He was still in *Death in the Afternoon* telling the 'world-savers,' sensibly enough, that they should 'get to see' the world 'clear and as a whole. Then any part you make will represent the whole, if it's made truly. The thing to do is work and

learn to make it.' Later he jibed at the literary radicals, who talked but couldn't take it. Then the challenge of the fight itself, — Hemingway never could resist a physical challenge, — the natural impulse to dedicate oneself to something bigger than big-game hunting and bull-fighting, and the fact that the class war had broken out in a country to which he was romantically attached, seem to have combined to make him align himself with the Communists as well as the Spanish Loyalists at a time when the Marxist philosophy had been pretty completely shelved by the Kremlin, now reactionary as well as corrupt, when the Russians were lending the Loyalists only help enough to preserve, as they imagined would be possible, the balance of power against Fascism while they acted at the same time as a police force to avert the real social revolution.

Hemingway raised money for the Loyalists, reported the battle fronts. He even went so far as to make a speech at a congress of the League of American Writers, an organization rigged by the supporters of the Stalinist régime in Russia and full of precisely the type of literary revolutionists that he had formerly been ridiculing. Soon the Stalinists had taken him in tow, and he was feverishly denouncing as Fascists other writers who criticized the Kremlin. It has been one of the expedients of the Stalin administration in keeping its power and covering up its crimes to condemn on trumped-up charges of Fascist conspiracy, and even to kidnap and murder, its political opponents of the Left; and, along with the food and munitions, the Russians had brought to the war in Spain what the Austrian journalist Willi Schlamm called that diversion of doubtful value for the working class: 'Herr Vyshinsky's Grand Guignol.'

The result of this was a play, *The Fifth Column*, which, though it is good reading for the way the characters talk,

is an exceedingly silly production. The hero, though an Anglo-American, is an agent of the Communist secret police, engaged in catching Fascist spies in Spain; and his principal exploit in the course of the play is clearing out, with the aid of a single Communist, an artillery post manned by seven Fascists. The scene is like a pushover and getaway from one of the cruder Hollywood Westerns.

The tendency on Hemingway's part to indulge such puerile fantasies appears perhaps first at the end of *A Farewell to Arms*, where the hero, after many adventures of fighting, escaping, love-making, and drinking, rows his lady thirty-five kilometres against the wind on a cold November night; and we have seen what it could do for Harry Morgan. Now, as if with the conviction that the cause and the efficiency of the GPU have added several cubits to his stature, he has let this tendency loose; and he has also found in the GPU's grim duty a pretext to give rein to the appetite for killing which has always played such a large part in his work. He has progressed from grasshoppers and trout through bulls and lions and kudus to Chinamen and Cubans, and now to Fascists. Hitherto the act of destruction has given rise for him to complex emotions; he has identified himself not merely with the injurer but also with the injured; there has been a masochistic complement to the sadism. But now this paradox which splits our natures, and which has instigated some of Hemingway's best stories, need no longer present perplexities to his mind. The Fascists are dirty dogs, and to kill them is a holy act. He who had made a separate peace, who had said farewell to arms, has found a reason for taking them up again in a spirit of rabietic fury unpleasantly reminiscent of the spy mania and the sacred anti-German rage which took possession of so many civilians and staff officers under the stimulus of the last war.

Not that the compensatory trauma of the typical Hemingway protagonist is

totally absent even here. The main episode is the hero's brief love affair and voluntary breaking off with a beautiful and adoring girl with whom he takes up in Madrid and who, having belonged to the Junior League and been to Vassar, represents for him the leisure-class play-world from which he is trying to get away. But as he has treated her from the very first scenes with considerable frank contempt, the action is rather lacking in suspense as the sacrifice is rather feeble in moral value. One takes no stock at all in the intimation that Mr. Philip may later be sent to mortify himself in a camp for training Young Pioneers. And in the meantime he has fun killing Fascists.

In *The Fifth Column*, the drugging process has been carried further still: the hero, who has become finally indistinguishable from the false or publicity Hemingway, has here dosed himself with whiskey; a seductive and desirous woman, for whom he has the most admirable reasons for not taking any responsibility; sacred rage; the excitement of bombardment; and indulgence in that headiest of sports, for which he has now the same excellent reasons — the bagging of human beings.

V

You may be afraid, after reading *The Fifth Column*, that Hemingway will never sober up; but as you go on in the new volume in which it appears, which includes also his most recent short stories, you find that your apprehensions were unfounded. Three of these stories have a great deal more body — they are longer and more complex — than the comparatively meagre anecdotes collected in *Winner Take Nothing*. And here are his real artistic successes with the material of his experiences in Africa, which make up for the miscarried *Green Hills*: 'The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber' and 'The Snows of Kilimanjaro,' which disengage, by dramatizing them objectively, the themes which in

the earlier book never really got themselves presented. And here is at least a beginning of a real artistic utilization of Hemingway's experience in Spain: a little incident in two pages which outweighs the whole of *The Fifth Column* and all his Spanish dispatches, about an old man, 'without politics,' who has occupied his life in taking care of eight pigeons, two goats, and a cat, and who has been dislodged and separated from his pets by the advance of the Fascist armies — a story which takes its place in the category of the war series of Callot and Goya, whose union of elegance with sharpness Hemingway has already recalled in his earlier battle plates, a story which might have been written about almost any war.

And here — what is very remarkable — is a story, 'The Capital of the World,' which finds an objective symbol for, precisely, what is wrong with *The Fifth Column*. A young boy who has come up from the country and waits on table in a pension in Madrid gets accidentally stabbed with a meat knife while playing at bullfighting with the dishwasher. This is the simple anecdote, but Hemingway has built in behind it all the life of the pension and the city: the priesthood, the working-class movement, the grown-up bullfighters who have broken down or missed out. 'The boy Paco,' Hemingway concludes, 'had never known about any of this nor about what all these people would be doing on the next day and on other days to come. He had no idea how they really lived nor how they ended. He did not realize they ended. He died, as the Spanish phrase has it, full of illusions. He had not had time in his life to lose any of them, or even, at the end, to complete an act of contrition.' So he registers in this very fine story the discrepancy between the fantasies of boyhood and the realities of the grown-up world. The artist in Hemingway, who feels things truly and cannot help recording what he feels, has actually said good-bye to these fantasies

at a time when the war correspondent is making himself ridiculous by attempting still to hang on to them.

The emotion which principally comes through in 'Francis Macomber' and 'The Snows of Kilimanjaro' — as it figures also in *The Fifth Column* — is a growing antagonism to women. Looking back, one can see at this point that the tendency has been there all along. In 'The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife,' the boy Nick goes out squirrel hunting with his father instead of obeying the summons of his mother; in 'Cross Country Snow,' he regretfully says farewell to male companionship on a skiing expedition in Switzerland, when he is obliged to go back to the States so that his wife can have her baby. The young man in 'Hills Like White Elephants' compels his girl to have an abortion against her will; another story, 'A Canary for One,' bites almost unbearably but exquisitely on the loneliness to be endured by a wife after she and her husband shall have separated; the peasant of 'An Alpine Idyll' abuses the corpse of his wife (these last three under the general title *Men Without Women*). Brett in *The Sun Also Rises* is an exclusively destructive force: she might be a better woman, it is intimated, in the company of Jake, the American; but actually he is protected against her and is in a sense revenging his own sex through being unable to do anything for her sexually. Even the hero of *A Farewell to Arms* kills Catherine — after enjoying her abject devotion — by giving her a baby, itself born dead. The only women with whom Nick Adams's relations are perfectly satisfactory are the little Indian girls of his boyhood who are in a position of hopeless social disadvantage and have no power over the behavior of the white males — so that he can get rid of them the moment he has done with them. Thus in *The Fifth Column* Mr. Philip brutally breaks off with Dorothy — he has been rescued from her demoralizing influence by his dedication to Com-

munism, just as the hero of *The Sun Also Rises* was saved by his physical disability — to revert to a little Moorish whore. Even Harry Morgan, who is represented as satisfying his wife on the scale of a Paul Bunyan, deserts her in the end by dying and leaves her racked by the cruellest desire.

And now this instinct to get the women down presents itself frankly as a fear that the women will get the men down. The men in both these African stories are married to American harpies of the most soul-destroying sort. The hero of 'The Snows of Kilimanjaro' loses his soul and dies of futility on a hunting expedition in Africa, out of which he is not getting what he had hoped. The story is not quite stripped clean of the trashy moral attitudes which have been coming to disfigure the author's work: the hero, a seriously-intentioned and apparently promising writer, goes on a little sloppily over the dear early days in Paris when he was earnest, happy, and poor, and blames a little hysterically the rich woman whom he has married and who has debased him. Yet it is one of Hemingway's remarkable stories. There is a wonderful piece of writing at the end when the reader is made to realize that what has seemed to be an escape by plane with the sick man looking down on Africa is only the dream of a dying man. The other story, 'Francis Macomber,' perfectly realizes its purpose. Here the male saves his soul at the last minute, and then is actually shot down by his woman, who does not want him to have a soul. Here Hemingway has at last got what Thurber calls the war between the sexes right out into the open and has written a terrific fable of the impossible civilized woman who despises the civilized man for his failure in initiative and nerve and then jealously tries to break him down as soon as he begins to exhibit any.

Going back over Hemingway's books to-day, we can see clearly what an error of the politicians it was to accuse him of an indifference to society. His whole

work is a criticism of society: he has responded to every pressure of the moral atmosphere of the time, as it is felt at the roots of human relations, with a sensitiveness almost unrivaled. Even his preoccupation with licking the gang in the next block and being known as the best basketball player in high school has its meaning in the present epoch. After all, whatever is done in the world, political as well as athletic, depends on personal courage and strength. With Hemingway, courage and strength are always thought of in physical terms, so that he tends to give the impression that the bullfighter who can take it and dish it out is more of a man than any other kind of man, and that the sole duty of the revolutionary socialist is to get the counter-revolutionary gang before they get him.

But ideas, however correct, will never prevail by themselves: there must be people who are prepared to stand or fall with them, and the ability to act on principle is still subject to the same competitive laws which work in sporting contests and sexual relations. Hemingway has expressed with genius the terrors of the modern man at the danger of losing control of his world, and he has also, within his scope, provided his own kind of antidote. This antidote, paradoxically, is almost entirely moral. Despite his preoccupation with physical contests, his heroes are almost always defeated physically, nervously, practically: their victories are moral ones. He himself, when he trained himself stubbornly in his unconventional, unmarketable art in a Paris which had other fashions, gave the prime example of such a victory; and if he has sometimes, under the menace of the general panic, seemed on the point of going to pieces as an artist, he has always pulled himself together the next moment. The principle of the Bourdon gauge, which is used to measure the pressure of liquids, is that a tube which has been curved into a coil will tend to straighten out in proportion as the liquid inside it is subjected to an increasing pressure.

A CONSIDERABLE SPECK

BY ROBERT FROST

A SPECK that would have been beneath my sight
On any but a paper sheet so white
Set off across what I had written there,
And I had idly poised my pen in air
To stop it with a period of ink,
When something strange about it made me think
This was no dust speck by my breathing blown
But unmistakably a living mite
With inclinations it could call its own.
It paused as with suspicion of my pen
And then came racing wildly on again
To where my manuscript was not yet dry,
Then paused again and either drank or smelt —
With horror, for again it turned to fly.
Plainly with an intelligence I dealt.
It seemed too tiny to have room for feet
Yet must have had a set of them complete
To express how much it didn't want to die.
It ran with terror and with cunning crept.
It faltered! I could see it hesitate —
Then in the middle of the open sheet
Cower down in desperation to accept
Whatever I accorded it of fate.
I have none of the tenderer-than-thou
Political collectivistic love
With which the modern world is being swept —
But this poor microscopic item now!
Since it was nothing I knew evil of
I let it lie there till I hope it slept.
I have a mind myself and recognize
Mind where I meet with it in any guise.
No one can know how glad I am to find
On any sheet the least display of mind.

DEAF, BUT NOT DUMB

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

THE number of the hard of hearing is no doubt large — how large no one knows, but certainly larger than is suspected. We get a clue, however, from a recent commendable movement to ascertain the number of the underhearing among the children in our public schools, whose ears are being tested by the audiometer. This is a legal requirement in some cities, but at present is more widely applied through WPA funds and private benevolence.

An earpiece is clamped over one ear, the other ear is stopped up, and the little victim listens to sounds scientifically graduated in loudness, beginning with the faintest peep audible to the normal ear. When he hears he reacts, and a card is marked. He is then tried for the next note or pitch, until the range of the human voice has been covered — from, as the little girl said of the piano, 'the growly end to the squeaky end.' When both his ears have been thus tested, the resulting card is a graphic picture of his deafness. The degrees in loudness are designated by the gay word 'decibel.' If the test shows a loss of nine decibels within the range of useful speech, the parents of the pupil are advised to give him medical treatment and special teaching.

These efforts provide a new approach for the Society for the Hard of Hearing: audiometer tests for every child, prompt medical treatment for those who need it, and free courses in lip reading in every school. Many a bright child has been

classed as backward whose eager mind is masked behind dulled ears.

A loss of nine decibels is not in itself a serious case of deafness, but it is a good point at which to begin preventive measures — which do not, unfortunately, always prevent. The best they can do with the majority of afflicted infants is to check the inexorable progress of the deafness. In view of what has been accomplished against diabetes, diphtheria, malaria, and other ills, with all the wonders of modern surgery, it is dismaying how little progress has been made against deafness. Only the common cold seems to have been more elusive. Nature has set the eye, so vital and delicate an organ, on the outer walls, as it were, where it can be got at; and the miracles of eye surgery, from removing the veil of cataract to planting an entirely new organ, are among the wonders of medical science. But Nature has locked hearing away in the fastnesses of a grotto of solid bone, the most inaccessible spot of the human anatomy.

Figures from audiometer tests — of only a fraction of the country, it is true, but still well scattered, representing thirty states — reveal that on an average 6.1 per cent of children of school age have a loss of nine decibels or more in one or both ears. That is a conservative figure for children, and it becomes even more conservative when applied to adults. For deafness is progressive. Millions of adults grew up before the enlightened days of audiometers, and,

starting with nine decibels or more, have carried their deafness, along with their adenoids and unremoved tonsils, into their old age with little relief. And old people live longer now, thanks to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and with the years lose hearing along with hair and teeth. So it can be assumed that the deafness of children continues and is aggravated by time, neglect of colds, and the stridency of modern life, and the nine decibels loss of childhood increases to the twenty or more where real deafness begins.

We are well within probability, then, if we decide that there are more than seven million people — 6 per cent of our population — whose deafness is severe enough to make communication difficult and unreliable, and thus set them apart from their fellow citizens as a class that must at times be handled differently from the normal rank and file. The number is roughly arrived at, but that need not disturb us; a million or so either way would not upset my argument, which is merely that there are enough of us hard of hearing to justify having life shaped a bit more to fit our needs, instead of being forced to do all the adaptation ourselves.

For these figures mean, if they mean anything, that practically everybody has some contact with the hard of hearing. Six per cent is roughly one sixteenth of the population. One out of sixteen is deaf enough to offer obstacles to ordinary intercourse. This means that you who read this, whether or not you yourself are hard of hearing, must meet an under-hearing person daily, weekly — often, at any rate.

II

The battle against deafness is to-day being fought on two fronts, by medical research and experiment seeking to discover the causes of loss of hearing and methods of eradicating them, and by electrical science in the bettering of hearing devices and apparatus to aid in

teaching speech to those who have never heard it.

One cause of increasing deafness is the gradual closing of the oval window in the bony wall between the middle ear and the inner ear through which the waves of sound reach the auditory nerves and are transmitted to the brain. No one knows what causes this bone growth or what will prevent it. Patient investigation on dogs, whose hearing apparatus most nearly approaches ours, has been going on for some time. Meanwhile sensational operations have been attempted in Sweden and France, such as the insertion of tissue graft against the window opening, and the puncturing of the bony wall to offset the closing of the window. Doctors approach such heroic remedies with caution, and are of the opinion that these operations have not yet proved themselves as to technique or results. About one in four has been successful, and even with these not enough time has elapsed to ascertain the permanency of the cure. The artificial opening also shows a tendency to close with growth of bone. The consensus seems to be that prophylactic or preventive measures offer the greatest promise at present.

Steady improvement is evident in the development of hearing instruments. First the clumsy earpiece was reduced to the diameter of a penny, so small and light it could be held to the ear by a small shape fitting the ear passage, doing away with the headband. The shape is made to fit exactly by taking a small plaster-of-Paris cast — the way the dentist makes casts of your mouth — and reproducing it in plastic. Bone conduction, a real discovery, dispenses with the earpiece entirely, and relays the sound through the bones of the head directly to the auditory nerves without using the natural passages of the ear. A small oblong is fitted behind the ear, where it is almost invisible, and connected with a receiver. This device has proved useful also in teaching speech, giving deaf children some idea of vibration, pitch, intensity,

and the like. For this purpose the oblong is held between the fingers, and the vibrations felt. There is no other way, except the long slow trial-and-error method that has been in use hitherto, to get sound to the mind of a child who has never heard, and does not know how he speaks.

In addition to the audiometer, there has just been invented another instrument for teaching speech to deaf children — the pitch indicator. The inventor, A. E. Coyne, is an engineer at Cape Town, South Africa, where his wife is one of the teachers in the admirable Institute for the Deaf conducted by the Dominican Sisters. Teaching pitch is more difficult than teaching lip reading. The pitch indicator — to describe it briefly and simply — flashes a small bulb, activated by a responsive tuning fork, for each note of the diatonic scale. The student instantly sees when he has sounded the right note, and the pattern of the row of lights follows the pitch of the human voice. With it, says the inventor, is developed in minutes a control of the voice that could not be obtained by other methods in months.

III

The late Edward Sandford Martin, who was for years the genial editor of *Life* (first incarnation) and who had been deaf most of his life, summed up the ethics of deaf conduct briefly but conclusively: —

'A deaf man who really wants to be good has it in his favor that there are a number of sinful or inexpedient things that he cannot do to advantage. . . . He cannot play poker to good advantage, though he can buy stocks; he cannot flirt, unless, indeed, he is a resolute adventurer and learns to read the lips; he is so badly handicapped in society that there is little chance that his head will be turned by social success, or his energies wasted in a chase after it. He has even a greater incentive to be temperate

than most men have, for carousals are dull sport to a deaf man. . . . But it is unwise for him to be much of a sinner because he is so much exposed to his own society and will be so much inconvenienced by having to associate with an unworthy person whom he cannot respect. He had better be good. He may be virtuous and still not happy — whatever the copybooks declare — but certainly being deaf, he has a great deal better chance to be happy by sticking close to virtue than by trying to be successfully wicked.'

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, initiator of much of the social work now done for the hard of hearing, was not deaf, but his wife was. He fell in love with her when teaching speech to a group of underhearing pupils. You perhaps know the delightful legend that the invention of the telephone was a by-product of experiments to enable his wife to hear by electricity. Dr. Bell went on with his great invention, but the incidental discovery he made was developed by his assistant, Miller Reese Hutchison, who later, while working for Thomas Edison, — the arch example of triumph over deafness, — produced the first electric hearing instrument. But neither he nor anyone else ever succeeded in making Edison wear one.

The first League for the Hard of Hearing was founded by Edward B. Nitchie, a deaf teacher of lip reading. The members of the American Society for the Hard of Hearing are all deaf, but not all the deaf are members. They should be. Practically all that has been done for the social rehabilitation of the deaf has been done by the deaf. Thus we find a new significance to the old saying about the blind leading the blind.

Organized effort to aid the deaf may be left safely in the capable hands of the Society, where it now so efficiently rests, while we consider the attitude of the individual who must at times, through kinship, friendship, duty, or profit, deal with the underhearing.

Hearing is a sense so taken for granted that its loss disrupts the whole scheme of social relations — and domestic relations likewise — and seriously interferes with the art of living. Life is ordinarily carried on in terms of the spoken word. Without hearing, the simplest and most ordinary details become more difficult and embarrassing than a hearing person can imagine.

The telephone rings. My wife goes to the phone. A pleasant feminine voice says: —

‘Won’t you and Mr. Calkins dine with us Friday night? Just a small dinner — only two other guests.’

My wife explains that I am so deaf that a dinner, even a small dinner, is an ordeal for me, and I fear I shall prove a wet blanket — or at least a muffler. But the would-be hostess insists. She waves all objections aside. She knows it is hard for me, but won’t I make an exception in her case?

‘I guess we shall have to go,’ says my wife as she hangs up the phone.

On Friday we go to the dinner. It is a charming one, with interesting people among whom I should like to play the part of an acceptable guest. I am seated at my hostess’s right. The table is covered with napery, dishes, and flowers. I look for a place to set the large black box, holding about two gallons of conversation, which I carry around with me to advertise the fact that I am deaf. I set it down and ruin the effect of the beautifully arranged table. I remark humorously that I hope some day to have an instrument like that of the late King Edward, in ivory and gold, which will be an ornament to any table. I pursue the thought, saying that my effect on a dinner party is about as blighting as that of my box on conversation. I hang on for a few rounds, knowing that if I drop the ball I shall be out of the game.

The man opposite is reminded of a story, and tells it. My wife tries to wig-wag the point of the story to me by

lip reading. I fail to get it, however, because the maid is taking away my soup, which I have barely tasted. I resolve to devote myself to the fish, and let the conversational chips fall where they may. I am interrupted by my hostess, who is telling me something. I say good-bye to the fish, and try to follow her. After she has told the story twice, and held the entire table breathlessly watching to see if I get it, I pretend to have heard her and smile rapturously — deceiving no one, least of all my wife. I hurry in with my stock anecdote before the breach is closed.

This anecdote enables me to link myself up with an illustrious deaf person, showing that our calamity knocks with equal foot at the palace and the hovel. Dr. Horace Howard Furness, I explain, was the famous Shakespeare scholar. Invited by Charles Eliot Norton to stay at his house while in Boston to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard, Dr. Furness wrote: ‘It is many, many years since I formed a resolution to eat at no table but my own. I am so deaf that I must either wholly listen or wholly eat, and the attempt to divide the two always causes embarrassment to my host and me, and since Nature has instructed me to remain in the background, I take the hint and obey her behest.’¹

I hold my position valiantly a few moments, but soon the conversation veers again. From time to time someone with vast effort explains the point of a story to me. It is practically lost in vain repetition, and I seldom get it anyway, but pretend I do, and smile fatuously. And so the evening wears away.

‘You didn’t get anything that was said to you,’ my wife says to me on the way home. ‘Why do you pretend to hear when you don’t?’

I explain that it was necessary to do so if I was to be able to eat a little.

¹ Do read these charming *Letters of Horace Howard Furness*, ye hard of hearing, and learn how gallantly one man met our handicap. — AUTHOR

If it hadn't been for people trying to tell me things I could have made a good meal. The drawback to dinner parties, I insist, is the conversation. With Thackeray I feel that the talking, like the carving, should be done at a side table. I am hoping for an invitation some day which reads like this: 'Dinner at seven-thirty. No conversation.'

As a people we are ear-minded rather than eye-minded. We hear more than we see. We let sound pictures drive out the silent films, another grievance to the deaf, the more so because the pictures have steadily lost in graphic presentation in favor of mere speech. Strange, this exaltation of the ear, for nature apparently does not agree. At any rate she gave the eye eighteen times as many nerves as the ear. So the hard of hearing, if their loss is thirty or more decibels, must dispense not only with conversation, but with other amusements as well.

Realizing that moving pictures were the perfect form of dramatic entertainment for the hard of hearing until the introduction of sound, many houses are now equipped with multiple hearing devices, and this is sufficient for a large proportion of the deaf. A microphone is set up near the sound apparatus or speaker, and wires are run to certain seats. The occupant plugs in an ear-piece, his own or one furnished by the theatre, and the mechanical chain is complete.

I am one who is too deaf for this bit of enterprise, but I also have my resources. Foreign-language films are run with their original sound effects, but English titles are written on the pictures for the benefit of those who understand only English; and I, who do not understand even English when it is spoken, enjoy such plays as Sacha Guitry's *Story of a Cheat* and Erich von Stroheim's *Grand Illusion*. Those French films are better than the average Hollywood fare. Then there are the dramatizations of well-known books, — *Little Women*, *David Copperfield*, *Tom*

Sawyer, and *Les Miserables*, — with which I am so familiar that I can follow every link of the action and scarcely miss the spoken word. I apply this plan to stage plays also, but there is not as much for the eye in a play as in a picture.

The hard of hearing must qualify as best they may to meet the hearing world on its own ground. But what of the other fifteen sixteenths of society? Have they no obligation? I do not mean in the narrow sense of duty, but for their own comfort, convenience, or self-interest. The deafened feel that reaction to their handicap is too often stage fright or an exaggerated and distorted effort — or, best of all perhaps, complete and stolid indifference.

The desirable thing is communication expressed simply and with natural enunciation. Loudness is seldom as necessary as distinctness, especially for lip readers. Do not talk to your underhearing friend with your back to the light. Let him see your face, so that his eyes may supplement his ears. You should also consider seating arrangements in social groups. A tactless hostess placed Harriet Martineau next to the only other deaf person at a dinner, with a vacant chair on her other side.

Give your friend a chance to use his eyes. Show him things instead of reading them to him. Remember the partially deaf hear better in the street, a railroad train, or a boiler factory, wherever there is a background of noise, the very place where you have most difficulty. The greatest service is the quick and tactful prompting with the key word that gives a deaf person the clue to whatever is being presented.

IV

If more people possessed the sort of imagination that understands and enters into the major problems of hardness of hearing, the lives of the deafened would be made easier. That problem is one of orientation, of getting our bearings in a

strange group. Among our friends it is different. They know us, know the best and the worst of us, and have already made up their minds about us. The necessity of testifying in our own behalf is not so insistent. But among strangers we feel we must in some way account for ourselves, give some evidence of intelligence, and we are profoundly grateful to anyone who helps us to a conversational raft upon which we may float for a season at least, if not to a safe harbor.

I once sat for an hour in the dim-lit cocktail room of a restaurant, in a group of twelve men only one of whom I knew — and he came late. We were whiling away the time until an eight o'clock dinner with drinks and casual conversation. The low lights were supposed to aid such conversation, but for me they had the contrary effect. I was marooned in a vacuum. I did not know who was speaking, or even if anyone was. I did not know for certain which one was our host.

It would be difficult to conceive a more difficult situation for a deaf man. Even in the light and among friends or acquaintances, the hurdles are dismaying, though under such circumstances one can look about and smile knowingly when the others do, or pick up his glass, sit beside someone who looks approachable, and concentrate his attention in a tête-à-tête.

What should I do, I meditated: sit here until my hour was up, or make an effort to break through the deadlock? I took out my first-aid kit, a pad and pencil in a neat leather case, tendered it to the man sitting next, and, explaining my difficulty, asked him to write the names of the group in the order of sitting. I knew them collectively but not as individuals, for we were an art jury, and after dinner we would proceed to a gallery to pick out the winners for prizes. My neighbor looked a bit startled at the — to him — odd request, but courteously tried to comply. He did not know them all and was forced to ask help, thus

drawing the attention of the group to my plight. This was all to the good. Conversation was not apparently absorbing, and even a deaf man's shifts and devices added a new interest.

No sooner had I read the list of names and identified their owners than another man reached for my book and wrote to remind me of a correspondence we had had some time since. Others followed, for the men were not only idle but good-natured, possibly a little bored. It was too dark to write easily, and each was forced to twist under the direct ray of the orange-colored slit that was the only illumination of this deaf man's purgatory. But there in the darkness, without hearing an audible sound, I acquired some preliminary information about my fellow guests, and lost part of my panic-stricken strangeness.

By the time we moved into the well-lighted private dining room the company was warmed up. My pad was in frequent requisition. They told me the points of their jokes, the topics they discussed, and asked questions the answering of which salved my bruised self-esteem. Up and down the table the pad traveled, until it became a sort of game. One man wanted to know what I did with all the notes I must have accumulated — thought I ought to publish them as a new kind of dinner-table talk. I experienced a mild pride in my accomplishment, like the frog that fell into the cream jug and worked his way out by swimming vigorously until the cream was churned. I acquired also renewed faith in the inherent good will of human nature.

Against that scene wherein a deaf man managed to assert himself and found his fellows willing to meet him halfway let me project the picture of an ideal hostess. I recall with gratitude a woman of rare understanding — it would embarrass her if I gave her name — who once entertained my wife and me at the mountain-top camp where she and her family spent their summers. This camp

was aboriginally a haunt of foxes, and its name is without prejudice — Yelping Hill. An artist member of the colony had decorated the road at junctions with running foxes, noses pointing out the right directions. At the gates of the camp the fox was sitting on his haunches, nose in the air, giving the 'view halloo,' or whatever foxes do give when run to earth.

It can be inferred from this touch that the colony was one of bright people worth knowing, and that it would be a pity to miss the names and states of the various members we were to encounter at dinner; for, while each family occupied its own bungalow or cabin, meals were taken in a common clubhouse. Except for our hostess and her distinguished husband, all were strangers to us. Before we went to dinner, my hostess handed me a typewritten sheet on which she had set down, as she expressed it, what a normally hearing person would learn in the first half hour about his fellow guests. Here were the names of each family, parents and children, their occupations, — artists, writers, editors, college presidents, — interesting facts about each, and about the origin of the colony itself, how so remote and fascinating a spot had been discovered in the accessible wilds of Connecticut. Never was help more timely. I met each member with sure foreknowledge and was able to muster at least a sentence or two of intelligent apprehension. The multiplication of such foresight would go far to take from a deaf man's social life the veil of obscurity that hangs over it.

V

Speaking in public presents peculiar problems to a deaf man, and likewise, be it said, to his sponsors. Domiciled in a strange town, I cannot be reached in my hotel room by ordinary means of communication; telephone bell and knocks on my door are unheard and unheeded; no committee can inform me of a last-

minute change in the program. I have coached bellhops to enter without rapping, and this works when I am presentable and the door unlocked, unless the boy forgets. Ingenious friends have announced their presence by shoving a sheet of white paper under the door. Both these devices are recommended, but they do not occur to chairmen of program committees. So an elaborate procedure must be arranged in advance, with provision for emergency contacts, like a dash to the pole or an ascent of Mount Kanchanjanga; and if a committee forgets the code there may be an audience in search of a speaker as far removed as John Gilpin from his wife at dinnertime.

On the platform or at the head table, a new set of difficulties confronts me, in addition to all the misgivings every speaker knows. About me are seated officers, committeemen, chairman, toastmaster, and fellow speakers — all two up on me as far as ears are concerned. I am introduced around and am no wiser. Knowing the names is almost the foundation of any social intercourse. Imagine sitting through a long luncheon, as I have, opposite Mrs. Ogden Reid or Henry Luce, and, besides being unable to hear them, not even knowing who they are. The depths of humiliation to which such social dilemmas hurl a deaf man make me long at times to wear a large placard: DEAF, BUT NOT DUMB!

That is why Alfred Harcourt stands out in my memory with something like a halo. He was president when I talked to the Publishers Association. By his advice I arrived at the Yale Club a little early. (I always do when possible, to afford time to take a few observations for latitude and longitude.) Standing beside me, pad and pencil in hand, as each member entered the door he hastily scribbled a name — Jenkins, Scribner, Covici. I needed only the name. By the time the arrival had walked across the room I was fortified with the only information an introduction is supposed to

convey — which I otherwise miss forty-five times out of fifty. (Note to the hearing world: Make your introductions to the hard of hearing emphatic. Pad and pencil are the only foolproof media.) Then, seated at one large table, Mr. Harcourt — as Euclid commands — described a circle, and wrote the names in order of sitting. I was not surprised to learn later that he has an intimate friend who is deaf.

When I rise to speak, like as not nudged by a neighbor at the psychological moment, I am unaware not merely of what preceding speakers have said, but of the words the chairman has used to introduce me — and, what is worse, of the tone, the spirit of the gathering. I can derive no inspiration from the surroundings. Like the spider I must spin everything from my own insides. Sometimes a thoughtful toastmaster sends the copy of his foreword down the table, and my heart is filled with thankfulness. Once, sitting on a platform through a long program, I blessed the quick-witted publicity manager who had thought to send up to me the press releases of the other speeches, and I followed word for word, my apparent rudeness masked by an accommodating palm of the stage decorations.

Former Governor Charles Whitman is apt to be jocular when introducing one he knows well. I suspected this was the case from the reaction of the hearers when I was introduced, and attempted to get back at him by mentioning my unawareness of what he said, warning the audience that the introducer could get away safely with anything about me. This worked so well I tried it another time, but here, alas, the speaker was very much in earnest, paying me a moving tribute, and my ill-timed levity was a jarring note, as I could read in the faces of my hearers.

Speakers are often expected to answer questions from the floor. My solution is to beg the audience to write them out. That generally puts a damper on spon-

taneity, but not always. Now and then one meets a delightfully coöperative audience. At the University of Minnesota my stint was to deliver two addresses and conduct a symposium following a dinner of the department of education. The group had been forewarned and forearmed with pads and pencils, and the little squares of white paper fluttered up like a stage snowstorm. I have always hoped that company enjoyed as much as I did those two hours — for it was two hours, I blush to recall, with a small pile of unanswered slips left over. Next morning I received at my hotel one of the most heart-warming and encouraging messages I ever had from a stranger. The writer was the wife of one of the professors, Mrs. Herbert Carroll — widely known as Gladys Hasty Carroll. I thus publicly thank her for one of the most comforting episodes in the life history of a deaf man's attempts at public speaking.

In complying, then, with the divine injunction to refrain from cursing the deaf, one may be compensated by finding human beings as worth while among the underhearing as among the acute-eared (the 'angels unaware' formula), for the number of what are loosely described as distinguished or successful men and women averages as high in the first group as in the second. Among the names that occur offhand are: E. M. Statler, Lord Leverhulme, Alfred Du Pont, Stanley Baldwin, Hiram Bingham, Vice President Garner, Charles R. Crane, Mabel Willebrandt, Senator Arthur Capper, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, William McFee, H. M. Tomlinson, Rupert Hughes, Harold McGrath, Eleanor Roosevelt, Carolyn Wells, Margaret Prescott Montague, as well as Huxley, Edison, General Booth, George Washington, Horace Howard Furness, Beethoven, Dr. Johnson, Chesterfield, Le Sage, Harriet Martineau, Swinburne, Rousseau, George Meredith, Edward S. Martin, Jonathan Swift, Reynolds, Pin-turicchio, and Goya.

ONE-LUNG

BY KATRINE WINTON MacGLASHAN

I

CORA was only a little girl, then, but she still remembers the day Uncle made it run for the first time. She was there when it happened, and she saw the whole thing. It rolled out of the barn, and right on down the cart road, neat as could be. Nobody believed he could do it. They were all struck dumb with surprise. Except Cora — but of course she knew it was magic.

First there was the day Cora tried to tell Mama about the birds' tea party. She tried to find someone in the house who would listen to her. But they were all busy, all of them, with their own affairs, and none of them seemed to see the way she felt about it. Cora says it was often like that with the family.

Cora was swinging in the old rope swing, sailing high through the air. On the upswing she held her head back so that the whirling world tipped and slid away from her. On the downswing the ground rushed up at Cora. She kept thinking how some day something strange might happen, and the ground would reach her before the swing touched the starting place again. It hadn't yet, but you couldn't tell when it might.

She was 'letting the old cat die,' slowly dropping down through the branches of the buckeye tree, with their big, star-shaped leaves, when the idea came into her head, just like that! All the birds Cora had seen were so very hungry all the time. All they did was eat; and the baby birds in the nests she saw as she swung through the treetops were the

hungriest of all. Cora thought she would have a party, and just let them eat until they were full.

So Cora scrambled off the swing and went to ask Mrs. Garett, in the kitchen, what birds liked to eat. She knew they liked worms for every day. But for a treat what did they like?

On her way to the house, Cora passed the barn. Leaving the path, the little girl tiptoed across the grass and edged around to the rear. Would it still be there, looming up in the dim shed — that strange and magical occupant? Cora's blood hung motionless in her veins as she knelt and applied her eye to the peephole she had dug for herself at ground level. Yes! There it was, secret and safe! She could just make out its dark bulk, a shining chain, and something that looked like wheels.

Cora stole over so often to look at it that she began to carry a telltale patch of dirt around her right eye. But she never told a soul. She imagined that only she and Uncle in all the world knew what was hidden in the barn.

Mrs. Garett was standing ironing in the kitchen. Cora had forgotten it was ironing day. She knew without looking at Mrs. Garett that her face would be all pink and funny. And sure enough, that was the way Mrs. Garett looked.

As Cora came into the big cool room, Mrs. Garett fished out a petticoat from the basket under the table and slipped it over the board. Cora heard her mutter, 'There's not enough grief in the

world, but I must work for folk with three daughters, and each one with her five slips in the wash every week. And a loony in the family into the bargain. Him and his overalls and his grease and oil!' Mrs. Garettly threw a dark glance at the basement door. 'A pity he's nothing better to do than fiddle with his nonsense, and make work for others to clean up. Him and his clutter!'

Cora knew Mrs. Garettly meant Uncle, who spent all day in the basement working on something he called The Engine. But Cora didn't see why Mrs. Garettly cared. Uncle was quiet down there most of the time, and when those coughing, spluttering noises did come once in a while it made Cora think of lions and snowstorms, and a funny prickling went up her arms and all over her. Maybe, though, Mrs. Garettly didn't like to prickle.

'What's a loony?' Cora asked.

'A loony's a never-you-mind,' said Mrs. Garettly crossly.

Cora leaned on the table and watched the iron swim in and out of the ruffles on Ellen's petticoat. It was Ellen's best petticoat, the one she wore to Elocution Class. Sometimes Cora went into her sister's room and watched her practise her gestures. Ellen was fifteen and a grown lady. Sometimes Ellen took off her dress and stood in her petticoats to practise, when her sleeves and collar and waistband kept her from gesturing properly. Cora loved Ellen very much, and she wanted everything to be right for her, even to the ruffles on her petticoat.

'Mrs. Garettly, what do birds like to eat? For a special treat?'

'What do birds . . . ! Away with you and your nonsense, girl,' said Mrs. Garettly, not unkindly. 'Here — here's a cookie, child. Now off with you, out of my kitchen.'

Mrs. Garettly was apt to be that way on Tuesdays, so Cora slipped out of the room. She didn't like to bother Mama, but that was what she'd have to do.

Cora hippety-hopped up the stairs, in a special way she had. She was a thin little girl, light on her feet, and when she hopped on the carpet it gave a little bounce to her steps.

She heard voices coming from the sewing room at the end of the hall. Miss Emler, the seamstress, and Mama and Belle were in there, and Cora could hear all the way down the hall that her elder sister was in one of her spells. So that was how Cora managed to loiter so long in the doorway before they saw her.

Sure enough, Miss Emler, kneeling on the floor at Belle's feet, was having a time of it, fitting her. Miss Emler was a little woman in brown, with a face like a baby bird's — all beak and soft round eyes. Her mouth was full of pins, now, and she patiently crawled around after Belle as the red-haired girl switched from side to side. Of course, Miss Emler had sewn for the family for years, or Belle wouldn't have been so outspoken in front of her.

'I declare, Mama, I think it's a shame. I never was so mortified in my life.' Belle's words came with a rush. 'Uncle came right in the parlor as bold as brass, in front of everybody, the Gillespies and Alice Tait and all, and he deliberately began telling them about that — that — *contraption* of his! I felt like sinking through the floor.'

Belle looked very sorry for herself.

'Now, Belle,' said Mama, briskly, 'don't go making mountains out of molehills. Uncle has a right to his hobby, I guess! You sing — Uncle invents!'

'But Mama! Singing's — well, *every-one* sings! But Mama! No one *invents*!'

'Your uncle does,' sighed Mama.

Then she caught sight of Cora, leaning against the doorjamb, swinging her foot.

'Ahem,' she coughed. 'Little pitchers!' And then, 'Mercy, child, you're all crumbs and dirt again. Come here till I give you a good going over. Wherever do you pick up such a dirty face!'

Cora went over and stood in front of Mama, looking up into her face while Mama wiped her off with a handkerchief.

'Mama,' Cora asked, 'what do birds like to eat? Beside worms?'

'Hmm?' said Mama absently.

'What do birds —' But Mama was busy tying Cora's hair ribbon, and tidying her long brown hair. It was often that way. You could talk to Ellen some, and to Uncle, and to Grandmother, of course. But though Mama's shoulder was so soft and warm to lean against, and her eyes so blue and bright, she hardly ever seemed to hear you when you tried to tell her anything. Instead Mama always had something she wanted to say herself. Cora didn't care; she liked to listen to Mama's voice. It had a little purring burr in it, even when Mama was calm, but when she was excited or angry the burr matched the sparks that flew out of her eyes. When that happened, Mrs. Garett said, 'Your ma's got her Scotch up.'

Uncle's eyes were like that, too, but, though they could spark as well as hers, they had a look that Mama's never did — a sort of dark burning. . . .

'What's a loony, Mama?'

'Where did you hear that word?'

'Mrs. Garett. She said, "A loony's a never-you-mind." Then what's a never-you-mind? Is it a make-believe?' Cora asked carefully.

Belle burst out, 'There! You see! Even the help . . . The choir's coming here to rehearse to-morrow afternoon, and if Uncle mortifies me again, I'll — I'll —'

Belle shut her eyes and clenched her hands. Cora knew that next Belle would begin one of her stamping fits, when she shook her head until all the hairpins flew out, and drummed her feet on the floor. Mama knew it, too, because she said hastily, 'Now, now, Belle! Take a grip on yourself. I'll speak to your father when he comes home, and we'll see what can be done about it.'

II

Cora ran out of the sewing room and down the hall. The door of Ellen's room was open and Cora saw her sister sitting on the floor, in a pool of sunlight, drying her hair. It fell over her shoulders in a cloud, and Ellen's white arms lifted it up and shook it, lifted it up and shook it, over and over. Cora went in and lay on the floor. Ellen's cheeks were pink as roses, and in her rosy dressing gown Cora thought she looked just like a big bright peony-rose.

When her arms tired, Ellen crossed them over her breast and rocked herself back and forth, smiling to herself. Then she rose and walked to the mirror. Suddenly she laughed and flung her hair wide in a great fan. She whirled round and round the room. Pirouetting, she stooped and kissed Cora on the cheek. She whispered, 'Joel's calling for me. He wants me to go driving with him.'

Ellen floated to the window and knelt down with her arms crossed on the sill, and her head on her arms. Cora slowly followed, and the sisters looked out together at the sun-drenched springtime world. Through the buzzing noon rose the clatter of a lawn mower, and the smell of new-cut grass. A horse clip-clopped down the cobbles. From time to time a strangled coughing and snoring rose from below.

'I don't care,' said Ellen. 'I think Uncle's a sweet! I don't care —'

'What's a loony, Ellen?'

'Oh, a loony's someone who's daft, chicken.'

So that was it. Cora understood better now. Because if Uncle was daft, then she was daft, too. Often Mama or Papa shouted at her, 'Are ye daft, girl?' when she was doing something perfectly sensible, like putting out a pan of water for Santa's reindeer. 'Bee-bonneted,' Mama called it.

It was because Uncle was making that Engine in the basement. Uncle showed it to her once, the same day he told her

about the thing in the barn. No one could go into the room where Uncle kept The Engine, but one day Cora's ball had rolled down the cellar steps right to the entrance of Uncle's workshop. The door was open a crack, and Cora looked in. There was Uncle, bent over something on the table, and singing to himself. When he saw Cora he beckoned for her to come in.

Uncle wasn't tall like Mama. Uncle was quite short. He had sandy hair standing every which way on his head. His face was rather white. Sometimes his eyes, blue like Mama's, had that dark burning in them. At these times Uncle spoke softly or not at all.

But at other times his eyes glittered like blue ice, and he laughed and shouted and tossed Cora up in the air. Then he had a lot to say in his burring voice, jerking his words out and waving his arms. But although he sounded very solemn, almost like the minister on Sunday, Cora felt he was really having a sort of joke, all to himself.

To-day was one of the quiet, burning days. Uncle put his hand on The Engine, where it lay before him on the table.

He said gravely, 'Lass, when you're a grown woman, the world will be full of these. You'll see!'

Uncle seemed to forget Cora, and his eyes looked as if he saw something far off.

'It will change the world,' he said softly.

The little girl looked at the big black thing made of iron. She tugged at her uncle's arm.

'How?' she asked. 'How?'

Uncle saw Cora again, and his face broke all up into little wrinkles, he laughed so hard.

'What would you say to a carriage that ran without any horses to pull it?'

Cora squealed happily.

'Like a fairy coach!'

'Very like a fairy coach!'

Cora thought that would be fine. It would be as much fun as riding on the branch of the apple tree when she sat

astraddle. The branch was a great bird, a horse, a ship, a swan, sinking and rising. . . . But the fairy chariot would be still more wonderful.

'When shall we ride in it?' she asked, faint with longing.

'Any day now. Any day,' Uncle had answered.

'Uncle,' she whispered, 'will it be like — the one in the barn?'

'Eh, what's that? How did you find out what's in the barn?' Uncle looked at her sharply.

'I peeked,' said Cora in a tiny voice.

But Uncle hadn't been angry after all. He just leaned over and patted Cora's cheek. And then he whispered, 'I'll tell you a secret. That *is* the fairy coach!'

And that was how Cora knew that the thing in the barn was enchanted.

Now, at her side by the open window, dozing in the sun, Ellen stirred and said, 'Suppose — just suppose it really works. It's just a dream, of course. But dreams come true — sometimes.' The girl's eyes rested on Joel's house up on the hill, brave in its red and white awnings, with the splendid iron deer on the lawn, and the fountain throwing up its sparkling jets into the summer air.

III

Below them they heard the door slam. Papa was home. Then the gong chimed, and they all trooped in to dinner — all but Uncle.

Papa said grace and they started on the soup. 'No use waiting for him and letting our dinner spoil,' said Papa, and Mama agreed with him. When the volley of explosions began, snorting and popping, and then dying away, Papa glared, and Mama sat with her mouth all screwed up. Any minute now the sparks would fly.

Papa drummed on the table and muttered, 'Can't a man have a little peace and quiet in his own home, without that eternal racket?'

Belle whispered to Ellen, 'I know something you don't know! Something about Joel.'

'Oh, what?'

'Won't tell!'

'Oh, Belle!'

'Well . . . Joel-says-Uncle's-a-crackpot! I-heard-him-tell-the-minister. So there!'

Mama said, 'Stop whispering, girls!'

'Mama,' said Belle, 'you know what you promised!'

'Oh, yes,' said Mama. 'Pa, I'd like to see you after dinner in the study.'

The wheezing and groaning from below rose to a shattering paroxysm of hiccoughs.

'Is it important?' shouted Papa through the din.

'Very!' Mama shouted back, as the vibration from The Engine set all her Coalport teacups dancing in their saucers on the whatnot.

Suddenly the racket subsided to a steady throbbing, like the pulsing of a heart, and the room steadied round its beat.

That morning Miss Emler had just finished making Belle a bloomer suit, and from time to time Belle glanced down approvingly at her blue serge legs.

'Well, young lady,' said her father, 'and where do you think you're going in that rig?'

'Oh, Pa! Everyone's wearing them! They're all the go!'

'Well, my daughter don't go in them! They don't go with me!'

And just then Uncle stood in the doorway. Now his eyes were glittering like blue ice, and his smile dazzled them all.

'Don't distress yourself, Arthur. After this afternoon,' said Uncle, 'no one will bicycle any more.'

'What in the world do you mean?' cried Mama, while the others just stared.

'Don't you hear it? Don't you hear it?' Uncle gave a flourish toward the basement, where The Engine pulsed.

'Listen! It's the death rattle of the one-horse shay! It's the death knell of

the bicycle! It's the birth cry of a new age! Huzzah!'

Uncle laughed and threw his mechanic's cap over the chandelier.

'The man's daft!' said Mama shortly.

'Sit down to your meal, man!' said Papa.

'No food till the baby's delivered!' cried Uncle.

'Ssh!' said Mama. 'Think of the children!'

'I am.' And, pointing a finger at the girls, Uncle said, 'Mark you well, chicks, you'll see a sight you'll long remember!'

'Pooh!' said Belle.

'Oh, keep quiet, Belle,' said Ellen.

'Girls!'

'Belle, you'd best give away those bicycle pants to the handy man, I'm telling you.'

'Balderdash!' muttered Papa, as he sipped his coffee.

'Sit down and stop your blethering,' said Mama.

Turning to Ellen, Uncle said, 'Anywhere you want to drive in my contraption? Give me the word and we're off.'

'What in?' demanded Papa. 'You can't ride through the air on an engine, like a witch on a broomstick!'

Cora said clearly, 'Tell them about the fairy coach, Uncle.'

Uncle threw back his head and laughed.

'Just you wait! Be on deck at three o'clock to-morrow, and I'll promise you a feat of magic! The Magic Carpet? The Flying Dutchman? Why, they're not in it with your uncle!' He winked at Cora. 'Three sharp, mind, for the demonstration of wizardry.'

'When?' cried Belle. 'When did you say?'

'Around three, niece.'

'Oh!' wailed Belle. 'The very worst time! Oh, oh!'

'I declare,' cried Mama. 'Have you no consideration for others at all? Tinker with your games if you must, but don't go making a spectacle of yourself to shame other folk!' You could

almost see Mama's sparks dancing around Uncle's head.

'What's all this?' demanded Papa.

'Belle's choir's coming to-morrow afternoon and —'

'And I might offend the unco genteel,' finished Uncle. 'Belle and Meg, you can tell them we'll make our fortune with the contraption. That ought to pacify them.'

'Make our fortune! Mmhmm! I've heard that before!' sniffed Mama.

'Papa!' wailed Belle. 'Can't you —'

'Now Belle,' said Papa, rising briskly from the table and wiping his moustache, 'we'll have no more of that. Go to your room.'

Belle rushed out of the room and up the stairs. They could hear her drumming her feet on the floor above their heads.

Uncle disappeared again into the cellar. Looking rather pink, Mama followed Papa into the hall. 'What else could I do, Arthur? Belle's so flighty.'

'Stuff and nonsense, Meg!' said Papa as he pulled on his gloves. 'You pamper the girl. I'll have no daughter of mine indulging her whims like that. I hope he stages his demonstration right under the nose of her precious choir. I shan't interfere. Be good for her. Teach her self-control.'

Papa put on his hat and picked up his silver-headed cane. 'Discipline,' he said. 'That's what's needed. Discipline's the thing.' And, kissing Mama firmly on the forehead, Papa left the house.

IV

Next day dinner was serenity itself. There was no muttering, no shouting and scolding, no scowls or tears. The Engine had been removed to the barn, and the family heard only its distant chuf-chuf-chuf as they dined.

After dinner Cora made straight for her grandmother's room, up in the tower. Grandmother never came downstairs any more. Instead she lived remote and withdrawn from the life of the house.

She was a straight, spare old lady, with sharp black eyes that saw right down to your marrow in one flicker of an eyelid. When she was young, Grandma had been one of the first women nurses in England. She'd come all the way from Scotland to London to nurse in a plague, and she'd been considered a forward, bold hussy, forgetting her station and her sex in that unbecoming way. Now she was old; she sat all day in a chair and had plenty of time to answer all Cora's questions.

To-day Cora had something to tell Grandmother — something wonderful, a magic something that sped her steps up the stair.

As she entered her grandmother's room, a familiar sense came over her of inhabiting a world that she and her grandmother shared between them, close, warm, secret. There in their niches sat the shells, with the ocean's voice held fast inside. There was the crimson bird, and the tinsel tree. There was the stereoscope, the plaster egg, and the little kettle that sang when it boiled. And there was Grandmother's self, in her stiff black dress that rustled, knitting in her chair. To-day Grandmother had a listening and waiting look.

When she saw Cora, Grandmother asked, 'Wha's a' the clishmaclaver gangin' on i' the hoose?' When Cora heard her grandmother speaking in broad Scotch she knew the old lady must be greatly moved by something.

'It's Uncle,' said Cora.

'I hae nae doot! They'll aye haud fast to the auld and spurn the new.'

Cora leaned against the old lady's knees, tracing the pattern in the Paisley shawl that covered them.

'Grandmother,' she whispered. And then she told about the magic coach. Grandmother smiled and nodded.

'Did you know, Grandmother?'

'I had an inkling.'

Grandmother knitted in silence for a while, and when she spoke again she seemed to have forgotten Cora.

'He was never like the rest, from the

time he crept out of the cradle and put foot to the floor. Never one of thae larruping, roistering bairns. Na — he with his wee whey-face! He'd sit for half the day tinkering with his bits of toys, or whatever else he could lay his hand to.'

'What did he play with, Grandma? A top?'

'A bonny wee top that outspun the other lads. He built it himself. And a kite he flew from the beach. I can see it yet, spinning away and away into the sky, and him running and howling beneath it on the sand.' Grandmother seemed suddenly strange and remote.

Wondering, Cora turned to the shells. Lifting one from its niche, she held it to her ear. There in the shell she heard a call — a message coming faintly from a distant shore, where a boy ran in the wind. Cora sank to the floor at her grandmother's feet, the shell at her ear, and her head pulsing to the roar of those ancient waves. Now Cora and her grandmother truly lived in an enchanted world, as they sat, content, dozing, rapt in their dream.

Then, suddenly, a great clattering sounded from below — a jangling, tin-pannish sound. Cora ran to the window; the sound was coming from inside the barn! The barn doors flew open as Cora watched, and there on the sill stood the strangest carriage Cora had ever seen. It looked quite a lot like a pony cart, square and open, except that it had four wheels instead of just two. You got in at the back, like a pony cart too — but the seats! There were two of them, and they sat back to back. So one person looked forward, riding in a cart like that, and one looked backward.

The carriage was painted black, — shining, gleaming black, — and it had bright red wheels. There was a sort of wand that stood up in front. Now Uncle appeared from the barn. He climbed to the front seat and took the wand in his hand. The shining black and scarlet coach took wings and flew down the little slope, making a sighing noise as

it went. It came to rest in the driveway and there it sat, waiting. Downstairs Cora could hear the choir practising. A subdued chanting rose and fell in waves of sound through the house.

Uncle climbed down from the coach. He went around to the front and began winding the coach up, just like a top or a clock. He wound and he wound, setting his feet and grunting. He got very red in the face, and began to talk quietly to the coach. From time to time it answered him, giving a little wheezing cough and sigh before it settled again into silence.

Cora remembers it all perfectly, as she remembers everything about that sunny, windy day, even to the way the boisterous rising wind from the lake flapped the awnings, and raked last year's scraps and leaves from the gutters, shouting as it tossed them high. Bicyclers put their heads down as they bore into the wind, and women clutched at their hats that day.

Above the wind's voice rose the shrill cries of children. There came a final shout from the choir below. And then through these other sounds rose a great triumphant roar. It soared and sobbed, and drowned out all the rest. It filled that little universe with its voice.

Cora saw that the carriage was shaking and trembling as if it were alive. That tremendous sound was coming from inside it. And look! There was Uncle, sitting right up there in the front seat! Now came another roar, and then the engine settled to a steady throbbing.

Belle's choir rushed out on the porch, and all the people on the street stopped where they were.

'Anyone game for a spin?' called Uncle.

No one answered. Uncle doffed his cap, with a sweeping bow, amid silence.

'Free passage to glory!' he said. 'Any takers?'

Cora heard a few smothered laughs from the crowd below. On the sidewalk people nudged each other. Then she heard Ellen's voice calling, 'Uncle!

Uncle! Wait for me!' And there was Ellen, running lightly across the grass. 'I'll go with you.'

'What about your beau? Don't you want to wait for him?'

'He isn't my beau,' said Ellen clearly, and she stepped up into the carriage.

The car shuddered and pulsed there in the driveway, while everyone waited and watched. Uncle grew a little white, and Ellen was red as a rose. Then, before all the staring eyes, the thing gathered itself together. It moved! Yes, it rolled right down the path and out into the cart road, as neat as you please.

'Grandmother! Grandmother!' cried Cora. 'It's going! The coach is going!' And the little girl spun on her heel and ran down the hall, pell-mell. Down the three flights of stairs she ran and into the street. The choir had left the porch. They joined the crowd in the street and all of them ran along beside the car as it went. Cora ran with them.

The wind, urging them on from behind, hurried them down the street, bunched all together like so many fallen leaves. A hubbub rose from the crowd. There was laughter, and cheering, and cries of 'Where's the horse!' There were catcalls and booing and shouting. Dogs barked, horses shied, babies cried, and ladies fainted.

Running along in the crowd, Cora caught sight of Ellen as the carriage passed. She saw her sister's tight lips and the hands clenched in her lap. She saw, too, her head held high. And then she saw Uncle, with his burning eyes staring ahead of him. On his pale face sat joy and pride and a sort of wonder.

Now the car left the crowd behind, and as they stood there, silent and staring after it, the first automobile passed away from them down the sunlit street. And, as Cora watched, a formless and wordless something stirred and drew its initial breath in her heart.

EYES THAT HAVE SEEN ANOTHER LAND

BY BENEDICT THIELEN

I

It had been night when I arrived and it was still night when I awoke. I looked up at the star-filled window and listened to the silence that lay over this dark and unfamiliar land. I listened and waited, feeling that something was going to happen. For a moment I did not remember what it was. Then, suddenly, I knew that to-morrow at this time we should again be together, and every day after that, forever. I had come to take her away, for the last time, from this place in which she had been so long alone. That was going to happen. But that was

not all. That was only the beginning. Looking out, I felt as though the whole world outside were filled with strange and beautiful things which were waiting for us, that the bright stars blown like grains of sand across the sky were things, events, that would be flung through the open window into our arms. I saw a star go out, and then another, and as the sky became lighter I felt drunk with the ending of night and the certainty of the approaching dawn.

My eyes were wide-open and my heart was beating hard from this high thin air

to which I was unaccustomed. I got up and went over to the window. The street below was still silent and deserted, but the light was rising, and beyond the houses I saw a gray corner of the desert and the high mountains standing straight against the sky. As I looked, the light above them changed from green-blue, like cold sea water, to green and then to yellow. The snow appeared on their sides, then the first cool sunlight, making long shadows flow toward me from the mountains where she was waiting.

Now from below there were sounds of the awakening life of the town—the bark of a dog, cocks crowing, a sound of sweeping, a fall of footsteps. Next door to the hotel someone started a car. I felt the engine, hesitating at first, coughing, then beginning to run smoothly, then sounding with the fullness of its power, the gears being let in, and then the hum of it speeding down the road, smooth, effortless, and filled with its hard mechanical life. Above it the increasing day poured full into the window, upon me, upon my chest, heavy like a weight but at the same time light and wild, like wine, filled with the prodigal splendor of the vast and surging earth and sky.

I felt suddenly empty and as though I had not eaten for days. But it was not only food that I was hungry for. I was hungry for the world in which we had both been all this time alone.

I dressed quickly and went out into the quiet street. Near the station I found a lunchroom that was open. After I had ordered I turned around on the stool at the counter and looked at the square outside. One half of it was in shadow, but the sun became warmer and yellower as I watched it and I knew that soon it would fill the whole square with its light. Even from behind the glass through which I was looking I thought I could feel its strength filling every dark corner of the land, spreading it over with its warmth. In the sunny part of the square some people were already sitting on benches, their faces raised to the sun.

I had a memory of the dark gray streets, the straight stone towers of the cold cities that I knew and to which we were returning, and I envied everyone who could be in a place like this. But I did not want to sit in the sun and merely let it flow over me, merely let life come to me. I wanted to go toward it, to dive into it as I used to dive into deep water, and to be lost in it. I wanted to go with her into the centre of life until the arching sky and the disk of the earth enclosed us between them and we became like two insects in amber, but insects that lived and saw out of thousand-faceted eyes, intensely, each splinter of light that fell on a grass blade, each film of shadow that for a fleeting moment softened the sharp edges of a grain of sand.

II

When I had finished I went out into the station square. At the taxi stand in front of the station there was one car drawn up. The driver was sitting on the running board, his hat off, blinking in the sunlight. He was a long thin man, but his face was sunburnt and there was a flush of color on his cheeks under the tan. I told him where I wanted to go and got in the seat next to him.

'It'll be sort of early still when we get there,' he said as we drove off. 'You may have to wait awhile.'

'Well, I'll be able to have a look at the desert.'

'There ain't much to see,' he said.

'Well, it's all new to me,' I said. 'I want to see it while I have the chance.' He glanced at me for a second.

'You mean you're just on your way through, then?'

I nodded my head.

'Got a friend out there?'

'Yes,' I said. 'My wife.'

'Oh . . . That's tough. I know how it is.'

'No, that's all right,' I said. 'I'm taking her away. She's well and we're going away.'

He looked at me again, but without saying anything.

'I couldn't sleep any more,' I said. 'So I got up. I guess I must be excited about it.'

'I guess you must be.' He half smiled at me. 'But aside from that . . . I mean it's a funny thing. People get out here at first and they can't sleep. It's the altitude. Your heart gets to beating and you just feel wide-awake. I don't sleep good even now.'

'You don't come from here?'

He shook his head.

'Most folks around here come from somewheres else.'

'Well, it's no wonder,' I said. 'With this air. It's bound to be healthy.'

'That's what they claim,' he said.

'I never felt so much energy this early in the morning.'

'Yeah, that's why you can't sleep. You feel all steamed up. It's funny country.'

Beyond the town the long straight road slid by beneath us like a film being unreeled, pouring out the picture of the world before me, showing the enormous world spread out in space and air and illimitable distance. The high sun sucked the color out of the earth and the distant mountains, and the heat that rose in shimmering waves from the flat ground made their outlines seem hazy and unreal. Here and there was a patch of gray mesquite or a cactus. Nothing else grew. You could probably call it a desolate land, but it was a splendid desolation, and as you penetrated toward its heart you sensed its austere and lonely beauty. As I watched it move past I felt that already I was closer to her than before, seeing and understanding the land on which her eyes had looked so long alone.

'Yes,' the man said suddenly, 'it's funny country. You get all steamed up but then you try and do something and you get tired right away.' He glanced at me. 'Didn't you feel that?'

'Well, I've only been here a few

hours,' I said. 'And I spent those sleeping mostly.'

'Well, maybe you're one of them that gets used to it right away,' he said. 'There are some like that.'

'Aren't you used to it?' I asked him.

'Me? No. But then maybe with me it's . . .'

He stopped. I waited for him to go on, but he didn't say anything.

'It's what?' I said.

'Huh? Oh, nothing . . . I mean . . . well, some folks just never do, that's all. Get to feeling just right. . . .' He pointed to one side of the road and some distance ahead. 'That's it up there. That's Dr. Corwin's place.'

I looked at the white building on the side of the mountain.

'That's a long way off, isn't it?' I said. 'Or maybe it isn't. It's hard to tell about distances out here.'

'Yeah, you get fooled a lot when you're first here. But it's not so far.'

'Well, let's go,' I said, looking at the speedometer.

He laughed and said, 'Not going fast enough for you? We'll be too early as it is.'

'Maybe we will,' I said. 'But . . .'

Just then there was a sputtering sound from the engine and the car began to lose speed. He tapped his foot on the accelerator, but nothing happened and the car came to a gradual stop. He stepped on the starter. It worked, but the engine didn't respond.

'Well, doggone!' He pushed his hat back and scratched his head. 'Now what do you know about that?'

We got out. There was enough gas in the tank, so he raised the hood and began to look at the engine. I knew I couldn't do anything to help, so I started to go over to the side of the road, where there was a pile of rocks. I thought I'd climb up on them and look around from up there. As I walked toward them he straightened up and called to me.

'You better not go over there, mister. There might be snakes in them rocks.'

I stopped, looking down at the rocks, then came back.

'Rattlers,' he said, leaning down closer to the engine. 'They're not so good.'

'So I've heard,' I said.

'Boy, you heard right. You suddenly find one of those babies lookin' you straight in the eye . . . No, sir!'

I watched him a moment longer, then I crossed over to the other side of the road. There was a small mound of sand there and I sat down, leaning back on my elbow on the warm sand. I looked at my watch. It was still early and we probably shouldn't have to stay here long. I looked over at the other side of the road, at the pile of rocks. I thought of the snakes that might be there and I felt the slight stirring of fear which things like that give you. But it was not a disagreeable feeling. It gave just that touch of hardness and danger, lying below the surface like a taut armature, that gives strength and reality to a land.

Presently the man straightened up again, wiped his forehead with the back of his hand, and came toward me.

'Doggone if I know what's wrong.' He shook his head. 'It's got me.'

'Well, look here . . .' I began.

'Oh, somebody'll be along after a while,' he said, and sat down on the ground next to me. 'Don't worry. I'll get somebody to fix it.'

'I know,' I said, 'but I'm in a hurry.'

'Well, I don't know what we can do about it.' He glanced at me. 'I won't charge you for the time. Don't worry.'

'I'm not worrying about that, but I don't want to spend all day out here. Hell!'

'Listen,' he said, 'I sure am sorry about this, but . . . well, you see I ain't been driving a cab a long time. I don't know much about them. Engines, I mean . . .'

I looked around at the empty land and felt the increasing silence.

'Well, I guess there's no use getting stewed up about it,' I said.

'That's it. When you're out here awhile you learn it don't do any good to try and rush things. You just got to be patient.' He leaned forward a little, looking at me more closely. 'Ain't that so?'

I nodded my head and for a time we didn't say anything more. Then he said, 'Anyway, it's a funny thing. Cars . . . you go along driving them for years and nothing happens and then when something does go wrong you get sore right away. You just sort of take it for granted nothing'll happen, and then when it does — why, you get sore.'

'That's true.'

'An engine like that can't go on forever without something going wrong with it, can it? It stands to reason.'

'No, but . . .'

'You just got to let things take their course, that's all.'

'I guess you get a different point of view on things after you've been out here awhile,' I said.

'Boy, I'll say you do!' he said, and gave a short laugh.

III

I looked around at the flat circle of the earth and the deep round arch of the sky. As the sun rose higher and drew the color out of the land it seemed to draw some of the life out of it as well. I listened again to the silence. I looked at the white building over on the side of the mountain where she was waiting for me. I thought of starting to walk toward her, but I knew that the car would probably be fixed before I got there. Meanwhile there was nothing to do but sit here.

As if I stood apart, I saw myself and this man sitting together in the centre of this still and barren circle, enclosed there, like two specimens, motionless under a rounded dome of glass. It made me impatient and I again looked at my watch. It seemed too early. Then I saw that the second hand had stopped. The realiza-

tion that the watch was not going seemed to add to the increasing silence. I felt the shining metal wheels of the watch and of the engine of the car motionless out here in the centre of the desert.

'Everything seems to be stopping,' I said.

The man nodded his head.

'That happens a lot out here.'

'What time have you got?' I asked him.

'I haven't. I couldn't go on having it cleaned every few weeks. Anyway, you don't have much use for a watch out here.'

I picked up a handful of sand from the ground and looked at it. It was pinkish-brown in color and very fine. It was not like the sand of the sea. The grains did not reflect the light. They were dull and dry-looking. But as I looked down at it it reminded me of something. I didn't know what it was, but I had that feeling of a kind of door half opening somewhere back in my memory, letting in a dim ray of light but not revealing what was behind it. I waited. I let the fine sand run slowly down between my fingers into the other hand. It formed a soft conical little mound and then I knew what it reminded me of. I saw the kitchen at home.

'I know,' I said to the man. 'It's like the sand they use in an hourglass. I remember we used to have one at home.' I let the grains sift slowly down between my fingers again. 'A small one. We used it to time boiled eggs with.'

He nodded his head and we watched the grains flowing down into my hand. I remembered the day she had bought it at the Five-and-Ten.

'Damn it!' I said.

'It's no good thinking about it.'

'I know,' I said, 'but just to-day, of all times!'

'Oh, I don't blame you,' he said. 'I know how you feel.'

But he didn't. Nobody could know how I felt. As I sat there and thought about her I began again to feel as I had

that morning. I felt that life was now really beginning for us again and I was impatient for life. I wanted it. I had been dead too long. I didn't want to sit here any longer, doing nothing. I got up and began to walk back and forth.

'There'll be somebody along,' the man said. 'Any time now.'

And after a while we did see dust moving down the road in our direction, and presently a car came up and stopped when we waved at it. The driver got out and did some things to the engine and in a few minutes he had it fixed and was driving on.

We drove faster now, but it seemed to take a long time to get there. As we came nearer I kept trying to see her. On the balconies facing the sun there were beds and chairs with people in them. They all looked alike, just black dots lined up in a row. They didn't count, because I knew she wouldn't be one of them, and after one glance at them I kept my eyes fixed on the porch on the ground floor and didn't look up at them again. But the porch was in shadow, and I couldn't see who was there or if anyone was there until we drew up in front of it and stopped.

I saw her.

I remember a lot of other faces, but I remember them only as you remember the things around you when you're very drunk.

We drove away.

We talked all the time, but I don't remember what we said. We drove across the desert toward the town, but I didn't notice it. It no longer existed.

When we came to the place where the car had broken down, the man who was driving half turned around and said, 'Here's where we got stuck.'

I had forgotten about it.

'Boy, he sure was impatient,' the man said.

She and I looked at each other.

'I told him it didn't do no good to try and hurry things,' the man said.

'Course I knew how he felt, just waiting there.'

Her hand moved a little, tightening on mine. Its touch brought back our past and we were no longer here, riding across the desert, under the huge western sky. We were home, far from here. The past was ended, and the future was already here.

'I was waiting too,' she said.

'Then he was gonna go over and sit down with the snakes on them rocks,' the man said, and laughed.

Her hand tightened again and a look came into her eyes that I had not seen for a long time. For a moment I could not remember when I had seen her eyes look like that. Then I remembered. It was when she had left me to come out here. There had been the same look in them then, as though she were seeing things about which I knew nothing, looking forward into a kind of darkness.

'Well,' the man said, 'it takes a little while to get used to it, don't it, ma'am?' He waved his hand toward the land. 'All this country . . .'

'Yes,' she said. 'Yes, it does.'

She looked out for a moment, then lowered her eyes.

IV

Soon we were in the town. The square in front of the station was filled with sunlight and the benches were crowded with people, sitting with their eyes half closed against the sun.

She looked at them, then she said to me, 'When does the train go?'

'There's one late this afternoon,' I said. 'Or we could stay over till tomorrow if you want.'

'No,' she said. 'No, let's not.'

'There's one in half an hour,' the man said. 'You might get that one.'

'Yes,' she said. 'Let's get that one.'

'You're sure you don't want to rest?' I said.

She shook her head.

We stopped by the station and I went in and got the ticket. Coming out, I

passed by the people sitting on the benches in the sunlight. I thought this was a good life, sitting in the sun doing nothing. But as I walked past them they all looked at me. I suddenly felt all their eyes upon me. I was still holding the long yellow strip of ticket in my hand. Their eyes looked at it. I hurried to the car.

'I've got the ticket,' I said.

I looked down at it. With this piece of paper we were going to another land.

'The train leaves in twenty minutes,' I said.

We drove to the hotel to get my things and then back to the station. The train arrived a minute after we did.

We got on and went to our compartment. I closed the door.

Soon the train started, moving slowly out of the station, then faster, then out of the town and into the open desert. The dry hard earth swept past us, trembling in the heat and the speed of the train.

We both watched it from the window, then she turned away.

I pulled the window curtain partly down.

'Don't you want to see it?' she said.

'No.'

'I don't mind,' she said. 'Really.'

'I know how you feel about it,' I said.

'No,' she said. 'It's not that.'

'You'll never see it again,' I said.

'Never.' I pulled the curtain all the way down. 'There. It's finished. It doesn't exist any more.'

She smiled at me, then glanced for a moment at the blank green surface of the curtain.

'See?' I said. 'It's gone.'

She raised her eyes.

'You're never going away from me again,' I said. 'You'll never see this place again,' and I looked at the blank green curtain behind which, with one motion, I had shut out this land from which I was taking her away forever.

TILL THE COWS COME HOME

BY WALTER BROOKS

I

ONCE upon a time there was a small family consisting of Mr. Harvey Dunning and his wife Constance and his little boy Jack and they lived in a reclaimed farmhouse out beyond the suburban fringe. Mr. Dunning was an illustrator of animal stories. He was a sort of intellectual type. He took several newspapers and *Time* and the *Survey Graphic* and some other weeklies and read them thoroughly and often consulted the encyclopædia. Mrs. Dunning was not quite so intellectual. She read everything Dorothy Thompson wrote. But they were both pretty worried most of the time about the state of things.

They were kind of worried too about Jack, who was eight and had practically no interest in things of the mind. Things like democracy and the threat of fascism left him cold. He would rather play with the cat.

Well, one morning Mr. Dunning looked out of the window and said, 'Lord, there's Amos Macy's bull! I must round him up and take him back.' 'Oh, be careful, Harvey!' said Mrs. Dunning, but Mr. Dunning said, 'Pooh! We're old friends. He's sat for me a dozen times. He's harmless as a kitten.'

So when he got to the door the bull was almost up to the porch. 'Hi, Jerry!' said Mr. Dunning. 'What are you doing here? Go on home.' And then his legs went weak and he dropped into a rocking chair by the door. For the bull said, 'Morning, Mr. Dunning.'

'Jerry!' said Mr. Dunning faintly. 'Jerry!' 'Don't be scared,' said the bull. 'I just came over to tell you you'd better stay indoors for a while. We're taking over to-day.' 'Bu-but you're talking!' stammered Mr. Dunning. 'Oh, we can talk,' said Jerry. 'Not that we're proud of it. We prefer to stick to facts. You humans have been talking for ten thousand years and you're further from the facts than ever. But you've come to the end now. Another five years and everything will be gone to wrack and ruin. That's why we animals have finally decided to take charge.'

The shock of being talked to by a bull was less upsetting to Mr. Dunning than the shock of an unfamiliar idea. 'But animals can't run things!' he said. 'What you mean,' said the bull, 'is that they can't run things the way humans do. Well, who the hell wants to?' 'No, I mean the work,' said Mr. Dunning. 'The necessary work.' 'Yeah?' said the bull. 'How much human work is necessary? We don't want power plants and factories. We'll keep enough of you people to raise a little grain, maybe. Maybe build shelters for us. And maybe we won't. That'll be decided later.'

Mr. Dunning began to laugh a little wildly. 'Excuse me, Jerry,' he said, 'but it's too fantastic. What are you going to do — kill off all the humans?' Jerry didn't answer for a minute. Then he said, 'Look here, Mr. Dunning. I came to warn you because you've always been pretty nice to ani-

mals. You've never hunted. You've never talked down to them or cursed them, even. When you were drawing pictures of me you used to give me bunches of carrots. Not that I couldn't have got the carrots myself by just pulling them up. But you meant well. You even gave me a piece of pie once. Now, Mr. Dunning, you don't realize what this means. Had your breakfast?' 'No,' said Mr. Dunning. 'Well, get it,' said Jerry, 'and then come for a walk with me. This talking doesn't mean anything. But I can show you. You'll be safe. They won't touch you if you're with me.'

So Mr. Dunning went back inside. Mrs. Dunning was sitting bolt upright by the window looking pale. 'I heard,' she said. The phone rang and he went to answer it. In a few minutes he came back. 'It's Loren Marble,' he said. 'He says all the cows have come down from the upper pasture and surrounded his house. They won't let him come out. He says they were all right when he milked this morning and he don't know what's come over them. I guess I'll go over that way with Jerry.' 'I wish you wouldn't,' said Mrs. Dunning. 'I'm afraid I have to,' he said.

II

'Darn it, Jerry,' said Mr. Dunning as they walked down the road, 'you can't get away with it. You can't upset our whole civilization — the cities — the —' 'Look, Mr. Dunning,' interrupted the bull. 'What's caused the failure of most revolutions? Talk. Even those that have succeeded at first have gone down in a muddle of argument and wrangling. You men never can keep your mouths shut. This revolution is different. You might call it a general unorganized movement. Not being organized, it hasn't any leaders and so no policy, nor ideology, nor differences of opinion. Pure force without any rationalization of motives. And say — don't let on

I've been talking to you. Human characteristics aren't very popular today.'

Half a mile down the road they came on two abandoned cars. The shoulders of the pavement and the ditches were cut up by the hoofs of animals. A little farther on they rounded a curve and ahead of them a flock of sheep jammed the space between the fences. Beyond them a small truck stood in the middle of the road. Some of the sheep faced around and glared menacingly at Mr. Dunning. He had never seen a sheep look menacing before. He shuddered faintly and thought miserably of the four lamb chops in his icebox at home.

'You're all right with me,' murmured Jerry. He went forward and Mr. Dunning followed. A man stuck his head out of the truck and shouted, 'Hey, what's the matter with these critters? I never see sheep like these. They been tryin' to climb in here and bite me.' 'You better drive back to town,' said Mr. Dunning. 'All the animals are on the warpath today.' The man started to say something else and then he said, 'Holy smoke, look at that!' and pointed across the fields. A man was standing on a rock in the middle of a hayfield and laying about him with a hoe. Around him the grass kept moving and now and then small brownish animals came into sight as they leaped up toward him. 'Rabbits, by Judas!' yelled the man in the truck. He jammed on the accelerator and, knocking aside one or two sheep, backed around and roared off down the road.

So they pushed through the sheep and went on to the Marble farm. The doorway was full of cows and as they came up to the gate two of them came toward Mr. Dunning with lowered horns. Jerry shoved them aside and went in and then waited for Mr. Dunning, who took a deep breath and followed him. But the cows stood back and let him go up to the kitchen door.

Loren Marble and his wife were sitting in the kitchen, and as soon as Mr.

Dunning had talked to them for a while he understood how little resistance the farmers were going to offer to the revolutionaries. If the Marbles had been besieged by humans they would have barricaded doors and windows and fought them off with shotguns and rifles. But to see harmless and stolid domestic animals suddenly turn savage and act in concert like a pack of wolves had broken their spirit. 'We got to get out of this,' said Mr. Marble dully. 'We got to get away.'

'Well,' said Mr. Dunning, 'for some reason they haven't bothered me, so maybe I can help. I'll try to get your car to the door. Get your stuff together.' So he went out again. The cows didn't molest him as he went to the barn and started the car and drove it up to the kitchen door. They even moved aside so that when the Marbles came out and scrambled into the car a free passage was left to the gate.

As soon as the Marbles had driven off there was a rush for the open kitchen door, and Jerry led Mr. Dunning to a knoll up behind the house. 'You'd better see this,' he said. There was a smashing and banging inside the house, and after a few minutes a great crash. 'That would be the stove,' said Jerry. A puff of smoke came out of the door and then the cows came tumbling out. One had a clock impaled on her horns. 'I guess we better move along,' said Jerry. 'The girls are kind of excited and it's just as well if they don't see you around.'

'But you mean to tell me,' said Mr. Dunning as they went up over the hill, 'that you think this is going to get you anywhere?' 'Listen,' said Jerry, 'this is happening to nine out of every ten farms in the country. Even on the big wheat farms out West. If we can't take over the farms, we can trample down the grain. We drive the farmers into the towns. By and by we starve them out of the towns into the cities—for of course the farms aren't producing any more. No food in the cities either, after

a while. We don't care much about that. It's the country we want.' 'Sure,' said Mr. Dunning, 'but you don't think the cities are going to stand for that, do you?' 'What can they do?' said the bull. 'Send out the army against us? Oh sure, they could kill a lot of us off. But remember the army has got to be fed, and before they get under way we'll have disorganized the food supply. But I'm talking too much.'

'I don't see why you're talking to me anyway,' said Mr. Dunning. 'Why don't you chase me into the village too?' 'Oh, well,' said Jerry, 'you ain't a farmer. Another thing—you always been kind to animals.' 'Well, so has Loren,' said Mr. Dunning. 'Oh sure, in his way,' said Jerry. 'But he's made 'em work. And I suppose there ain't a cow in that bunch that he ain't twisted her tail good one time or another. Not as I blame him much. Cows can be pretty exasperating. But no cow forgets a thing like that.'

At the top of the hill they stopped and looked back. Black smoke was rolling from the farmhouse windows. Some of the cows were eating corn in the garden and the rest were bunched by the gate. 'I expect you want to be getting back,' said Jerry. 'Your wife'll be anxious. We'll go around by the Falls Road.' 'Look,' said Mr. Dunning suddenly, 'there's Shep.' A collie had appeared from somewhere and was chasing the cows out of the corn. He darted at them and nipped their legs, dodging away when they tried to hook him. 'Darn the dogs, anyway,' said Jerry. 'You can't count on 'em. Maybe I better go down.'

Shep had begun to herd the cows. Already he had them bunched and moving back toward the pasture. Jerry snorted angrily. 'Blast those fool cows!' he said. 'All full of hereditary compulsions! What do they think the dog can do to them, for Pete's sake? If I didn't have to see you home—but they'll have to look after themselves.'

Mr. Dunning thought Jerry didn't

seem very anxious to go to help the cows. As he followed the bull down the other side of the hill, the valley with the Falls Road winding through it was spread out below him, and at several points smoke was rolling up from burning farmhouses. At two places on the road groups of animals were busy. 'The barricades are up,' said Jerry, and when they got farther down Mr. Dunning saw that the animals were shoving stones and dirt and fence rails into a heap on the road to block traffic. 'You see?' said the bull. 'By night there won't be a truck rolling on any road in the country.' 'I still think you can't win,' said Mr. Dunning. 'We probably couldn't a hundred years ago,' said Jerry. 'But it only takes a small monkey wrench to put as complicated machinery as you've built up out of kilter.'

III

Well, they got back to Mr. Dunning's house and Mrs. Dunning ran out and grabbed her husband. 'Oh, Harvey,' she said, 'I was so worried! And there was a big troop of pigs came into the yard and rooted up all the vegetables in the garden and when I tried to drive them away they chased me into the house. And Jack got out. He was out there with them. He thought they'd come to play with him. But they didn't hurt him.' 'We don't make war on children,' said the bull stiffly. 'Well, Jerry,' said Mr. Dunning, 'I suppose I ought to thank you for showing me what's going on. You think I better drive into town?' 'Town won't be very nice,' said Jerry. 'The animals around here like you. It ain't as if you'd farmed it and worked animals and raised 'em to be killed. You're better off here. Well,' he said, 'so long. I'll drop in again in a day or two.'

So Mr. Dunning stayed. There was plenty of food in the house. And he still couldn't quite believe that the animals were really taking over. Nobody could

believe it. Mr. Dunning's telephone went dead almost at once and the rural mail service stopped, so that he and Mrs. Dunning could only speculate as to what Heywood Broun and General Johnson thought about it all, but the radio kept working and the news bulletins told them what was going on. And at first nothing much was done. Everybody thought that some strange disease had broken out among domestic animals all over the country, but that it wasn't really serious. In their fear of producing a panic the authorities put off acting until the conditions themselves had stampeded the people. The food riots began before the food shortage had really made itself felt.

The Dunnings got on pretty well. It was queer not to see any cars going by. On the third day the electricity failed and that was a nuisance. But what bothered them most was the lack of newspapers and magazines. The radio gave them the facts, but they had lost the faculty of forming any opinion upon them. Without their favorite commentators they didn't know what to think. For under normal conditions they read them all and had no trouble holding conflicting opinions on a subject so long as they had printed authority for both. But they could hardly draw the simplest and most obvious conclusion without journalistic support. So instead of drawing any they went on with those that had been already drawn for them and, ignoring the implications of what was happening under their noses, continued to worry about the Rome-Berlin Axis and the administration's spending program.

Had they drawn conclusions, they would have been pretty alarming. The countryside was deserted. Motor traffic was at a standstill. Food prices had shot up and then dropped under government stabilization orders, but supplies were dwindling and there had been serious rioting in all big cities. By the end of the second week, martial law was de-

clared over practically the entire nation. The need for reclaiming farms and rounding up the animals was now seen, but the entire force of the National Guard was needed in the cities and only a little unorganized work was being done by CCC boys and volunteer groups.

And on the tenth day the radio went dead. 'Oh, dear,' said Mrs. Dunning, 'I've been trying all afternoon to explain to Jack about the Polish situation, but without knowing what has been going on — well, I mean anything may have happened.' 'I'm afraid so,' said Mr. Dunning, 'I'm afraid so. I'm awfully worried about what may have happened in Tunis.' 'If we only had Dorothy Thompson!' said Mrs. Dunning, and Mr. Dunning said, 'Or even H. V. Kaltenborn.'

Well, it was on the eighteenth day of the revolution that half a dozen motor trucks with a guard of CCC boys with rifles, and preceded by a snowplough tractor, came rumbling along the road and stopped at the Dunning gate. They had come out to pick up supplies of food left on abandoned farms. 'But we haven't found anything,' said the leader. 'The animals have spoiled everything that was left. We've shot a few sheep, but they won't go very far. Don't you and your family want to go back to the city with us?' 'No,' said Mr. Dunning. 'From what I hear we're better off here.' 'I guess you are at that,' said the man. But before he left he took Mr. Dunning aside. 'I gather you've got plenty of food for yourselves,' he said, 'but if I were you I'd hide it. Some of these volunteer bands aren't as considerate as we are.'

So Mr. Dunning spent the next day burying supplies under the floor of the barn. He had just finished when he heard a dog bark and then three cows came trotting into the barn and behind them the Marbles' collie. 'Hi, Shep!' said Mr. Dunning. 'Well, good for you!' He came out and slammed the door on the cows.

Shep ran into the shed where Mr. Dunning's car was standing and put his forepaws on the running board and barked. 'You want to take a ride?' said Mr. Dunning. Shep barked furiously and at last Mr. Dunning got in. 'I suppose you know what you want,' he said. 'Well, get in. We'll try it.'

There were two barricades between his place and the Marble farm, but they were unguarded and by moving a rail or two he got through. Loren Marble's house had burned down, but the other buildings were intact. Before the open door of the cow barn sat a long-eared hound who got up and barked gloomily as they drove up. Mr. Dunning could hear a rattle of stanchions and an occasional moo from inside. 'We'll have to water and feed them,' he said. 'Do you suppose we can manage, Shep?' But they had no trouble. The uncowlike ferocity and fire of the first days of the revolt were gone. 'You've certainly got 'em scared, Shep,' said Mr. Dunning. 'Well, I'll be over again tomorrow.'

On the way home he stopped at the Macy farm, which was deserted but hadn't been burnt. Here too the cows had been rounded up and were grazing peacefully, guarded by Amos Macy's dog Jigger. Only Jerry was missing. 'I suppose Amos and Loren are in the village,' said Mr. Dunning to himself. But it was eight miles to the village and he had no dog with him now. So he drove home.

IV

Next morning he went over to the Marbles' again. At the first barricade a dozen pigs burst out of the bushes and drove him back into his car, but he got through them all right and he was greeting Shep in the barnyard when he heard a shout and looked up to see half a dozen farmers with dogs and guns coming down the hill. 'I wondered when you'd show up,' said Mr. Dunning. 'I guess the dogs have been doing your work for

you.' 'Well, I tell you, Harvey,' said Mr. Marble sheepishly, 'some of us had a bad time that first week. Henry Quett and the Bailiff boys are missing. Warren Beale was pulled down by a whole mob of rabbits and darn near et up. Old Mrs. Haddock was treed by skunks. She escaped, but she's still in the contagious ward, as you might say. We went out a few times and got chased back and then we give up.' 'Where were the dogs?' asked Mr. Dunning. 'They didn't show up for four or five days,' said Mr. Macy, 'and then we couldn't figure out what they wanted. It was only yesterday when they drove Olsen's sheep right into the village that we see what was up.' 'Well, if you're going to take charge,' said Mr. Dunning, 'I'll go home.'

At Mr. Marble's suggestion he took Shep for protection on the way. The pigs didn't show up again, but when he drove into his own yard Jerry was there. 'Hello,' said Mr. Dunning. 'Well, your revolution has sort of gone pop, I'm afraid.' 'The darn dogs!' said the bull petulantly. 'Selling us out like that! They sold their birthright, that's what they did! For a few old bones.' 'Well, I don't know,' said Mr. Dunning. 'I expect they were just loyal to their early training. Just being themselves. Just as the other animals are when they're afraid of the dogs. The cows are cowed and the sheep are sheepish and the bull —'

'Yeah, I know,' said Jerry. 'I talk too much, all right. Well, I tell you one thing,' he said, 'I'm not going back. I've had a taste of a free life and — Hey!' he bellowed as Shep suddenly jumped out of the car and began harry-

ing his heels. 'Call that dog off. Call him off before I hurt him.'

'Here, Shep,' said Mr. Dunning. But Shep went right on nipping and dodging until he had Jerry backed into the shed, and then he lay down and looked at him. 'Get him by the collar and hold him until I get away, will you?' said the bull. 'I don't want to hurt him.' 'You know very well you can't hurt him,' said Mr. Dunning. 'Anyway, why don't you go back home, Jerry? It's the only sensible thing. I was over at your place a little while ago and Jigger had rounded all the cows up in the pasture.' 'He had, hey?' said Jerry. 'Well, I dunno. Maybe you're right. Living by myself in the hills wouldn't be so much fun. And there's always something to be said for family life. Well, if you'll hold Shep, I'll start along home.'

So Mr. Dunning held the dog. At the gate Jerry turned. 'I hope you'll remember,' he said, 'that I tried to give you the breaks.' 'Sure, Jerry,' said Mr. Dunning. 'I won't forget.' 'We pretty near pulled it off, you know,' said the bull. 'Anyway, I guess we've taught you humans a lesson.' 'Don't kid yourself,' said Mr. Dunning. 'We never learn.'

So after Jerry had gone he went into the house and told Mrs. Dunning what had happened. 'Goodness,' she said, 'I'm glad, Harvey, aren't you? Now I suppose we'll get papers again.' 'Yes,' said Mr. Dunning, 'it's awful being cut off from the world this way. Good Lord, Germany may have declared war on somebody, for all we know!' 'Those awful Nazis!' said Mrs. Dunning. 'Oh, I shall feel so relieved when we have Dorothy Thompson again!'

OUR SOUTHERN ARTERIES

BY COLONEL FRANK KNOX

I

WORLD conditions explain our present national awareness of Central and South America. The feeling that if we permit totalitarianism to get even a foothold anywhere in the Western Hemisphere the nations which make up our western world will speedily become involved in all of the disputes and discords that rack Europe is growing swiftly. The threat of importation of Fascism and Naziism from Europe to South America has done more to awaken our interest in the peoples who live south of the equator than the summed-up fears of European economic domination of that part of the world during the past generation.

This new and lively interest manifests itself in several ways. There have been more than a 'five-foot shelf' of books on South America published in the past twelve months; popular picture magazines have made South American scenes familiar; the lecture platform has been crowded with returned travelers; news agencies have sharply increased the volume of 'spot news' from down under the equator, and newspapers have been finding space for such news in the forward pages — sometimes on Page 1. The too few available passenger ships which ply the southern route have been crowded, and some of the largest transatlantic liners have been diverted to winter cruising in South American waters. The net of all this is that more people in the United States know more about South America than ever before. But even this access of interest and increase

in knowledge are insufficient to fill in the bare outlines of the picture. It will take a considerable time to achieve a realistic popular understanding of all that South America means to the United States, in our future security, our economic prosperity, and our successful maintenance of the democratic principle in government. All these — and particularly our national security through an adequate defense — intimately and directly involve South American relations.

In a world in which power politics reigns, and force — and force alone — provides security, the United States is compelled to look to its defenses. The need for such national concern is so acute and so obvious that it has substantially silenced even the voices of the professional pacifists. The crude brutality and resort to gangster methods, on an international scale, by certain powers in Europe and Asia have converted the very classes who formerly were most vocal against proposals for military preparedness into active champions of military intervention by the United States when, and if, a new war is precipitated. To an extent never before equaled in unanimity, American public opinion supports a strong policy of national defense.

In our thinking on this vital subject of security, provoked by the alarming course of events in both Asia and Europe, we cannot deal with the subject on the basis of our country's territorial limits, comprising forty-eight states — not even on the basis of the continent of which

we are a part. The scope of our planning for defense against possible aggression must be coextensive with the entire Western Hemisphere!

Once totalitarianism has successfully established itself anywhere in the western world, it inevitably will bring in its train all the evils which have made of Europe an armed camp, and which promise in the near future to precipitate a cataclysmic, suicidal war. Recognition of this need of a hemispherical defense is already widespread and is daily becoming more universal.

Granted that the grave turn in events in both Asia and Europe has made convincingly apparent the need for rigorous and uncompromising maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, we must face without any attempt at evasion a second question equally vital to our security: Must we, for our own safety, prepare for another military expedition overseas as an active ally, or associate, of the nations who oppose the totalitarian powers?

In attempting to appraise this situation, both as to our own interests and as to our duty, it may be useful to recall our experiences since 1917. No great nation ever embarked upon a great war with more unselfish and high-minded purpose than did we twenty-two years ago. Most certainly there was recognition that the success of German arms in that war would be a threat to our future security; but far outweighing that was the earnest belief that we fought 'to make the world safe for democracy' — that we were embarking in 'a war to end all wars.'

It is both childish and futile to claim that we won the war. But it is neither childish nor futile, but the mere reiteration of an obvious fact, to assert that we brought to the Western Front that preponderance of man power which gave victory to the Allied arms. By October 1918, the extent of our participation, and its effect, had given the United States a moral and military leadership that was

recognized unreservedly by our associates, and perforce by our foes. The voice of this world leadership was President Wilson's, and speaking in that guise he had enunciated the basis of a possible peace — the famous 'fourteen points.' By every means at the disposal of the Allies, this declaration of the American President was distributed behind the German lines, for the deliberate and entirely defensible purpose of weakening German powers of resistance. Germany, at this moment, had suffered repeated defeats, but she was by no means defenseless. She had the power and capacity to retire upon well-prepared interior lines and keep up a long and costly defensive war. But, accepting the Wilson formula as the Allied proposals for a negotiated peace, — and who will say she was not warranted in such assumption? — she agreed to the Armistice, laid down her arms, and made herself defenseless.

There has never been any successful attempt to deny that the Treaty of Versailles was a monumental act of bad faith. It utterly ignored the implied promises of President Wilson's 'fourteen points.' It exacted reparations expressly designed to be impossible of satisfaction. It was not in any sense a negotiated peace. It was a victor's peace imposed upon a vanquished foe. That it contained the seeds of future wars the history of the past twenty years, and the present crisis, abundantly prove. It is to the eternal credit of the United States Senate that it saved us from the ignominy of ratification of such an instrument of international double-crossing. Thus began our process of disillusionment.

The next step in our education as a participant in Europe's affairs had to do with war debts. At the outset of our plunge into the war, our participation had to be confined to providing munitions and supplies. For this huge sums of money were needed. We supplied them upon a munificent scale. At the

time there was little or no thought of their ultimate repayment. We never, in any way, pressed the matter. But when the war was over, wholly upon their own initiative, our associates in the war declared that the sums we had advanced were in the nature of loans, and they, themselves, proposed settlement. Separate agreements were made, and, on our part, of a most generous character. To the accompaniment of a steady flow of propaganda, designed to belittle and minimize the importance of our participation in the war, the ensuing years saw the gradual repudiation of these debts. This lesson in disillusionment produced the Johnson Act, forbidding any future extension of credit, by the United States, to any nation that had defaulted on its World War debts. No enactment is more firmly buttressed by solid public opinion. Our education was progressing.

Then came the final chapter in the story of our enlightenment. In 1931, Japan, in flagrant defiance of the terms of the Nine-Power Pact dealing with the preservation of the integrity of territorial boundaries in the Pacific area, undertook the subjugation of Manchuria. Both Great Britain and the United States were signatories to that pact. Secretly encouraged to do so by Great Britain, we made strong protest against Japan's indefensible attack upon the integrity of China. We had every right to expect vigorous and decisive support from the British Government. Not only was this not forthcoming, but the then British minister for foreign affairs found occasion, upon the floor of the House of Commons, to attempt to justify Japan in her repudiation of her pledged word. Regardless of the embarrassment to us, and the impairment of our prestige in the Far East, England had decided that her interests would be better served by letting Japan sate her appetite for expansion in Manchuria, in the obvious hope that this would make South China — where British interests were greatest — safe for, at least, the immediate future.

The callousness with which selfish British interests were pursued in this affair completed our education.

The net effect of all this has been to drive in on the American consciousness, with renewed vigor and convincing emphasis, the wisdom of George Washington's warnings to his fellow countrymen, upon the eve of his withdrawal from public affairs, against involvement in European quarrels. So general has this feeling among Americans become that I dare say no proposal could be submitted to the American people to which a more nearly unanimous negative answer would be made than to the question: 'Do you want to send another army to Europe and fight in another of Europe's wars?'

II

There is yet another angle to this pressing question of national defense upon which public enlightenment has made notable progress. We are at last beginning to appreciate, at its full significance, the incalculable value of our insular position. Long, long years ago, Britain learned the military value of her insular position, and capitalized upon that knowledge. She knew that she would be safe in her island home if she controlled the seas with which she was surrounded. She achieved that control, and for centuries her soil has been free from the foot of the invader. But, so narrow were the seas upon which her safety depended, the invention of the airplane substantially destroyed this security, and Britain has in effect become a part of continental Europe in a military sense.

But our margin of safety is not narrow. Vast oceans intervene between us and possible enemies, whether they come from the east or the west. Even in the event of wholly unexpected developments in aerial navigation, it will never be possible to make a decisive attack upon us by air. The worst we have to fear from that direction would

be isolated raids of no real military significance. We can, therefore, take for our own the historic British formula for security. Achieving and maintaining a superiority over any enemy, or combination of enemies, on the high seas, we can make ourselves safe from attack, and keep the entire western world secure against the totalitarians. The readiness with which the American public has accepted proposals for rapid expansion of our sea power, and the unanimous fashion in which these proposals have been treated by Congress, attest to the universality of this point of view.

Since there has come about substantial agreement among Americans, first, that we must provide an adequate national defense; second, that this defense must be builded in terms of the defense of the entire Western Hemisphere; third, that we do not propose to seek security by sending an expeditionary army overseas; fourth, that we propose to take full advantage of our insular position by creating a dominant navy — then inexorably we must recognize that the most important line of communications within our territorial limits is the Panama Canal. It is easily first in importance because its secure and uninterrupted operation *doubles* our naval strength. We cannot know in advance from whence attack may come. It may come from Europe, or it may come from Asia. It is easily possible it may come from both directions, simultaneously. If the canal did not exist, we should have to maintain an Atlantic and a Pacific fleet, each strong enough to meet and conquer any possible enemy. If the canal should be put out of commission, and our concentration of ships was in one ocean, half our coast line would be rendered substantially defenseless. With operation of the canal secure, we can deal with any possible enemy, or combination of enemies, that may come against us.

Under such circumstances the defense of the canal becomes a matter of first

importance in national preparedness. While the measures we have already taken for the defense of this vital line are admirable, they are by no means complete. We do not properly appreciate the importance of keeping any possible enemy at a distance from the canal itself, especially since the first and most dangerous attack will come from the air. On the Atlantic side, nature has made it easy to make the canal substantially immune from successful attack. This involves our complete domination, by means of sea and air bases, of the Caribbean Sea. For purposes of defense, the Caribbean in a military way must become an American lake. The Mediterranean is no more important to British or French lines of communication than is the Caribbean to us.

We already possess a fine naval base at Guantánamo on the southern shore of Cuba. We have Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands available for the extension of our defenses, but both Great Britain and France own islands in the Caribbean which, if transferred to our flag, would enable us to make the Caribbean practically impregnable. Great Britain and France both owe us huge sums of money. Both are keenly anxious for our sympathetic coöperation, at least in the matter of supplies, in the struggle which impends. No time could be more propitious for the initiation of negotiations looking to the ceding to the United States, by Britain and France, of their West Indian islands. This would be an easy way to end the dispute over unpaid debts and provide an escape for these two countries from the penalties of the Johnson Act.

On the Pacific side, a similar situation exists. As things stand now, we have no advance base for the western entrance nearer than San Diego, California. Ninety miles west of the canal lie the Galápagos Islands, an uninhabited, barren group belonging to Ecuador. Here could readily be established a forward seaplane base of great usefulness in

defense against air attack by an enemy. Ecuador has indicated her willingness to sell them to us. No time should be lost in pressing these negotiations to a conclusion and establishing an air base, and possibly a submarine base, on these islands.

In the Canal Zone itself there is imperative necessity for the immediate enlargement of existing air fields, the augmenting of our air forces, the enlargement of anti-aircraft artillery defense to at least twice its present size, and the erection of adequate barracks to house the garrison. Most of these essentials are provided for in the army appropriation bill which has recently passed Congress.

Obviously, all these measures for defense of the canal would be made abortive if we did not enjoy the friendly and active coöperation of the twenty-one nations which make up Central and South America. Our diplomats must march with our soldiers and sailors in the attainment of hemispherical security. Happily we have, as an effective aid, a community of interest. No country of Latin America will willingly accept a totalitarian yoke. There is universal acceptance of the need for coöperation in the presence of a common danger. Upon this solid foundation must, and can be, built a structure of good will and friendship.

Wide recognition of this situation, both north and south of the equator, accounts for the recent tremendous increase in interest in improved relations between the Americas. It was the pull of this interest that took me and thousands of others, from all parts of the States, to South America in recent months.

III

There are three main reasons why improved and closer relations with Latin America are of primary importance to the people of the United States. The first of these is national defense; the

second is an economic reason; and the third is political. In the field of national defense we have made substantial progress. Any military aggression from overseas will be met with a common front. In the realm of economic relations a great deal remains to be done, but we have, in the recent trade agreement with Brazil, made a promising start, with hope of further progress in the pending negotiations with Argentina. In the matter of political understanding we have made little or no progress as yet. Real progress in this direction will wait upon improved economic relations.

I have said we have made some progress in the economic field by means of the Brazil agreement, but I am convinced that this agreement merely touches the edges of the possibilities. Before we get into the real heart of this problem I believe we must seriously face the question of abandonment, so far as South America is concerned, of the 'most favored nation' policy, and recognize our special interests in that part of the world, plus the exceedingly difficult and extraordinary competition we must meet there. We can inveigh as much as we please against the unwisdom, the immorality, of barter-trade agreements, but these actual conditions must be met if we are to checkmate totalitarian penetration in South America: first, economic penetration, and then military penetration.

The situation, it seems to me, warrants at least an experiment with a special trade agreement with Brazil, which would closely, if not actually, approximate free trade between the two countries. Let us examine the situation objectively. The United States is the greatest industrial nation in the world. We make more than half of the world production of manufactured goods. We acutely need foreign outlets for our manufactures. Brazil, on the other hand, is almost exclusively agricultural. Her manufactures are negligible. She needs practically everything we make. Her

chief agricultural products are those which do not compete with our farms. Her greatest crop is coffee; we grow no coffee. She owns half the known world deposits of manganese; we have none, and acutely need it, in steelmaking. We are the world's largest users of rubber and grow none; Brazil could easily develop, in the course of a few years, a supply of rubber sufficient to fill our entire needs. Our hardwoods suitable for manufacture are practically exhausted; Brazil has the greatest undeveloped hardwood timber resources to be found anywhere in the world. Brazil is a great producer of tropical fruits; we are the greatest user of tropical fruits and can produce only a fraction of our demand. Beyond all this, Brazil needs the capital we could supply, and the organizing ability which characterizes American enterprise.

Given American capital and organizing capacity, combined with the advantage which scientific research has provided, Brazil, with her immense undeveloped resources, could go as far in the next twenty years as we have gone in the last fifty. And, to cap the climax, Brazil is eager to enter into a special agreement with us in which she will give us advantages she gives to no other country, if we will do likewise. Unquestionably the deal is there for the taking, if we are willing to make the experiment. If it were tried, and found successful, no difficulty whatever would be encountered in extending the system of special trade agreements to include every country in South America. The vision of a great, unified economic unit comprising the entire Western Hemisphere is at least eye-filling. It would make the western world utterly self-sufficient economically.

In our political relations, there are some changes we must make in our attitude toward the South American countries if we are to get along amicably with

them, as good neighbors. First, we must quit patronizing them. It goes down as badly with them as British patronizing does with us. Those who exercise authority and leadership in Latin America are a proud people. They have a great tradition. They do not like this 'big brother' attitude, this assumption that we are going to protect them. They will help us protect the whole western world; they want that understood. And, likewise, we must get over this disposition to tell them how they ought to govern themselves. That is their affair, not ours. I am not at all sure how we should act if we had to face some of their problems. You certainly cannot expect a representative republic to function with a people ninety per cent illiterate, as some of these peoples are. A more cosmopolitan attitude on the part of Americans toward our sister states below the line would help a lot.

It has become our habit during the present depression to bemoan the disappearance of our frontiers. If there are any young Americans that possess the qualities of those pioneers of a century ago who came to the United States and wrested a home from a wilderness, and that mourn the lack of a frontier up here, there is an abundance of frontier in a country like Brazil, and I have it on the word of President Vargas himself that Brazil would welcome with open arms any young Americans who chose to cast their lot with the Brazilians, and grow up with the country. I can think of no greater challenge to the spirit of adventure than this — nor any greater contribution such young Americans could make toward the realization of the vision of a closely knit, utterly self-sufficient, amply defended, and economically prosperous western world, secure forever from any possible invasion by power-drunk totalitarians from a white Europe, or land-hungry worshipers of a god-emperor from a yellow Asia.

STATE AND CHURCH

The Church's Responsibility to the State

BY HENRY B. WASHBURN

ONE of the noticeable aspects of the present many-sided conflict between Church and State is the well-nigh complete absence of any self-criticism on the part of the Church. Here and there isolated instances of it may occur, but they are exceptions.

Scrutinize, if you will, either the answer of the German Church to its national critics or the Papal pronouncements on German, Spanish, or Mexican affairs, and you will notice an attitude of all-rightness so far as the Church is concerned and all-wrongness so far as the State is concerned. One would think, in reading these documents, that the Church is wholly surprised the State should do any other than accept the Church at its own evaluation, and that the State's criticisms are a consequence of pure paganism, or inability to recognize real religion when it sees it.

One would not imply that this unwillingness to criticize itself is peculiar to the Church. It is a common fault at all times and among all institutions. In the past it has been so universal, and at present it is so general, that a wise Church long ago would have discovered and remedied the limitation, for self-criticism might, in many instances, have corrected the faults and rendered unnecessary the criticism from without.

Why is the obvious lesson so slowly learned? To put the question is to answer it. Would there have been the puritanical revolt against the stage in

both the fourth and the seventeenth century had not the general level of theatrical life been low? While the war mood had something to do with Prohibition, and while the attempted reform overshot its mark, were not the real causes individual, social, and commercial abuses of drink?

In such simple cases as these, effective self-criticism has been wanting; the very lack of it has caused the equally intemperate external criticism.

It is a commonplace to say that the Communistic, Fascist, and Nazi states are apparently almost bereft of self-criticism. They present their programmes with an assurance that their respective states can do no wrong; they do not welcome suggestions of any kind from friend without or from foe within; they laugh at the politics of states unlike their own. And lest we ourselves assume an attitude of self-righteousness, we should remember that the so-called democratic states are equally unable to perceive and remedy their own faults. While we as citizens of the United States and believers in democracy cannot understand the complacency of Fascists, Nazis, or Communists, wondering why they do not see their faults and apply the remedy, we are yet impatient when Mussolini calls public attention to the vast amount of time given by our legislative assemblies to unprofitable talk, when the U.S.S.R. reflects on the moral character of our movies, and when a foreign am-

bassador quietly remarks that a dictatorship has realized the social security toward which we are awkwardly struggling. We not only do not like this kind of talk; we do little or nothing to make it unnecessary. The world at large not only is hostile to criticism, but is in an unself-criticizable mood. Individually and socially, we are succumbing to a universal failing.

Now, while we are all ready to grant that the State owes much to the Church, we should as quickly perceive that the Church owes much to the State. As long as foreign states grant to the Church tax exemption and in some instances pay all or part of clerical salaries or other subsidies, and as long as in this country ecclesiastical property is tax-free, the State has a right to expect some manifest value in return. The time has come when the State is asking whether its money is profitably spent. And I imagine it is not an altogether unwholesome question for the consideration of the parties concerned.

The Church must accommodate itself to this practical mood through which we are now passing. As Bellamy said years ago, in his *Looking Backward*, that the lazy man was the archcriminal in the socialistic society, for by refusing to do his part he threw the whole system into confusion, so now, as we enter into the modified State of the future, the individual or institution that does not make its expected contribution will so threaten the general welfare that its continuance will be endangered. If one will watch carefully the conduct of those foreign states which have taken the affairs of the Church in hand and have either obliterated the Church altogether or brought it strictly under control, one will observe that in every case the norm of 'usefulness' has been applied. The State's action may or may not have been wise in special instances; it may have had a distorted comprehension of 'usefulness.' Nevertheless, 'usefulness' has been the yardstick by which the State

has done its measuring. To give one extra-Christian illustration: Mustapha Kemal — or, more euphoniously, Atatürk — has so thoroughly driven the Mohammedan State Church out of existence that not even clerical clothing may be worn on the street. What people's private religion may be is their own affair. The State will recognize it in no way whatsoever. Atatürk could not see in what way the Church was doing any good, therefore away with it. His was a practical judgment.

To say that this is a practical age is not tantamount to saying that religion must go, so far as the State may have anything to do with it. A practical age is quick to perceive value. And the more wisely practical the age, the more readily it recognizes value in mature and commanding character. While an appreciable number of the population may honestly think that even the highest type of Christianity is superstitious, enervating nonsense, and therefore ripe for destruction, the bulk of the people are much simpler and much more direct in their reasoning. Many of them care little about the essential rightness or wrongness of a particular religion; they merely ask, what is my religion doing for me; what sort of man does my neighbor's religion make him; what effect has the Church of England on personal conduct, on social justice, on international relationships; what impression does the Church of Rome make on the Irish-American politician, the Fascist statesman, the member of the German middle party (now gone), the standard of honor and honesty among individuals, the relationship between men and the saints, the consequences of receiving the actual body and blood of Christ? That is the way the plain man gets at the root of the matter. His respect for the Church rises or falls with his answer to these questions, for he is a very practically-minded man.

We must make up our minds to the fact that a practically-minded society is

not discriminating in its judgments. It estimates everything on the average and in the large. It does not say that because certain Christian individuals and certain Christian groups are thoughtful and useful — that because there is a saving remnant — therefore the Church must be preserved and protected. Rather it deals with averages; it draws its conclusions from the thought and conduct of the bulk of Christians. If, in its opinion, thoughtfulness and usefulness are not the apparent qualities of the rank and file of Christians and churchgoers, and especially of their leaders, society utters one of its indiscriminating, damaging, and yet easily comprehensible condemnations. The remark made to me by a loyal member of the Holy Orthodox Eastern Church, who is also a competent historian, that 'the Russian Church had got just what was coming to it,' illustrates what I mean. It suggests not that the Russian Church did not contain many thoughtful and useful clergy and laity, but rather that they were too rare to warrant the continuance of the institution.

We Christians ought not to be surprised at the radical criticism leveled against the Christian Church in Russia and Mexico and in pre-war Spain, nor at that singular mixture of radical, moderate, and partially sympathetic criticism common in Germany, for in times past Christians have criticized Christians in almost identical terms. They are the old criticisms come home to roost. Apart from the contention that atheism is the only thoughtful and useful credo, there is a surprising similarity between the counts on which many a State is now arraigning the Church and those on which Christian was arraigning Christian at the turning of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It is a significant parallel.

Russia and Mexico, for example, are, whether rightly or wrongly, faulting the Church for encouraging thought and practice based on superstition; they are

affirming that the Church has done practically nothing to ameliorate the condition of the poor or to educate the ignorant; they complain that the monasteries are controlling an unreasonable amount of land upon which no taxes are paid, that their charitable activities are negligible, that their educational influence has fallen to a low point, and that their religion, if it may be called such, is a self-centred and unprofitable mysticism; they point to the fact that not only have the Church's leaders been very closely in sympathy with the State, but the judgment of these leaders is singularly dependent on that of the State. Such, in brief, is their criticism.

How familiar it all sounds! It would almost seem as if these states had known their Church History and had mastered especially that period which we know as the dawn of the Reformation. For in that cross-section of time Wycliffe, a Christian, electrified his fellow Christians by repudiating the accretions on the Christian tradition as superstitious stuff and nonsense, utterly unlike the religion Christ lived and taught, and although England was slow to follow his lead, Bohemia championed his cause. Roman Christian appeared against Roman Christian when the impatient John Colet, the whimsical Erasmus, and the calmly indignant Thomas More pilloried their fellow churchman for forgetting the simple teaching of Jesus, putting ease before self-sacrifice, and the institution before its purpose. And non-Roman Christian was arrayed against Roman Christian when Luther rose up in wrath against those who would offer cash equivalents for moral conduct and an ecclesiastical legalism for the grace of God. Christian authority was pitted against Christian authority when Calvin substituted an infallible Bible for an infallible Pope. And the Lutherans of Sweden and the Popeless Romanists of England were dealing summarily with the Romanists when they, unconsciously following the example of Bohemia, dissolved the mon-

asteries, confiscating their lands and scattering the monks, because, on the whole, these had ceased to commend themselves as educational, charitable, and religious centres; because they withheld too much land from taxation without giving an adequate return, and because, on the whole, they represented a foreign power which at times seemed more political than religious.

Again, let me say, how familiar it all sounds! Substitute Russian or Mexican for Christian and one may use the same causes for criticism and practically the same reasons for attack. It is an extraordinary repetition of an episode of history. To repeat, virtually the only difference between them is that in the chapter of European history four hundred years ago Christian was drawn up against Christian, the one trying to punish or persuade the other back into usefulness, while now the indifferent Christian, the partial Christian, the Germanic pagan, and the Godless Communist are bringing against the Church the same accusations for the same reasons.

In my more or less optimistic moments I wonder whether the conditions in the midst of which we find ourselves are not the last of three purifying experiences through which the Church has passed or is passing — the first, those infra-Church reforms when Alfred or Francis or Saint Catherine of Siena tried to bring the mediæval Church back to its own confessed ideals; the second, those reforms of the sixteenth century which tore the Church to pieces that it might be rebuilt according to the pattern of Christ; the third, and from many points of view the most threatening, the contemporary attack of those who want either to strip it of all save what is called positive Christianity or to destroy it altogether. Whether or not the last of these experiences will have a consequence as purifying as the others will depend altogether upon the way Christians pass through it.

One hesitates to point the moral and

adorn the tale. But the answer lies with those who have a large conception of the Person of Christ, who can stand over against themselves in self-criticism, asking in all modesty whether their lives, individual and corporate, reflect sufficiently the spirit of their Master.

Can one read, for example, the crassly pagan and ignorant strictures on the use in Christian public worship of foolish, coarse, cruel, and radically anti-Christian passages of the Old Testament without being smitten with the thought that there is much in what these critics say?

Can one listen to the Nordic complaint that the Gospel as represented by the churches has lost its thrill, that one must return to nearer and more intimate heroes, without taking one's own religious pulse?

Can one meditate upon the Communist's challenge to the Church to tell what it is doing for the downtrodden and exploited, to prove that its voice is free to condemn the wrong, and that its conscience is unshackled by paralyzing tradition, without bringing one's self up short and sharp with very embarrassing self-questioning?

Can one reflect upon the Turkish, the Russian, the Mexican confiscation of Church lands, ostensibly that they may be put to more productive use for the sake of all the people, without uncomfortably appraising the product that comes from one's own tax-free parish real estate or theological school property? In short, can one observe carefully, read widely, and think deeply without asking searching questions about the Church's responsibility to the State?

No; Christians, however consecrated they may be, and the Church, however well it may be doing, should have a troubled conscience. The arraignment of the Church means that the Church has not met the State's rightful expectations. Large-minded men will take these lessons to heart; they will regenerate their Church with the saving grace of self-criticism.

'WHO'S CATCHING?'

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

I

THE coach spat copiously and ejected tobacco juice on the grass behind third base. He was a man who had lived hard and played hard, with a face tanned and reddened by the sun of fifty ball parks, and a nose reddened by something besides nature.

'If you had a team of perfect players out there on that field and offered me my pick, I'd choose the catcher. Every time.'

Football stars are occasionally beautiful but dumb. Baseball demands intelligence, especially behind the plate — because the catcher is the quarterback of baseball. He runs the team and is the only man who sees every player on the field and every move that takes place. He calls the pitches and sometimes directs much of the defensive play. He is the one person on the team who can never for a moment relax, whether his team is in the field or at bat. He must know wind conditions in every ball park, and his duties vary from studying the opposing batteries, the mental condition of his own pitcher, and the spacing of the outfielders, watching runners on base, keeping track of the tactical situation and seeing that the rest of the team knows it also, to backing up third and first except when a runner is in a scoring position.

All the spectators at a ball game watch the pitcher. Pitchers get the headlines. The Ruffings and Grissoms and Vander Meers attract the publicity, but the Dickeyes, Mancusos, and Hartnetts can make them or break them.

Probably there is no such animal as a

typical big-league catcher, but J. Luther Sewall of the Cleveland Indians comes fairly close to it, despite the fact that he is a graduate of the University of Alabama and that only one man in four in the National League ever attended college. If you saw Luke sitting in the lobby of the Hotel New Yorker reading the *Times*, you'd place him as a successful business man. That's precisely what he is, too. Top salaries for catchers in the big leagues range around \$18,000. Dickey of the Yanks, generally considered the best catcher in baseball, receives this, while Gabby Hartnett of Chicago makes \$17,835. Sewall is paid over \$10,000 this year. But Luke has other than financial distinctions.

He is the oldest active player in the game to-day, with a major-league catching record that is likely to last. Starting with Cleveland in 1921, he has played with Chicago, Washington, and Brooklyn, has averaged ninety games a year, and is now playing his nineteenth season, outdating Hartnett by a year and Lou Gehrig, of the Yanks, by four. Now he's back where he broke into baseball in 1921. A reserve, but still liable for duty.

II

Let us suppose Luke has had a sleepless night. Cleveland is playing the Yankees, and — well, you know New York in late June. The temperature has been around 95 or 96 all night, and sleep was impossible. He rose at eight-thirty, bathed, shaved, and dressed,

and then came downstairs. As a rule ball players eat only two good meals a day, so he must have enough to carry him through until after the game. Orange juice, coffee, toast, eggs and bacon, are his breakfast.

It's hot in the lobby of the hotel and hotter still in his inside room on the tenth floor. The sweat is dripping from his forehead, but he stays there for several hours talking with Mel Harder, whom he'll catch that afternoon. They are discussing the batters on the Yankee team. Sewall can tell you the weakness of every hitter in the league, just what sort of ball he will bite on, and what kind of ball he will 'powder.' Furthermore he knows just what pitches are effective in certain ball parks and how to pitch to each man in the different grounds. Down South, last spring, Bill Dickey of the Yanks was telling newspaper men one day that at the Yankee Stadium he would never let Jimmy Foxx of the Red Sox, a right-handed hitter, have a low ball. But at Fenway Park in Boston, where the left-field fence is short, he feeds him nothing but low balls. All this is part of the catcher's job. It's the result of years of study and observation.

The temperature has gone up, not down, when Sewall and his teammates hop into taxis for the ride to the Yankee Stadium. It's at least two degrees hotter there. Once at the field, he starts getting dressed. In spite of the heat he puts on about twenty pounds of equipment. He leans over to lace his shoes when Harder, who has also been dressing, comes over and sits on the bench before his locker.

Harder isn't so sure about that high inside ball to Henrich, the Yankee right fielder. Last year he had better luck pitching low and inside to him. Sewall instantly agrees. He knows it's better to have the pitcher feel easy in his mind than to start an argument before the game, although he may not agree. One of the reasons for Sewall's success has been his ability to keep his pitchers con-

tented and relaxed. Some pitchers are bad with men on base because they aren't relaxed; they tighten up. Feller of Cleveland keeps his mind on the base runner so much that he is apt to turn and throw a pitch that is murdered.

Oscar Vitt, the manager, comes up and the three men go carefully over the Yankee batting list. They take up each man in turn: Crosetti, Rolfe, Henrich, DiMaggio, Dickey, Selkirk, Gordon, and Dahlgren. This talk between batteries goes on all the time; in hotel rooms, at meals, in trains and buses, they are always thinking about and analyzing the opposing batters. But it's just before game time that they dissect them most minutely. 'Now this man Dickey is the best pull hitter in baseball. Keep it away and outside. Rolfe — well, a change of pace sometimes fools him. DiMaggio — we got him out for three games by pitching low when I was with Chicago. Then one day Dietrich was pitching, and suddenly DiMaggio got to a low ball and hit it into the back of the Yankee bullpen, longest hit I ever saw. I'd keep 'em high and inside to him now — and pray.' 'Okay,' says the pitcher. Should DiMaggio get a couple of hits, they'll switch to something else. Baseball is a game of guessing, the pitcher trying to throw to the batter's weakness and the batters trying to outsmart the pitchers.

The Yanks take the field. The heat is terrific, but the whole squad warms up, tossing the ball around and engaging in a 'pepper game.' Everyone is out except Sewall, who sits watching the New York team at batting practice. If a new man comes up who bats left-handed with a free swing and hits to left field, he makes a mental note to call for a pitch to his hands. If the player hits to right, he'll have his pitchers throw high and away from the batter. Suppose it's a newcomer to the league? Every pitcher immediately starts trying different kinds of balls on him until finally someone discovers his weakness. This soon gets

known round the circuit. Then the only trouble is to get the pitcher to put the ball in the slot.

III

At two-thirty the bell rings, and the two Cleveland pitchers likely to start, Drake and Harder, go out to warm up. Sewall catches Harder. At first he comes within fifty feet of the pitcher to ease up on his pitching arm, but as it loosens a little he goes back to sixty-one feet, the regulation distance. The two umpires appear with masks and chest protectors under their arms. The bell rings again, New York takes the field, and the game is on.

While the Indians are batting, take a look at Sewall's hands. You'd expect them to be knotty and broken, but they are smallish, rather sensitive, and well formed. Sewall never had a serious injury and believes no catcher need expect broken thumbs and fingers if he has the right technique. Most injuries come from not holding the fingers of the throwing hand together and relaxed. When the ball leaves the pitcher's hand Sewall cups his fingers slightly, then claps them over the ball as it strikes the mitt. The most dangerous pitch for a catcher is the low ball off the right knee that is so often foul-tipped. This ball, on which 90 per cent of hand injuries occur, is often tipped and swings out, hitting one of the first two fingers of the right hand. After studying this pitch Sewall discovered a position which prevents injury. He goes down with the left elbow up, twisting his left wrist and turning the mitt over, placing the right hand underneath it to protect the fingers.

Now the Yanks come in and the Indians take the field. While they're tossing the ball round, let's see how Sewall gives his signals. There are signals in baseball for pitching, batting, and fielding, but the pitching signals are always given by the catcher. He uses the fingers of the right hand, although occasionally he signals by touching his mask or plac-

ing his free hand on his leg or hips. Each pitcher on the squad has his own signals, so that a big-league catcher must know six or seven different sets. The important thing is to have the pitcher concentrating upon the batter, so the simplest signals are best — for instance, one finger for a fast ball and two for a curve.

The catcher gives the signals by extending his finger down his leg while crouching, so that the opposing coaches on first and third cannot see. Some players are adept at stealing signals. The greatest signal stealer in the major leagues is Del Baker of Detroit. Charlie Dressen, Brooklyn coach and former manager at Cincinnati, is another. When the National League team played the American League in the All Star game of 1937, Dressen was coaching the National side. There were men from eight National League clubs on the team, and the night before the game some discussion rose as to what signals should be used. Dressen told them to use their own signals and said he would understand each set.

For this reason signals must be changed every few innings. In fact, some catchers have a different set for odd and even innings, or for the first five and the last four of the game. There are catchers who use the ball-and-strike count. If it's one ball and one strike, the signal is the third one flashed. Whenever he thinks the batters are getting his signals from their own coaches, the catcher calls for a switch. That is, he may call for a fast ball and then, by tapping his knee with his mitt, indicate that he wants a curve. Some pitchers cross up their catchers and aren't overpopular on that account. I know one sensational star who nearly annihilated several catchers last season by tossing a curve when a fast ball was called, or shooting over a fast one when the catcher expected a change of pace.

Obviously when a player is traded to another team in the league the whole system of signaling must be overhauled. There have been catchers who betrayed

the pitch to the batter by their stance. When a catcher stands upright, it is evident a fast ball is coming — hence the necessity for a uniform stance on every pitch. Some pitchers betray the pitch by little movements such as sticking out their tongue or lifting their left leg higher on certain balls. Infielders also betray the pitch by shifting position too soon. One such move cost the Brooklyn team victory in the World's Series of 1920. Burleigh Grimes, the famous spitball pitcher, won the second game 3-0. But the Cleveland scouts got a tip on his throwing: each time he pitched a spitball Kilduff, the second baseman, would scoop up a little dirt into his glove so that the wet ball wouldn't slip if a grounder came his way. By watching carefully, Cleveland beat Grimes 8-1 in the fifth game and 3-0 in the last one.

Signals are also intended to help fielders get the jump on a hit ball. To know where the ball is likely to be hit, every infielder has to know what the pitch is and therefore watch the signals carefully. But the third and first basemen cannot see the catcher's fingers, so the second baseman and shortstop usually relay it with a word. 'Heads up,' 'Look out, Jim,' or some tip gives them the pitch and an indication which way to start for the ball.

IV

Back at the Yankee Stadium the game has been going on, coming into the eighth with the Indians leading 1-0. As he enters the dugout, wiping the sweat from his face, Sewall glances at a thermometer hung on the wall. It's 118, and in the shade, too. But the game is nearly over. Finally New York comes to bat for its last chance in the ninth. Dickey, the first batter, works the count to two and two, and then hits a stinging grounder between first and second. Shilling, the second baseman, is over fast, makes a one-handed stop, and steadies himself for the throw. Meanwhile Sewall, flinging aside his mask, has run down behind first

in line with the throw. The man on the bag grabs it, — a fine stop, a good throw, — and one man is out.

Sewall comes back wearily to the plate. He's tired, and so is the pitcher. That's why Selkirk, the next batter, tries to work him — good strategy toward the end of a game on a hot afternoon. He gets a base on balls. Sewall, taking off his mask, stands before the plate holding up one finger and shouting round the diamond: 'One out . . . one man down.' Then he goes back, gets into the crouch, and calls for a pitch-out. The situation is set for a hit-and-run play which he wishes to stop.

Ball one. Quickly he snaps the ball to first in a vain attempt to nail the runner. This is also done to prevent his taking a lead from first, although keeping the runner on the bag is really up to Harder. If pitchers kept every runner flat-footed, there would be no base stealing. That's why it is usually considered the fault of the pitcher when runners steal bases. Ball two. Then Gordon, the batter, reaches out and smacks a single to right field. The runner has a good lead, and Sewall knows he will reach third, so he shouts to Webb, the shortstop, 'Cut it off! Cut it off!' Webb, in line with the throw to third, cuts it off, snaps the ball to second, but Dickey slides safely into third. One out, men on first and third.

Sewall calls for a curve, because curves are low and an infield ball will do less damage than a high fly to the outfield on which Dickey might score from third after the catch. Ball one. Notice how he snaps that throw back to the pitcher as hard as he can. He wants to wake Mel up. Ball two. Now he walks down the path to his pitcher and hands him the ball. What's he saying?

Just a word or two of confidence and a suggestion to pass the batter. Harder is doing this, because, with a man on first, there's a better chance for a double play. Watch how slow Sewall is in getting back to position. He scoops up some dirt with

his finger, he fumbles round with his mask, he pulls on the straps of his protector before he finally gets down. From the corner of his eye he has noticed John Drake, the relief pitcher, warming up in the bullpen, and he wants to give him as much time as possible. Sometimes when he goes down the path it may be to give a signal, of course. And sometimes the pitcher may be the one to say a word to the catcher in these conferences.

Years ago Eddie Mahan, Harvard's great halfback, was pitching against Holy Cross and leading two to one in the last of the ninth. Holy Cross got three men on base with two out. The stands at Worcester were in an uproar, and Mahan saw that his catcher was rattled. He called him out. Their heads went together. 'Hey, Dick, how about going on a party to-night?' The catcher nodded seriously, returned to the plate. Mahan went into the box and struck out the batter.

Sewall stands for a minute before the plate watching his infielders come on to the grass and waving his outfielders about, for Ruffing, pinch-hitting for Pearson, is at bat. He signals for a high ball to prevent a squeeze play, because it's harder to bunt a high ball. But Ruffing is content to wait the pitcher out. Ball one. Strike one. Ball two. The next is high and inside. Then strike two. He swings at the fifth pitch and hits it into the air. Instantly Sewall's mask is off and his head is up. Where is it?

Everyone is calling: 'Luke! Luke!' He sees it behind him, dodges Crosetti, the next Yankee batter, jumps over the row of bats before the dugout, swerves to the right, looks down a second, and — holds out his mitt as the ball falls. 'Home . . . home . . . home!' the whole diamond is calling, fearing the man from third will try to come home. But Sewall's reflexes are instantaneous. He turns, whirls, and throws to the plate all in one movement. Harder is waiting there to cut off the

runner, who retreats to third without attempting to come home.

Two men out. Sewall again comes before the plate and holds up two fingers. Crosetti, the next man, must hit. He swings at the first ball. Strike one. Harder is putting everything he has into this one. Strike two. Ball one. Then Crosetti swings at the next pitch, tops it, and the ball rolls weakly toward third. This is one of the most difficult plays in the game, because the ball might roll foul. Sewall is looking down the line and is in the best position to judge, so he calls, 'First, first!' Harder, running over, must stop, recover balance, turn, and throw to first. He does it — and the man is out by a nose. The game is over.

The crowds pour out of the stands, disappointed that the rally was nipped, but feeling that they've seen a good game and had their money's worth. The two teams run or walk to the lockers, the day's work over — an hour and fifty minutes of concentrated strain in a temperature over 100 all afternoon. Sewall is exhausted as he staggers into the dressing room and removes his steaming clothes. So too is the rest of the team. There is no hilarity, horseplay, or singing, as there usually is when they have won a close game. They dry off, dress slowly, and taxi back to the hotel. Dinner will be their first meal since breakfast, and they'll need it.

V

The one important thing in a pitcher is control. All catchers agree that the easiest man to handle is the pitcher who has control. That's what veteran receivers like Sewall always try to make rookie pitchers realize. Without control you cannot 'build up the hitter,' as the catchers say. You can't keep him in a hole. Therefore anything that increases the pitcher's control helps, and this is why not the least part of the catcher's work is keeping the pitcher relaxed and

contented. In this way much can be done to add to his effectiveness. Teams always do better with pitchers who have control. They call a man who doesn't throw many balls and get the team in trouble 'a ball player's ball player.' *The good catcher makes him one.*

Some pitchers prefer certain catchers and insist on having that man catch them and no one else. Bob Feller of Cleveland always wants to be caught by Ral Hemsley. When Dizzy Dean joined the Cubs he refused to let anyone but Hartnett catch him. It was this confidence he had in Gabby which enabled him to pitch winning ball, once beating the Giants with Hartnett behind the plate by throwing only 88 balls in nine innings.

The catcher gives all the signals to the pitcher, but offensive signals are usually given by the coach behind third, who is seldom an active player. Jack Coombs, the old Athletic pitcher now coaching at Duke, explains why someone not in the game should direct offensive strategy. Once he decided to let a boy on his squad act as coach at third. This lad was to hold his cap in his left hand as the signal for a hit-and-run, and take his cap off his head as a signal for a steal. When three men had all hit safely and all stolen second, third, and home, Coombs rushed to the players' bench. He discovered the boy at third had taken off his cap and forgotten to put it back on again.

Catchers have many tricks to influence umpires, none of which, needless to say, are oversuccessful. They try to block an umpire's vision on bad balls, but the umpire who knows his business sees each ball as it comes across the plate. One favorite trick is to swing the ball over the centre of the plate as it strikes the mitt to make it appear a

strike. Often when there are two strikes on the batter and the next pitch is close the catcher will hurl the ball to third as if it were a strike and the man were out. These gestures influence the fans more than the umpire.

Everyone, including the manager of the Cubs, admits that Gabby Hartnett is one of the best catchers in the big leagues to-day. One player even goes so far as to call him the greatest catcher baseball has ever seen. That man should know. He was once Gabby's manager on the Cubs, and has had pretty fair success since. His name is Joe McCarthy. Hartnett, who has also worked for Bill Killefer, George Gibson, Rogers Hornsby, Rabbit Maranville, and Charlie Grimm, reciprocates by nominating McCarthy as the greatest all-round manager in the game. Statistics seem to bear him out.

There's eternally something different in baseball, which is one reason it has lasted one hundred years from the time when Abner Doubleday laid out the first diamond at Cooperstown, New York. Sewall, a catcher with twenty-five years' experience in college and big-league baseball, puts it this way: 'I try to learn something different every afternoon. That's what makes baseball so interesting. There's a different problem coming up in every game.'

Speaking of Sewall, what was he doing that steaming evening after Cleveland's 1-0 defeat of the Yanks in New York? The majority of the boys had gone to an air-conditioned movie, the only place in town to keep cool. Not Sewall. He was in his room with Manager Vitt, going over the hitters on the St. Louis Browns. The following night the team was to entrain for a three-game series in St. Louis, and there were new batters coming up to the plate.

'Now this fella Don Heffner — if I were you I'd feed him . . .'

ON READING VERSE ALOUD

BY ROBERT HILLYER

[ALTHOUGH the main theory — the ninth principle — expounded in this article has been tested on thousands of lines, I cannot guarantee that an occasional exception cannot be found. For the reader's convenience I have adopted a simple notation: ' a short syllable; ~ a medium-length syllable; — a long syllable; × a pause; × × a long pause; × × × a very long pause. — AUTHOR]

MOST readers of poetry perform by ear, and depend on the free dramatization of meaning or mood to carry them along. Since few have a good natural ear, the results are generally embarrassing to the audience. Not even poets themselves can, as a rule, manage their own cadences properly. They chant, vociferate, mumble, and grunt. The inner ear may have accomplished wonders of subtlety, but the outer fails to observe them. The following pages are designed to aid the many who would practise a technique which has, in fact, clear principles based on the presentation and rhythms of English verse.

The first obstacles to be overcome are self-consciousness and the consequent instinct to interpret rather than present the work. One should aim to be the bow in the master's hand — not the master himself. Any poem worthy the name has enough intensity within itself to obviate the need for dramatization. The reader should deliver himself up to the poem as its instrument. 'Make me thy lyre'! Since poetry should never be chanted, pitch should be flexible. The two extremes to be avoided are 'elocution' and singsong.

For more concise and definite principles we must penetrate the inmost shrine of Rhythm where pulse those mysterious forces which move beneath the flow of English metre. Many prosodists have entered this shrine never again to emerge into the sweet light of the sun. Locked in mortal combat with each other, or lost in the gigantic mazes of Theory, they sacrifice both life and poetry. Since I have every intention of returning unharmed, I shall give voice to a few theories only — and then run. Furthermore, I shall deal merely with those theories that are essential to the understanding of reading aloud.

First, we have the paradox of accent, or stress. English verse is indubitably based on a *theoretical* (but not an actual) pattern of recurrent accent. An iambic pentameter, we say, is a five-foot line, each foot containing an unaccented, followed by an accented, syllable. It would be difficult to find many such lines in the whole range of English poetry, for our verse is based on recurrent accent as an iceberg is based on the larger part that is submerged and invisible.

Much have / I trav / ell'd in / the realms / of gold.

Much and *trav* are full accents, but *much* is theoretically in the wrong half of the foot. *Realms* and *gold* are weaker accents. *In* cannot be accented at all. Thus we have an iambic pentameter not with five, but with only two, primary accents. Why, then, is such a line permissible?

Because the *time rhythm* darts back

and forth in ever-changing units to give balance to the line as a whole. It shrinks where the accent is strong, and expands where the accent is weak. In the line quoted above, *in* is not adequate to the metrical place it occupies. Therefore the time rhythm holds up the line with the long syllables *realms* and *gold*, which compensate for the missing stress. Thus we have a constant interplay between accent and time, between strength and length, which, in spite of irregularity in detail, brings every line to a metrical balance. Time rhythm is like the spider alert to repair every rent in the symmetry of the web. Accent rhythm is the web itself. With due apologies to Keats, let us rewrite his line, substituting short syllables for his long ones. 'Much have I travell'd in the infinite.' It drops to pieces (as poetry of the 'infinite' generally does).

This second rhythm works through two equally important elements. The first is called *duration*, and depends on the length or shortness of an individual syllable. *It* is short; *slow* is long; and between these extremes lie innumerable variations of swiftness or length. Although long durations are generally dependent on long vowel sounds, in words like *strength*, wherein the consonants draw out the sound, we find not only a full accent, but a long duration as well. The second element in time rhythm is a silence, a *pause*. Pause corresponds to the 'rest' in music. It is essential that the reader of poetry consider both duration and pause with rapt attention. They are the time rhythm, time smoothing out the irregularities of accent. They must be over-observed. Their differences must be brought out far more emphatically than in the reading of prose. Also, acceleration is just as important as retard. Short syllables must be staccato, or the long cannot fulfill their contrasting function. For practice, take Housman's line: —

The fleet foot × on the sill of shade.

It is as necessary to hurry over the quick syllables *on the* as to draw out the two equal longs *flee* *foot*. Note, in passing, that only the word *sill* receives a full accent. An even more striking example is Bridges's

Ah × × soon × × × when Winter has all
our vales opprest.

In this line the exceedingly long durations *ah* and *soon*, with their long attendant pauses, are equal in time to the nine syllables which follow. Only the first syllable of *Winter* and the second syllable of *opprest* receive a full accent. Yet in theory this is an iambic pentameter, scanned thus: —

Ah soon / when Win / ter has all / our vales / op-
prest.

It is apparent how widely divergent are the underlying metres and the actual sounds of English verse.

At this point the reader is doubtless wondering what he should do about the accent rhythm. We have agreed that beneath the surge and thunder of the time rhythm a regular, though submerged, accentual pattern sustains the verse. Let us change our original figure and compare the accent to a skeleton, which, though unseen, holds the anatomy to its proper form and proportion. We can always scan metrical verse accentually even if we do not read it according to the scansion. Such a metrical chart might be compared to an X-ray picture of the bony structure beneath the flesh. Even such a line as Milton's

Hail ho / ly Light / off spring / of Heav'n / first-
born

will submit to the investigation. In Shakespeare's

In sooth / I know / not why / I am / so sad

the bony contour is nearer the surface. Poets often delight in conjoining fat and lean lines for the sake of variety. For practical performance, the reader should disregard accent, provided that he read

naturally so that the accents fall into their natural places as they would in lively conversation. Accent is the essence of the English tongue, and may be left to take care of itself. It is impossible not to accent where an accent truly belongs. More often words are falsely accented because of their metrical position. This fault should be avoided. It would be impossible not to accent these lines properly:—

× × Break × × Break × × Break ×
On thy cold gray stones O Sea!

It is also very easy to overdo. Study the time units, the slow, the quick, the pause; then stress will assume its proper place. In the ordinary iambic pentameter, the average number of full stresses is not more than two.

Pitch presents a vaguer problem, because the raising or lowering of the voice varies with the individual. For example, a relative of mine used to start every sentence at the top of the scale, slide to the bottom about two thirds of the way through, and, at the end, slide halfway up again. A foreigner would have thought him in a perpetual state of questioning worry. For the most part, Americans do not avail themselves nearly enough of a changing pitch. They avoid it as an affectation and lose half the effectiveness of their native tongue in drone, drawl, and growl. Yet the American voice is, in general, far richer than the English. Leaving out Cockney, — and that super-Cockney, the 'Oxford accent,' — we mistakenly accord superiority to the English *voice*, whereas actually the more flexible *pitch* gives the advantage. Pitch is to our tongue as hand-waving is to the French: its expressiveness, its emphasis, and its point. *Without sliding pitch the reading of verse cannot be effective.* Yet I cannot set any formula, or improvise a tune. I have noticed that, in moments of excitement, Americans lose their self-consciousness and sing out very well. Any good poem should arouse sufficient excitement to

limber up the vocal cords. Away with constraint!

Enjambment is a problem which causes more confusion than pitch, yet has a clear solution. A large proportion of lines in English verse, especially in long poems and the drama, are locked together by their syntax: they 'run over' into each other; they are 'enjambéd.'

Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood,
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.

In these lines of Marvell's, we note the sentence structures running through line after line, with no chance for a pause to indicate the end of a line. The same device is common in blank verse. More than two thirds of the lines in *Paradise Lost* are enjambed; and Shakespeare, especially in his later plays, poured the lava of his thought over long series of boundary walls. The mishandling of Shakespeare's enjambments is notorious.

There are two wrong ways of treating this device orally, and one right way. The poets themselves have so clearly pointed out the right way that I fail to understand how so many have missed it. The problem is this: a sentence leaps from line to line, ignoring metrical boundaries — how shall we preserve the integrity of the individual lines without placing pauses where they do not naturally occur? Or, on the other hand, preserve the normal syntax without melting the lines together into a formless mass? The old school of Shakespearean actors declaimed the speeches by the line and imparted a false rhetoric to the whole. The modern school follows the syntax merely and puts the poet to rout in favor of the dramatist.

But no such dilemma exists. All poets, consciously or instinctively, have indicated the method to be employed in reading enjambment. In enjambed passages, every line that runs over into the next is terminated by a syllable with a long

A good many consonants, such as *n*, *m*, *l*, and *ng*, have echoes which fill out a unit:—

Wake × for the sun | has scattered into flight.

Note how the two long syllables *Wake* and *flight* balance the two ends of the line.

When two similar consonants collide at the end of one word and the beginning of another, a pause is demanded to avoid running the two words together.

While she lies × |
Sleeping. ×

As I have said, the units sometimes meet in the middle of a word, as in the first of these two lines:—

Where in her Mediterran | ean mirror gazing
Old Asia's dreamy face × | wrinkleth to a west-
ward smile.

By way of final illustration, let us divide an entire poem into its time units. Fearful that my colleagues in the art might object if one of their productions were thus anatomized, I offer up a lyric of my own for vivisection. (Let no saucy reader substitute the word *autopsy*.)

Note well that, though I have had to divide each line to denote the two units, there should be no pause between them unless a pause is indicated.

At the beginning of this article I said that I do not offer up this theory of verse in the sanctum of Prosody, where it would doubtless, and probably its author also, be torn to pieces by the contending votaries. I offer it in the sunlight of practical experience to the many who, as I have cause to know, seek guidance for the correct presentation of English poetry.

NIGHT PIECE

There is always the sound		of falling water here,
By day, blended with		birdsong and windy leaves,
By night, the only sound,	×	steady and clear
Through the darkness and half-		heard through sleepers' dreams.
Here in the mottled shadow		of glades, the deer
Unstartled, waits	×	until the walker is near,
Then with a silent bound,	×	without effort is gone,
While the sound of falling wa		ter goes on and on.
Those are not stars		reflected in the lake,
They are shadow of stars		that were there æons ago;
When you walk by these waters		at night, you must forsake
All you have known of time;	×	you are timeless, alone,
The mystery almost revealed		like the breath you take
In the summer dawn	×	before the world is awake,
Or the last breath	×	when the spirit beyond recalling
Goes forth to the sound		of water forever falling.
Swift as deer,	×	half-thoughts in the summer mind
Flash with their hints of		happiness and are gone;
In the dark waters	×	of ourselves we find
No stars but shadows		of stars which memory lost.
Dark are the waters		under the bridge we crossed,
And the sound of their falling		knows neither end nor start.
Frail are your stars,	×	deep are your waters, mind;
And the sound of falling		water troubles my heart.

CHINA'S LAST LINE OF DEFENSE

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

I

KUNMING, capital of Yunnan Province, picturesquely situated on a plateau which lies over a mile above sea level, is a city of amazing and fascinating contrasts. Ten years ago the riksha was an innovation and a rarity in this sleepy, opium-sodden centre of a remote and neglected province. Now the fast and remarkably safe airplanes of the Eurasia Company, a joint Chinese-German corporation, transport one in a few hours from Kunming over the mountains to Chungking, the new nationalist capital, to Hanoi, in French Indo-China, or to Kweilin, the much-bombed city of fighting Kwangsi Province.

Much of the life in Kunming still moves at the water-buffalo pace of the Chinese interior. But the riksha puller, who vents his wrath in picturesque imprecations on the mother of anyone with whom he collides, may look up and see foreign airplanes of various makes, piloted by Chinese cadets, circling over the city. The typical Yunnan small shopkeeper still drowns over his opium pipe. But next door to his shop one may meet the energetic, wide-awake engineers of the bureau that is working day and night drawing up blueprints for the new Burma-Yunnan railway.

A foreigner is linguistically lost without some guidance in the colorful streets and alleys of Kunming, with their penetrating smells and their choking dust. But one may step off one of these streets, enter an unostentatious gateway, and find oneself in the highly intellectual

company of a score of university professors and other educated men, late of Peiping and Tientsin, who are ready and eager to discuss, in most admirable English, the problems of war and reconstruction, the outlook in Europe, the philosophies of Communism and Fascism.

For Kunming ranks with Chengtu, in Szechuen, as one of the two chief cultural centres of nationalist China. Three universities — the National and Chinghua, of Peking, and Nankai, situated in Tientsin until it was bombed and burned down in the summer of 1937 — are now established there as a common unit, with over two thousand students and most of their professors. And two or three more universities are on their way to the Yunnan capital.

All these contrasts are symbolic of the great changes that are coming over China's neglected and little-known interior under the stress of a war that has given the enemy the main ports and rail and river arteries of communication, together with the most industrialized parts of the country. During a meeting with the sympathetic British Ambassador to China, Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, after the fall of Canton and Hankow, Chiang Kai-shek outlined his plans for the future in approximately the following terms: —

We retain control of a vast inland empire, where the Japanese cannot follow us, except at ruinous cost. Hitherto provinces like Szechuen, Kansu, Shensi, Yunnan, and

Kweichow have been primitive and undeveloped. Now we shall make out of wartime necessity an unrivaled opportunity to modernize these regions, to enrich our country materially and culturally. New highways, to be followed by railways, mines, factories, schools, will change the face of our hinterland. We possess both the technical skill and the capital for this task, because so many of our educated classes have left the cities which are under Japanese occupation. Our capitalists also are looking for new places in which to invest their funds. Not for a moment shall we abandon the provinces where the Japanese have penetrated. Guerrilla warfare will make it impossible for them to exploit profitably what they have seized. And when we return, as we certainly shall, to take back our lost territory we shall be a stronger, richer country than we were before the war began.

I have heard the same ideas expressed by General Wu Teh-chen, former Governor of Kwangtung Province, with whom I talked shortly before the fall of Canton, and by many other Chinese. And, as it becomes increasingly clear that this war is not so much a mere trial of military strength (in that case Japan could already be considered the victor) as a supreme test of national endurance, the significance of the Chinese effort in national reconstruction becomes all the more evident.

One should not imagine that the building up of a new China in the deep interior is as easy as it may sound on paper. The difficulties which must be overcome are prodigious. The provinces which are under the undisputed control of the nationalist government are almost without railways, and without large factories or modern industrial experience and technique. Illiteracy is very high. About three fourths of the population of Yunnan (estimated at eleven or twelve million) consists of aboriginal tribes. Indeed, as the government is pushed to the West the problem of tribal and religious minorities becomes more important. Extensive regions in the West and Southwest are inhabited by Miaos, Lolos, and other tribes, while there are

large blocks of Moslem territory in the Northwest and far West.

Not only are China's Western provinces deficient in any industrial base; they are also landlocked. War materials and industrial equipment, together with the exports which must pay for these imports, must be dispatched by slow, roundabout, and inconvenient routes. To be sure the Chinese have displayed remarkable ingenuity and resourcefulness in evading the rather loose Japanese blockade and conveying goods to foreign purchasers. Little-used creeks and rivers, together with the backs of innumerable patient coolies, have brought silk and cotton and wood oil over devious routes to points of sale. But the whole foreign trade of nationalist China is being carried on under abnormal conditions, which tend to limit the volume and to make deliveries slow and uncertain. Trucks are never a satisfactory substitute for freight trains; and it is on trucks that China must mainly rely for the transportation, over vast distances, of its munitions and essential supplies.

Moreover, almost all the reconstruction projects must be undertaken under a constant and frequently realized threat of Japanese air bombing. There is not a large town in China to-day that is out of range of what the Japanese like to call their 'wild eagles.' Kunming is geographically about as favorably situated as any place; but it was attacked from the air last September. During my stay there the neighboring town of Kweiyang was severely bombed. There have been air raids on Chungking, the nationalist capital; on Sian and Lanchow, in Shensi and Kansu; on Wanh sien, a large town on the upper Yangtze; while Kweilin and other towns in Kwangsi have been devastated by bombings. And, while air bombing is not necessarily decisive, it is an effective means of disorganizing normal activity.

I received an object lesson in this connection when I landed at the South

China port of Pakhoi. The town seemed almost dead, with more shaggy dogs than people in the streets. The majority of the remaining inhabitants had gone out into the near-by hills during the morning and early afternoon hours which were the favorite time for air raids. Foreign ships were obliged to lie over for days before frightened coolies could be induced to load and unload cargo.

II

The Japanese are convinced that the maintenance of their grip on China's normal ways of access to the outside world, combined with merciless air bombing of strategic points and routes of communication in the interior, will thwart any military or economic revival on the Chinese side. But a visit to Yunnan furnishes abundant evidence that a genuine Chinese reconstruction effort is being made and that the results are by no means negligible.

Yunnan has now become China's last line of defense, and also one of its chief windows to the outside world. Since the fall of Canton, China has been obliged to rely largely on three limited and round-about routes of communication for foreign supplies. These are the narrow-gauge railway from Hanoi to Kunming, the new motor road from Burma, and the long caravan trail, now adapted to motor transport, from Siberia through Chinese Turkestan to Lanchow and Sian. The first-named routes both converge at Kunming.

One has only to travel over the Hanoi-Kunming railway — a superb piece of mountain engineering on the Chinese side of the frontier, where the line traverses some magnificent scenery during its climb from the tropical jungle at the Indo-China frontier to Kunming — to realize that its possibilities as a carrier are limited. The railway has a narrow gauge and cannot be operated at night on the Chinese side of the border because of the danger of accidents. Its total capac-

ity is about 90,000 tons a month. The tremendous congestion at Haiphong, chief port of northern Indo-China, where goods are so heaped up that it is often difficult to find shipments, is clear proof of the inadequacy of the Indo-China railway.

The usefulness of this French-owned line to China is further diminished because of the nervousness of the French authorities in Paris and Hanoi in the face of Japanese pressure. Despite the existence of a Franco-Chinese treaty, signed in 1930, which provides for the unrestricted importation of arms into Yunnan, a ban on munitions shipments has been proclaimed and, especially since last November, rigidly enforced. Small quantities of arms, purchased before the outbreak of the war, have been run into South China ports by junks from Haiphong. But the railway has remained closed to such shipments. It was generally understood that this ban on munitions was the price of Japanese abstention from seizing Hainan Island. In view of the clouds on the European horizon, however, it seems doubtful whether the Indo-China frontier will be opened for munitions shipments even now, when the Japanese have fulfilled their navy's long desire to take over Hainan.

For a time French restrictions and red tape also held up large numbers of trucks which China had purchased in America. Now these trucks are gradually filtering into China. The French authorities — with a rather juvenile attempt at concealment which deceives no one, least of all the Japanese, whose intelligence service is quite well informed — at the time of my visit to Indo-China were allowing these trucks to depart in small groups and only at night.

There are no administrative obstacles to munitions shipments over the Burma highway. But there are formidable natural handicaps in connection with this route. The rapid building of the road, running over seven hundred miles, part of the way through difficult mountainous

country, is a monument to Chinese energy. About 150,000 laborers were pressed into service for its construction. But solidity was sacrificed to speed. The stone surfacing of the highway is not thick enough, and some of the bridges have proved unequal to the strain of heavy traffic.

According to the director of military transportation in Kunming, about one hundred trucks arrived in that city over the highway during the month of January. This would not provide the equivalent of a single normally loaded freight train. The director expressed confidence that a two-way service, with forty trucks daily arriving at Kunming and at the Burma terminus of the highway, would soon be installed. One could not but feel that this forecast is somewhat optimistic. It is generally agreed that during the rainy season in spring and summer the road, built in many places out of soft, crumbling rock, will be liable to interruption through washouts.

It was interesting to find in Kunming that work is being vigorously pushed on the new Burma-Yunnan railway. The roadbed has been laid down for a considerable distance from the town and work has started on the first tunnel. The railway will run from Kunming to Nantai, on the border, thence to Lashio, the Burma railhead, for a total distance of over six hundred miles. The line will run parallel to the general course of the highway for the first half of the route, subsequently deviating in a more southerly direction. The estimated cost is 100,000,000 Chinese dollars, of which about 25,000,000 dollars (approximately 7,500,000 American dollars at the pre-war rate of exchange) must be paid in foreign currency for material and equipment which must be purchased abroad. Credits for this sum have been arranged or are in prospect from British sources.

Were this railway now in existence, it would go far toward solving China's problems of supply. Such a line, in the extreme southwestern corner of the

country, would be reasonably assured against military attack and even against air bombing. But, as every ton of rails must be brought up over the Indo-China railway, there is no prospect of completing this new line before the end of 1941.

China's third means of communication with the outside world, the 'Red route' from Russia, is so long that trucks are often handed over to the Chinese at the end of the run, since it is not profitable to operate them on the return run of over two thousand miles of rough road. It cannot, therefore, add much to the supplies which are reaching China through Indo-China and Burma.

Defective communications do not represent an immediate threat to China's military position. A fair quantity of arms, imported before the fall of Canton, is stored in temples, caves, and other places throughout the interior. Arsenals at Chungking, Sian, Nanning, and other towns can turn out weapons of light calibre. The need for a regular supply of heavy arms is not pressing, because positional warfare has virtually ceased since the fall of Hankow. But of course transportation difficulties retard the progress of economic construction.

Nevertheless new factories are going up in Kunming, as in other cities and towns of the interior. The National Resources Commission, a state organization, is investing 25,000,000 Chinese dollars in a group of tin and copper mines and industrial plants. The latter include a copper refinery, a copper-wire factory, an electrical power plant, a chemical works, and a factory for the manufacture of electrical equipment. All except the chemical factory are supposed to be completed during the present year.

On the outskirts of Kunming, not far from a textile factory which is soon to be enlarged considerably, one finds an airplane factory, carefully guarded by sentries, with its roof camouflaged in neutral colors to avert the attention of hostile bombers. This plant was built,

curiously enough, with German technical aid, and is equipped to turn out airplane bodies. These will be supplemented by motors from the electrical equipment factory. The Curtiss-Wright interests are associated with the construction of another airplane works, still unfinished, near the border of Burma.

Some six hundred Chinese military pilots are in training in three schools at Kunming, at Mongtze, to the south, and at Talifu, to the west. There are about fifteen American instructors in the Kunming school. So far Chinese aviation has labored under severe handicaps. The airplanes have been of varied foreign makes, and damaged parts have been hard to replace. By the general testimony of foreign instructors, the Chinese are fair pilots but poor mechanics, and they have probably cracked up more of their own airplanes than the Japanese have shot down. There is now a determined effort to build up a new air force, however, with centres not only in Yunnan (conveniently remote from Japanese air attack), but also in Szechuen and Shensi.

III

One of the most interesting developments in Yunnan is the impact of the educated outsiders on the province. It was both striking and symbolic to hear a composition by Liszt being played on the impromptu campus of the 'universities in exile.' Going into the chemical and biological laboratories of the universities, one found some plucky experiments in practical research being carried on with pitifully inadequate equipment. A mobile oil substitute was being extracted from the wild castor beans which grow abundantly in Yunnan Province. Glycerine and vaseline substitutes were being extracted from the same source as part of a general effort to utilize vegetable instead of mineral oils, as the latter must be imported. The chemical laboratory looked like a kitchen; pots, kettles, meat grinders, were being pressed

into service for lack of regular equipment.

Another scientific experiment is the artificial insemination of tung-oil trees, which are being transplanted into Yunnan from other provinces. Research is being advanced in such fields as combating insect pests and developing better grades of cotton in connection with efforts to make Yunnan more self-sufficient by introducing new crops, such as cotton and tea, to replace the opium poppies, the cultivation of which is being discouraged.

The aboriginal tribes of the province are being studied as never before, because of the influx of intellectuals from outside. Newspapers and magazines are multiplying. There can be little doubt that the present mass migration of educated Chinese will change many aspects of China's remote interior, even though progress will inevitably be slow.

Although Yunnan has become far more important for China than it ever was before, both because it represents a last line of defense and because its frontiers march with those of Indo-China and Burma, it is not under the direct control of the Central Government. There are no Central Government troops in the province. The Governor, Lung Yun, is the last surviving old-fashioned war lord in the sense that he concentrates all military, political, and financial power in his own hands. Together with a small group of local well-to-do families, he holds an interest in almost all the industrial, mining, and commercial enterprises of Yunnan.

When Wang Ching-wei left the nationalist camp, he departed from China by way of Kunming, and there are rumors that he endeavored to persuade Lung Yun to enter a secessionist movement which would have embraced the southwestern provinces of China. There have also been rumors of friction between Lung Yun and Chiang Kai-shek, in which T. V. Soong played the part of a mediator. The Yunnan governor was

said to have resented the loss of two armies which he had sent to the front.

Outwardly, however, Lung Yun has maintained an attitude of complete loyalty to Chungking. At the time of my visit, recruiting was proceeding vigorously in Kunming; the old walls and gates of the city were plastered with posters calling for resistance to the end and depicting Japanese outrages. General Pai Chung-hsi, on a visit from Kwangsi, had just made a fighting speech, declaring that the Japanese could never reach Kunming, giving an optimistic picture of the prospects of guerrilla warfare, and pronouncing himself 'for the Generalissimo, in peace as well as in war.' The loyalty which both Pai Chung-hsi and his associate have displayed toward their formerly bitter political opponent, Chiang Kai-shek, has unquestionably been an unpleasant surprise to the Japanese and one of many proofs of a new-found Chinese unity.

It may well be that those observers who believe that Chinese public opinion is too strong to tolerate any secessionist movement will prove correct in the future, as in the immediate past. In this case Lung Yun may be expected to remain loyal, despite the absence of visible means to coerce him. On the other hand, should Chinese resistance be destined to crumble (and Chinese defeat would most probably assume the form of a slow crumbling, whereas Japanese defeat would be in the nature of a sudden spectacular break), Yunnan would perhaps be one of the first places where this crumbling could be observed.

Yunnan Province is therefore an interesting laboratory for the double experiment, first of organizing reserves of resistance, and secondly of building up economically by throwing large numbers of educated Chinese among the masses with whom they have hitherto had little contact.

AND STILL THE HEART

BY ROBERT NATHAN

Now from the world the dream of God is gone,
And men in darkness move and are afraid,
These blaming heaven for the evil done,
And those each other for the part they played.
And all their woes on God are strictly laid,
For being absent from these earthly ills,
Who set the trees to be the noonday shade,
And placed the stars in beauty on the hills.
Turn not away, or cry that all is lost;
It is not so, His voice is in the light
As once it was when Egypt's mighty host
Rode to the sea and vanished in the night.
For still the heart, by love and pity wrung,
Finds the same God as when the world was young.

UNDER THIRTY

[What are the aims, the experiences, and the perplexities of the Post-War Generation? The ATLANTIC intends to find out. Space has been reserved for the best letters written by men and women under thirty. The letters should, if possible, be compassed within 650 words, and those published will be paid for. Under special circumstances, anonymity will be preserved. — THE EDITOR]

I HAVE EVERYTHING!

New York City

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

I have everything! I am twenty-two years old and I earn forty dollars a week in a tall modernistic skyscraper in New York City. I have a buzzer on my desk (Mr. Andrews of the Wages and Hours says that is a sign of an executive) and my name is on the elevator bank. I have a delightful pair of parents and share with them a nice home in the country and the pleasures of suburban living, such as a car, walks in the country, horseback riding, tennis, and golf. I have many interesting friends with whom I share happy days and evenings. I go to the theatre. I have met fragments of the so-called New York society and have explored the night clubs. I have a closet full of clothes, a moderate bank account, and insurance. I have just been commissioned to write an article for a magazine. At the end of the year I shall be married to a fine boy who not only has the distinction of having charm and a pleasant personality, but has a fine background as well as a lucrative profession, and we are in love. Surely there is nothing missing!

Six years ago I graduated from high school with very moderate marks. My appearance was shameful. I had a very bad complexion, owing to the fact that my European mother and father had never heard of vitamins or a balanced

diet. I had never been in a beauty parlor and had never used any cosmetics but powder. I was exceedingly unpoised. I had never had any parties, never had any company at my house, and had had only two unchaperoned dates. My wardrobe consisted of sweaters and skirts and a 'Sunday dress,' oxfords and polo coats. I had never been to the theatre or a night club. I had never worked a day in my life. I had never been on friendly terms with my parents. I went to school in clothes that they had chosen for me, and returned to read, or sew, or practise the piano until dinner. At dinner they politely questioned me as to my day at school and then sent me to bed. Our house was full of the ghastliest Mid-Victorian relics, which revolted me. I was extremely unhappy and escaped into a lovely imaginary world of my own in which I wore delightful clothes, was president of my class, was a very efficient secretary, and married the boss's son.

Somewhere between here and there something happened. Luck, you will say.

Luck, nothing! Applied psychology is the word, plus plenty of hard work.

I learned that in order to get the type of position I wanted I had to have something to offer. I decided I'd get that something and that job; and I did. I worked on my appearance; I went to doctors about my complexion; I dieted; I learned vitamins and calories; I exer-

cised; I read fashion magazines and made my own clothes, or bought copies of originals, and soon in appearance I was as charming and sophisticated as the next girl. I went to night school; I brushed up on my shorthand and brought it up to 145 words a minute (125 is average, but I didn't want an average job); I read books on psychology and how to get along with people; I studied people and learned to do the things that would make them like me.

I learned that if I wanted my family to treat me as a grown-up contemporary I should have to prove I was one. It was hard to change the habits of forty years of living, but through hard effort we now have a compromise that is admirable.

Since I didn't like my mother's diets, I learned how to cook, and now plan the meals. I discovered my father had been a cavalry officer, and now we ride horses together. I redecorated my room and included the family in the plans. They had fine ideas, but never realized decorating could be done so cheaply; and we have done the whole house, room by room. I brought my friends home and included my family in all my parties and company. They discovered that my friends, both male and female, were nice young people and I in turn discovered that my family were charming company.

Oh yes, I have everything! But I've worked and earned everything I have — and so can you.

A. P.

VIENNA TO MANILA

Manila, Philippine Islands

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

I was born in Vienna during the war in the year 1915, and no sisters or brothers followed me. My father, a cashier in a great bank, and my mother, a concert singer, indulged me only too much. After finishing the Volksschule

and Gymnasium, I studied four years in the University of Vienna and got there my *Absolutorium-Certifikat* in Botany and Zoölogy. I finished also a very interesting thesis about plant cancer, which will be published very soon in a German scientific magazine. I was just ready to make my final examination for getting the doctor's degree when Hitler came and forbade me to finish my studies.

My father, having his pension, was not forced to go out, and therefore I had to think it over as to what I was to do. I had no possibility to study myself, because no library was open for me, every public garden was closed, and no bath during summertime could refresh me.

But I take the situations as they are and I had to find out some possibility. To leave Vienna was a very difficult problem, and thousands of other persons wanted the same thing. It was almost easier to go to heaven than to get a visa; only Shanghai was not closed. Therefore there was only one possibility for me — namely, Shanghai. My next step was then to study the map to find a place for my future. Shanghai seemed, for a single girl like me, an awful place, but then my eyes fell upon the Philippines. I did not know very much about this place, but I just felt instinctively that this was the right one, and without any relation or acquaintance there I decided to go to Manila. There I could study the tropical flora, and also Oriental culture influenced by American and European civilizations. The Philippines are closed, and without affidavit no visa was issued. Yet I was told that one could get it in Italy or in some other place.

I had to think of going away; what was the use of staying there? I could never get a position in Vienna; I was not allowed to enter a coffeehouse, a show, a concert, or an opera. It was even dangerous to speak with a German friend, because if an Aryan is supposed to be well

acquainted with a Jew or a half Jew he could lose his position or get an ill reputation. How could a young girl live under such circumstances?

In the beginning of October I started for some place in the Orient. My microscope, a guitar, a violin, the ship ticket, and twelve dollars were my whole treasure.

In Italy I was not able to get a visa for Manila and I had to think of going to Shanghai. To my greatest surprise I did not find one other single girl like me, going without parents or friends. From Aden I wrote to my parents that I should go to Bombay because it was not possible for me to get a visa for Manila. When I arrived at Bombay the landing officers would not allow me to stay in Bombay, because I had no visa for Bombay. The offer of money did not change their attitude.

Now began an awful time, because I was always the centre of sensation. Really, when the captain asked me where I should go, I did not know. The next letter to my parents I wrote that I intended to go to Shanghai.

Walking through Singapore, I went, as was already my habit, to the American consulate. A very nice young gentleman to whom I explained my situation gave me at last the visa for Manila. No one can imagine how happy I was. My goal was near, the Philippines, a real Oriental country, a mixture of West and East, a land with the most interesting fauna and flora, a new race, and a people who loved music. (This knowledge came from the *Lexicon*.)

After one month of traveling I was landing in Manila; the first time alone, without parents, help, friends, position, and money. In the first moment I had a very peculiar feeling in my stomach, seeing all those brown men looking at me, speaking some unknown language. Also their English did not sound familiar to me. But I was not discouraged at all. I knew that I had a strong character, I knew many things. And loneliness? No,

when I saw so many well-known plants I said to myself, Now you are not alone, you have many well-known friends here; it does not matter if they are only plants.

I went directly to the Y.W.C.A. because I believed and I was told that this would be the safest place for a girl. I was received there so heartily that I felt really very happy. The next day I got a position as a cashier in an American tea-room.

Never in my life had I worked as a cashier. All the special expressions were new. My English was so poor that I could hardly speak about common things. I had to know all the dishes and different drinks and to know all the prices. But in some way it was very interesting. I had the opportunity to study more psychology than one can learn out of books.

Yet I was not satisfied, because my intention was to continue my work in Botany. To get a position I had to enroll one year in the University. This was really very hard, for I was working from three o'clock in the afternoon to twelve o'clock in the evening and I had to go to the University in the morning and to wash and clean up. One must also not forget that the climate of Manila is, for a white girl coming directly from Vienna, not a good one. One gets tired very soon, and especially studying is not easy if one is not fresh. It was also very hard for me to understand all lectures, such as political science, history of the Philippines, and so on, because there were so many new vocabularies. Also the background was unknown for me.

There is no possibility for my parents to send me money and therefore I have to earn the money for living and studying. After one month in the restaurant I got a position as graduate assistant in the University of the Philippines in the Botany Department. Now I am very happy; I can work in my line and study at the same time.

MONA LISA LINDENBERG

THE PASSING OF THE ALIBI

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

I

WE are to-day in a testing period for democracies throughout the world. The Fascist states boast of their success in extirpating crime and establishing order. It has been done, but at an enormous cost to liberty. We face the challenge to produce and maintain, without such sacrifice, an ordered liberty in which the rights of the law-abiding are preserved and maintained, and crime both punished and repressed. It is a challenge which must be met by our criminal law, and mainly by improvement in the machinery of the laws of our states.

In most of our American states we have been very slow in doing anything fundamental in the improvement of our criminal law. Racketeering flourishes; lawlessness goes undetected and unpunished. Our law-enforcing agencies are compelled to meet with a blunderbuss the high-powered weapons of the gangster.

One reason why basic changes in the American criminal law to meet lawlessness have been so slow is that we suffer from a complex — largely a lawyer-made complex, which it is important that the layman should understand.

We have been led to believe, for example, that it would be impossible for us to do what England has done so successfully in completely modernizing her criminal jurisprudence thirty years ago; that there are constitutional limitations, state and national, which make such fundamental changes impossible for us.

We imagine ourselves to be confronted with constitutional hurdles and barriers of a quite insurmountable character. We approach any real reform in criminal law with the same apprehension with which a doctor approaches a major operation. We see a long line of constitutional arteries likely to be cut unless we are abnormally careful — or do nothing.

The first ten Amendments in our Federal Constitution were, as every schoolboy knows, adopted because our forefathers were worried lest our new national government should turn out to be a despotism. These Amendments were part of an effort to provide against such a development. Perhaps our forefathers were right. We are still worried about the subject, and with plenty of new reasons, but that is quite a different story.

What our forefathers did was to specify in these Amendments a long series of things which the new Federal Government should not do. Through them we guaranteed ourselves, for example, that the new government should not take from us freedom of speech and the press, the right of assembly or of religious freedom; we required jury trials in the Federal Courts, and the like. These limitations were for the most part an embodiment of the ancient Bill of Rights wrested by the English people in the seventeenth century from the Stuart kings, and they are effective limitations to-day on our federal lawmaking power.

They were not, however, limitations

upon the states or upon state lawmakers at the time they were enacted. But after the Civil War came the Fourteenth Amendment, which declared that no state could 'deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law.' Then arose a new set of judicial questions. Were the ancient limitations upon federal legislation in the first ten Amendments now made limitations upon the states as well? What do these very general terms 'life, liberty, and property' and 'due process of law' mean?

We have had for three generations a wilderness of decisions over them. To my own profession the mystic meaning of these beautiful words has been a continuous gold mine during all these happy years. It is still an alluring field for study by elderly lawyers who are interested in judicial learning and legal history, and not very much in progress. It is particularly dull reading for the layman. One aspect of the matter does interest him, however, and that most vitally. How much of a real handicap on progress in criminal-law reform is contained in these Amendments to the Constitution? Have they put us in a seventeenth-century strait jacket, or not?

A recent decision of our United States Supreme Court gives illuminating and encouraging answers to these questions. It deals with an interesting subject — the finality, so far as the state is concerned, of verdicts of juries in criminal cases. It considers this question, moreover, in an opinion which should serve to dispel the last of our doubts about our power as states to deal directly and effectively with crime — if we want to. If we do not wish to do it, that, of course, is another matter. But the ancient alibi that the Federal Constitution and the Supreme Court won't let us meet modern conditions with modern weapons is once more shown to be a worthless excuse for inaction.

This, I think, is fairly important. It is exceedingly desirable to encourage the layman to enter the field of criminal-

law reform by removing the taboo of constitutional mystery so long in vogue. Leaving criminal-law reform to lawyers is neither necessary nor in the public interest, as English experience has so clearly shown. The water is fine, there are no sharks, and the layman should know it.

II

The background of the case I am about to consider is this: there is no appeal possible, under the law as it stands in almost all American states, from a verdict of 'Not guilty.' The trial judge may have erred grossly in his charge by misstatements of law. He may have permitted a latitude to the prisoner's counsel in the injection of irrelevant and sympathy-provoking evidence prejudicial in the highest degree to justice. The rights of organized society interested in justice by law may have been outraged. But when a jury, misdirected as to the law, misled by the skillful injection of false issues by adroit counsel for the guilty, has brought in its verdict in the defendant's favor, he goes free. The outraged ideal of justice suffers, but is helpless.

It suffers largely, as I have said, because of the popular supposition that it is impossible under our constitutional law ever to permit the state itself to appeal from the verdict of a jury in a criminal case for any reason whatsoever. The basis for this supposition is the so-called rule against double jeopardy, an old principle of the common law which Blackstone set out in his *Commentaries* when he said: 'No man is to be brought into jeopardy of his life more than once for the same offense.' One of the Amendments to the Constitution to which I have referred expresses this principle almost in Blackstone's language: 'nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb.'

It has been generally thought that to permit an appeal by the state against

errors in law injurious to justice — if it resulted in a reversal and a new trial, as in a civil case — would in effect be subjecting a defendant to double jeopardy; hence the ordinary American rule that the state must take the verdict of the jury as final. The defendant may appeal against the verdict which convicts him; the state may not appeal against the false verdict which acquits him.

In practically all of our American states this rule produces the same effect. Under it the criminal lawyer has one and only one objective; if he attains it his success is certain. It is the right answer to the question of the clerk of the court when he asks the foreman of the jury for its verdict. The gross buffoonery, the charlatanism, the false atmosphere which pervades so many of our criminal trials, are due in large part to this simple fact.

No competent lawyer for a party to any civil suit would ever permit himself to do things in the course of a trial which the criminal lawyer does every day. The civil lawyer would be foolish if he did so, because a civil-jury verdict, after a trial full of reversible error, only awaits the action of an appellate court for its correction — the inevitable new trial.

The reason why our laws allow no appeal for the injured people of the state and place this handicap on justice to its law-abiding citizens lies, as I have said, in the so-called double-jeopardy rule and the constitutional provisions prohibiting a man from being placed in jeopardy by a retrial even if the original trial was conducted in gross violation of the law.

III

So much by way of preface to the case of *Palko v. State of Connecticut*, which the United States Supreme Court decided in December 1937 (302 U.S. 319). Under a law adopted in 1886, Connecticut is one of the few states of the Union which permit appeals by the state itself in criminal cases. The appeal is carefully limited to questions of law. It also re-

quires the permission of the trial judge who tried the case. But with his consent the state has the same power to appeal from errors in law as has an ordinary litigant in civil actions.

Palko, it seems, had committed murder in Connecticut. On his first trial the court refused to permit the introduction of proof of a confession by him. It excluded testimony upon cross-examination of Palko himself tending to impeach his testimony. The court misdirected the jury as to the difference between first-degree and second-degree murder. Palko was accordingly found guilty of murder in the second degree, and given a life sentence. The District Attorney appealed, complaining against these errors.

The conviction was reversed in the Connecticut Supreme Court of Errors, and the indictment was sent back for a retrial. On the new trial Palko was convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to death. Before a jury was impaneled his counsel placed on the record the objection that the effect of the new trial was to place Palko twice in jeopardy for the same offense and thus to violate the Fourteenth Amendment.

Before this important case was decided, there was excellent reason for Palko's counsel to feel that he had the better end of the argument. While, as I have said, the Fifth Amendment of the Constitution, forbidding double jeopardy, is applicable only to trials in the federal courts, it is still necessary to consider the effect of the subsequent Fourteenth Amendment and its familiar language, 'nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law.' Was retrial under the same indictment, when the first trial had been grossly prejudicial to the interests of the state, in fact a second jeopardy, prohibited by due process of law? Was the state forbidden to deprive any of its citizens of this right not to be tried again? These were the questions to be answered by the highest court of the nation.

Time and again the courts of states other than Connecticut had held that appeals by the state could not exist in criminal cases; that to permit such appeals would be a violation of the double-jeopardy rule — a rule stated not only in the Federal Constitution but in the constitutions of most American states as well.

The happy accident which brought Palko's case to the Supreme Court was that Connecticut had no provision in her own constitution against double jeopardy. Her own highest court approved the second conviction of Palko. The test to be applied to her statute which permitted, under safeguards, appeals by the state was the test of the United States Constitution alone. So here at last was presented to the bar of the Supreme Court this direct question: Does the Constitution of the United States prevent the state from giving to its own law authorities, engaged in the prevention and punishment of crime, power to appeal in criminal cases where injustice to peace and order have been done in their criminal courts?

The importance of the question the Supreme Court considered in Palko's case will appear when one considers a practical aspect of the handicap which a constitutional question puts upon legislation. To illustrate, a generation ago American state courts had before them the legal problems arising out of the Workmen's Compensation principle. Was this principle, which Asquith stated so pithily, — 'the blood of the workman should be part of the cost of the product,' — one which violated the United States Constitution, or was it one which violated state constitutions alone? New York, for example, found that her first statute on Workmen's Compensation was, according to her Court of Appeals, a violation of her own constitution. She promptly changed her constitution to make the legislation effective. If the United States Supreme Court had held — as it did not — that the principle also

violated the due-process-of-law clause in the Federal Constitution, there would have remained the long task of procuring an amendment to the Constitution, which might have taken a generation.

IV

This Connecticut murderer's case is the first ever to reach the United States Supreme Court requiring consideration of the law of an American state permitting appeals by the state in criminal cases. It involves, as I have said, a test of a statute which permits such appeals by the standard of the Constitution of the United States alone. If the Constitution does not contain this handicap against such appeals, the way is left open for American states to adopt their own legal machinery by which such appeals may be made, the atmosphere of criminal trials changed, the rights of law-abiding people maintained against the inroads of crime.

It happens to be one of the last opinions rendered by Justice Cardozo, written in that extraordinarily luminous English with which this Rembrandt of judicial statement expressed the logic of justice. The Court reaches its conclusions by a process of reasoning exceedingly broad in its scope, shedding a new light upon an aspect of our constitutional law on which literally thousands of judicial decisions have been rendered — the perpetual question of the meaning of these general terms, life, liberty, and property, which the Fourteenth Amendment tells us no state can take from us without due process of law. It enlarges very materially the power of the states to improve their systems of criminal law, relieved from the fear of unconstitutionality under the Federal Constitution.

How many of these prohibitions against federal law in the first ten Amendments are, the Court asks itself, attributes of life, liberty, and property which cannot now be taken away but must be recognized under the Fourteenth

Amendment, adopted after the Civil War, as binding on the states as well, and which prevent state legislation? Are they all of the same essential character? Are they all, equally, prohibitions against legislation by the states? What is the test to be applied in determining these questions?

The Court reviews prior decisions passed upon some of the provisions of these Amendments constituting the Federal Bill of Rights. The Fifth Amendment, for example, provides that no person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime unless on presentment or indictment of a grand jury. The Court had previously held that, in prosecutions by a state, presentment or indictment by a grand jury may give way to informations at the instance of a public officer.

In the same way, by prior decisions, the Supreme Court ruled that trial by jury may be modified by a state or abolished altogether. The test which the Court now applies in *Palko's* case is to determine what rights constitute 'fundamental principles of liberty and justice which lie at the base of all our civil and political institutions.' These are the rights, the Court declares, which may not be destroyed or impaired by the states. Justice Cardozo says:—

On which side of the line the case made out by the appellant has appropriate location must be the next inquiry and the final one. Is that kind of double jeopardy to which the statute has subjected him a hardship so acute and shocking that our polity will not endure it? Does it violate those 'fundamental principles of liberty and justice which lie at the base of all our civil and political institutions'? The answer surely must be 'no.' What the answer would have to be if the state were permitted after a trial free from error to try the accused over again or to bring another case against him we have no occasion to consider. We deal with the statute before us and no other. The state is not attempting to wear the accused out by a multitude of cases with accumulated trials. It asks no more than this, that the case against him shall go on until there shall be a trial free from the

corrosion of substantial legal error. This is not cruelty at all, nor even vexation in any immoderate degree. If the trial had been infected with error adverse to the accused there might have been review at his instance, and as often as necessary to purge the vicious taint. A reciprocal privilege, subject at all times to the discretion of the presiding judge, has now been granted to the state. There is here no seismic innovation. The edifice of justice stands, its symmetry, to many, greater than before.

The *Palko* case is not important merely because the right of the state to appeal in criminal cases is in itself a supremely important matter. It is mainly important for the reasoning by which that right is sustained, because it so clearly indicates the existence of the reservoir of unused power in our American states to create, if they wish, laws needed for order in a world which is putting new tests upon the efficiency of democracy.¹

V

Here, for example, is what the Court has to say about something else, another American complex — the immunity from compulsory self-incrimination, that refuge of silence which follows the formula so familiar to the hard-pressed in criminal trials: 'I decline to answer on the ground that it tends to incriminate or degrade me.'

Indirectly the effectiveness of this formula was successfully overcome years ago when the United States Supreme Court declared that there was no constitutional objection to a ruling in New Jersey under which, for example, its courts have held that the failure of a defendant to take the stand in his own behalf might be commented on by the trial judge in his charge. Such comment has been expressly forbidden in many states, the theory being that any such comment would violate the presumption of innocence which clothes the defend-

¹ It is interesting to note that bills intended to tap this reservoir of unused power opened up by the *Palko* case are pending in the Legislature of New York at its present session. — AUTHOR

ant throughout the whole period of his trial and requires that his guilt must be proved beyond a reasonable doubt. It is a somewhat metaphysical distinction, to say the least. It is urged by criminal lawyers that to permit such comment would have a tendency to make the defendant take the stand in his own behalf and thereby perhaps incriminate himself.

Tenderness to the accused could scarcely go much further, but how valuable the right of silence is to the accused may be questioned. Common sense is difficult to eliminate entirely from criminal trials. The fact that a defendant does not tell his own story seems ineradicably suspicious to the average juror when he comes to weigh the problem of guilt or innocence.

In the Palko case the Supreme Court, speaking of immunity from compulsory incrimination, says:—

This too might be lost, and justice still be done. Indeed, to-day as in the past there are students of our penal system who look upon the immunity as a mischief rather than a benefit, and who would limit its scope or destroy it altogether. No doubt there would remain the need to give protection against torture, physical or mental. Justice, however, would not perish if the accused were subject to a duty to respond to orderly inquiry.

Let us consider for a moment the startling last sentence from this quotation. As all students of criminal law know, orderly investigation by magistrates of the facts and circumstances of crime, including persons under suspicion who have to answer questions, is part of the established procedure in the law of continental Europe. Having no corresponding system, we use in America a lawless substitute for it, the third degree, a purely American term describing a continual disgrace to our jurisprudence. Time and again our courts have had to consider this lawless and cruel substitute for that orderly investigation of the facts concerning the commission of

crimes which a rational system might make possible. It is one of the black spots in the practical workings of our criminal law, and has been there a long time. We sentimentalize about it, we preach against it, we make profitable movies and plays with the third degree as the enthralling theme; we do nothing else about it. The third degree is mainly a product of police incapacity, cruelty, and stupidity. As Sir James Fitzjames Stephen said years ago in his discussion of the proposed Indian Evidence Act: 'It is always easier to sit in the shade under a banyan tree and rub red pepper in some poor devil's eyes than to go out into the hot sun looking for evidence.'

The lawless third degree, the proceedings in the back room of the police station, the stringing up of a terrified prisoner by the thumbs to induce a confession by torture, should, of course, stop. The lawless process succeeds only when the methods of confessional extortion are supplemented by perjury on the part of public officials. It will not stop by merely preaching against it. The door is now open to American states to consider and adopt, if they think it advisable, a lawful and orderly American system by which such examinations can be made under proper legal safeguards. The clear implication of the Palko decision is that such a system would be no violation of the Amendments to the Constitution.

What the dictators in the Fascist and Communist world may think about democracy is not important. What is important—and increasingly so, month by month—is what we think about it ourselves, and particularly what our thinking makes us willing to do in an increasingly lawless country to perfect the necessary basic machinery for law and order, and the prompt detection and punishment of crime, without which liberty tends to be a remote ideal rather than a living reality.

The survival of democracy itself may depend upon our answer.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

STAYING AT HOME

Now since I've learned that while I stay
I can make quiet bear and pay,
I care less if no callers come.
I sound my thought with quiet's plumb,
And study down the gold in bread
All day until my hunger's fed.
The less my eyes are on the door,
The greater do I trust the floor
And what is under it, the cool
Dark soil that will forever rule.
At dawn I rise to use the sun.
By noon my work is often done.
But in the eve, like skimming cream,
I take the day and skim its dream
To drink and make my spirit light.
I stay at home to stay in flight.

WADE VAN DORE

SING A SONG OF MUD-TIME

THE road commissioner, who knows Vermont mud if anybody does and is not exactly young, avows that there has been no spring like this one since he can remember. From the hill villages and the back roads, by telephone, by messenger on foot or horseback, by grapevine telegraph, he receives every few hours a fresh complaint about some highway morass that will promptly become passable if he will only dump a load of gravel into it.

'Just a load of gravel — that's all!' he says witheringly. 'And how do they think I am to get a load of gravel to it? Carry it in a reticule? I can't get a truck in there; I can't even get a team in there — not drawing a load. We can't get near four fifths of the places that are howling for help.'

As a matter of fact, those who intimate that a load of gravel will do the trick are just illustrating the notorious Vermont knack of understatement. On our much-used South Road there is one forty-foot stretch into which, for one entire week-end, an immense truckload of gravel was poured every time a car went over it; but on Monday you would never have known the difference. In the

pre-automobile era it was fascinating to watch a horse-drawn vehicle navigate this pocket when the frost was coming out. A sort of wave, a leisurely ground-swell of clay, would precede the horse and follow the wagon, spreading to either side. It was exactly like the billow that escorts a skater on the thinnest ice that will 'bear.' One side of the road sank, the other rose. No one ever quite broke through until motors came in, and then everyone broke through. After the first spring of chronic trouble — thirty years ago — they excavated the whole pocket, lined what they were pleased to consider its bottom with 300-pound boulders, and refilled with crushed rock and gravel. But, pussy-willow time this very April, the surface again took to heaving and billowing as if not a thing had ever been done. Under wheel pressure the boulders popped to the surface as if they were bubbles. A maw like that will gulp down a five-ton truckload of gravel without even losing the edge of its appetite. And it is only one of the few that can be got at. Fancy, then, what those are like in the real hinterland, where cars drop through until actual water swirls over the brake and clutch pedals.

A hill-village correspondent of the town paper is goaded into writing with elaborately bitter facetiousness: 'Many artesian wells are being sunk in this part of the town, using automobiles for covers. Some covers adhere to the wells and are removed with the assistance of pries and horses. Other covers remain for some time.' The very light car I drive opened such a gusher last week in a farmyard driveway that had never spewed out trouble before. It gave me a grand (and unaccustomed) swelling of the ego to get myself out in less than thirty hours, self-reliantly, without oxen or even a watch tackle.

It is easy for city folk, frequenters of the numbered routes, to forget that all such regions as ours have from a dozen to twenty-five miles of back road for every mile of hard-surfaced, year-round highway. So it is; and people live on every mile of pretty nearly every such road. Naturally, it is basic in the

complex long-range strategy of country living that you arrange to do your backwoods traveling before or after mud-time, and during it to stay put. But that is only the ideal principle of the thing. You cannot count on getting it deferred to by the cow that needs a vet, the tooth that screams for the forceps, the child that runs a sudden temperature. We do, in spite of principle, have to get out, or try to. I tell myself that this is the very last day (or the very first) on which an expert mud driver, like me, can squeak through. Not until the bottom drops out from under me do I sadly admit that the last such day was yesterday, or the first such to-morrow.

Mire, uncertainty of arrival, certainty of delay, and the herculean labors of extrication being the prolonged miseries they are, what is it that makes mud-time in the whole the pleasant, spiritually easygoing interlude it is in our year? Why does it produce at the moment so little of fret, exacerbation, and raving, and afterward so much by way of a pleasant glow in the memory? I have contemplated this little country paradox through many a New England spring before the present epic one, and I have become sure that the answer is mine. For all the physical woes there is one immense compensation. It is a moral compensation, and its name is fellowship. Mud-time brings us together. The year-round mood of the road — every man for himself, and devil take the hindmost — gives way to the philosophy of all for one and one for all.

It is not merely that on this subject, all having been at some time in the same fix, we thoroughly understand one another. It is not only that mud, being the chief topic of conversation and nub of activity, draws together the rich and the poor, the thrifty and the shiftless, the profane and the pious, the young and the old — not to speak of the automobile and the horse. It even draws the sexes together.

For the rock-bottom basis of social solidarity on the bottomless roads is the cardinal fact that all things and everybody belong to us and are at our service, without cost, penalty, or obligation. Stuck in the mud, we do things to the back-country neighbor that in another season would get us a prompt bullet through a tire if not birdshot in the calf. We rip rails from his cow lane. We leave gaps in his stone walls. We raid his piled cordwood. We clip his barbed wire to

short-circuit a mudhole by digression through his field. He comes out egging us on and fetching supplementary tools. If the prospect is grim, he fades away to reappear in five minutes with a harnessed team, and scoffs at the tender of pay. The old lady living alone, and ordinarily scared to death of strangers, comes out in a shawl to preside sociably, anecdotally, over our crude engineering operations, and when they are over she urges tea and cookies upon us, with not even a glance at the gumbo we track on to her kitchen floor. The children pitch in and lug stones. The very watchdogs forget to yap and sit watching us with what looks like kind solicitude. Every mishap means from two to a dozen pleasant acquaintanceships with folk half of whom, if you had first known them in some context other than mud, you might have found curmudgeons.

If you want to see strangers get together, if you want to experience in its full intensity the grand emotion of *neighborhood*, you have only to wait until something disrupts the communication system — that smooth, effortless system that, functioning in its normal perfection, turns most of us into glassy-eyed, speeding strangers to one another. Let who will agitate and logroll for better roads: I sing the bad ones and the friendly unity that travels them when wheels and hoofs bog down.

The children, of course, get the spirit of the thing. (Jane, who is four, was heard yesterday saying to Ting, who is not two: 'Come on, Ting, let's go take a walk. Let's go take a hog wallow.') When they are octogenarians they will ruminate: 'No, the winters are not what they used to be. And the springs! Why, when I was a boy a grown man couldn't step into his own dooryard in anything lower than waders. Children under six were not allowed out without a strong man accompanying them. It was a law — yes, sir! In the famous spring of '39 the mud came rolling down the hill roads in regular waves, and when you took a car up the Brook Road the whole surface teetered in one piece until the side you weren't on stood up two feet above its bed. You kids nowadays don't know anything. Not anything. No more mud now, thanks to WPA and all the other modern improvements — blast them! How *can* kids know anything, with no mud left for 'em to learn on?'

WILSON FOLLETT



The Atlantic Serial

Rogue Male

by—GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

CHAPTERS I TO VIII

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GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

Author of the new Atlantic serial, 'Rogue Male'

THE ATLANTIC made 'a discovery' when, in the early spring of 1936, the editor received a long short story from an unknown Englishman with a most inviting name, Geoffrey Household. 'The Salvation of Pisco Gabar' was its title, and the story itself was so exceptional that it was accorded the lead position in the June issue. In the months that followed, the *Atlantic* bought Mr. Household's new stories as fast as they arrived, and within the year arrangements had been made enabling Mr. Household to devote his full time to his writing and to begin work on his first novel, which eventually appeared in 1937 under the title *The Third Hour*.

Geoffrey Household went down from Oxford with a First Class in English Literature directly after the war. Since then he has lived in the four quarters of the earth. Business first took him to the Balkans; thence he moved to Spain, which has become his 'other country' and the language of which he speaks like a native. Having decided to earn his living by writing, Mr. Household crossed the Atlantic and arrived in the United States simultaneously with the Depression. Hack work kept him alive in Manhattan for two years. 'It was not bad fun,' he says, 'but

too exhausting. I took the thing seriously.' Then back he went into business, to become the representative of an English firm in Europe, the Near East, and South America. So the years passed until the *Atlantic* knocked at his door.

The *Atlantic* is confident that its readers will find the new serial, *Rogue Male*, a novel of great originality. By way of explanation the author has appended the following note to his title page:—

'The behavior of a rogue may fairly be described as individual, separation from its fellows appearing to increase both cunning and ferocity. These solitary beasts, exasperated by chronic pain or widowerhood, are occasionally found among all the larger carnivores and graminivores, and are generally males, though, in the case of hippopotami, the wanton viciousness of old cows is not to be disregarded.'

With each twelve months of the Atlantic

**THREE GREAT BOOKS
OF THE YEAR**

ROGUE MALE

BY GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

I

I CANNOT blame them. After all, one doesn't need a telescopic sight to shoot boar and bear; so that when they came on me watching the terrace at a range of 550 yards, it was natural enough that they should jump to conclusions. And they behaved, I think, with discretion. I am not an obvious anarchist or fanatic, and I don't look as if I took any interest in politics; I might perhaps have sat for an agricultural constituency in the South of England, but that hardly counts as politics. I carried a British passport, and if I had been caught walking up to the house instead of watching it I should probably have been asked to lunch. It was a difficult problem for angry men to solve in an afternoon.

They must have wondered whether I had been employed on, as it were, an official mission; but I think they turned that suspicion down. No government — least of all ours — encourages assassination. Or was I a free lance? That must have seemed very unlikely; anyone can see that I am not the type of avenging angel. Was I, then, innocent of any criminal intent, and exactly what I claimed to be — a sportsman who couldn't resist the temptation to stalk the impossible?

After two or three hours of their questions I could see I had them shaken. They didn't believe me, though they were beginning to understand that a bored and wealthy Englishman who had hunted all commoner game might well find a perverse pleasure in hunting the

biggest game on earth. But even if my explanation were true and the hunt were purely formal, it made no difference. I couldn't be allowed to live.

By that time I had, of course, been knocked about very considerably. My nails are growing back, but my left eye is still pretty useless. I wasn't a case you could turn loose with apologies. They would probably have given me a picturesque funeral, with huntsmen firing volleys and sounding horns, with all the bigwigs present in fancy dress, and put up a stone obelisk to the memory of a brother sportsman. They do those things well.

As it was, they bungled the job. They took me to the edge of a cliff and put me over, all but my hands. That was cunning. Scrabbling at the rough rock would have accounted — near enough — for the state of my fingers when I was found. I did hang on, of course. For how long I don't know. I cannot see why I wasn't glad to die, seeing that I hadn't a hope of living, and the quicker the end, the less the suffering. But I wasn't glad. One always hopes — if a clinging to life can be called hope. I am not too civilized to be influenced by that force which makes a rabbit run when the stoat is after him. The rabbit doesn't hope for anything, I take it. His mind has no conception of the future. But he runs. And so I hung on till I dropped.

I was doubtful whether I had died or not. I have always believed that consciousness remains after physical death

(though I have no opinion on how long it lasts), so I thought I was probably dead. I had been such a hell of a time falling; it didn't seem reasonable that I could be alive. And there had been a terrifying instant of pain. I felt as if the back of my thighs and rump had been shorn off, pulled off, scraped off — off, however done. I had parted, obviously and irrevocably, with a lot of my living matter.

I had crashed into a patch of marsh; small, but deep. I couldn't see or feel how much damage had been dealt. It was dark, and I was quite numb. I hauled myself out by the tussocks of grass, a creature of mud, bandaged and hidden in mud. A slope of scree rose sharply from the marsh. I had evidently grazed it in my fall. I didn't feel the pain any longer. I could persuade myself that I was no more seriously hurt than when they put me over the cliff; so I determined to move off before they came to find my body.

I had, though I didn't then know it, a good deal of time to play with; they hadn't any intention of finding my body until it was stiff and there were independent witnesses with them. The unfortunate brother sportsman would be accidentally discovered with his corpse undisturbed, and the whole history of his fate perfectly plain on the nasty sloping rock from which he had slipped.

The country at the foot of the cliff was open woodland. I remember nothing except that there were thin shadows and thick shadows. The image in my mind is so vague that they might have been coverts or clouds or waves of the sea. I walked about a mile, I suppose, and chose a thick darkness to faint in. I came to a sort of consciousness several times during the night, but let it slide away. I wasn't returning to this difficult world till dawn.

When it was light, I tried to stand on my feet, but of course I couldn't. I made no second effort. Any movement of the muscles interfered with my nice cake of mud. Whenever a crust fell off I started

to bleed. No, I certainly wasn't interfering with the mud.

I knew where there was water. I had never seen that stream, and my certainty of its direction may have been due to a subconscious memory of the map. But I knew where water was, and I made for it. I traveled on my belly, using my elbows for legs and leaving a track behind me like that of a wounded crocodile, all slime and blood. I wasn't going into the stream — I wouldn't have washed off that mud for anything in the world.

This was the reasoning of a hunted beast; or rather, it was not reasoning at all. I don't know whether a sedentary townsman's mind would have worked the same way. I think it would, if he had been badly enough hurt. You must be badly hurt to reach that stage of extinction where you stop thinking what you ought to do, and merely do it.

I made the trail look as if I had taken to the stream. I crawled to the edge and drank, and turned myself round in a shallow, a safe two inches deep, where the signs of my wallowing would be washed out. They could track me to the cover where I had lain up for the night, and from there to the water. Where I had gone when I left the water they would have to guess.

Personally I had no doubt where I was going, and the decision must be credited to my useful ancestors. A deer would trot upstream or downstream and leave the water at some point that the hunter's nose or eyes could determine. A monkey would do nothing of the sort; he would confuse his tracks and vanish into a third dimension.

When I had turned round in the shallows, I wriggled back again — back and back along the damned snake's track I had made. It was easy to follow; indeed it looked as definite as a country lane, for my face was only six inches above the ground. Thinking about it now, I wonder that they didn't notice, when they followed me to the stream, that some of the grass was bent the wrong way and

that I must have gone back on my tracks. But who the devil would think of that? There aren't any laws on what print a man leaves when he's dragging his belly — and on such a monster of a trail there was no apparent need to look for details.

The outward journey had taken me under a stand of larch, where the earth was soft and free of undergrowth. I had brushed past the trunk of one tree which I now meant to climb. The lowest branch was within two feet of the ground; above that were another and another, sweet-smelling sooty branches as close together as the rungs of a ladder. The muscles of my hands were intact. I had gone beyond worrying about the state of surfaces.

Until I was well above the level of a man's eyes I did not dare rest boots on branch; they would have left caked prints that no one could miss. I went up the first ten feet in a single burst, knowing that the longer I held on to a branch the less strength remained to reach the next. That half minute was just a compelling of one hand above the other: two pistons shooting alternately from heaven knows what cylinder of force. My friends have sometimes accused me of taking pride in the maceration of my flesh. They are right. But I did not know that I could persuade myself to such agony as that climb.

The rest was easier, for now I could let my feet bear my weight and pause as long as I wished before each hoist. My legs were not limp; they were immovable. That was no disadvantage. I couldn't fall, wedged in as I was between the little branches of that prolific tree. When I climbed into the narrowing of the cone and the boughs were thicker and smaller and greener, I got jammed. That suited me well enough, so I fainted again. It was luxury, almost sin. I was not in pain, not hungry, not thirsty, and I was safe.

It must have been the early afternoon when I heard the search party. As they

worked down the slope to the north of my tree I could watch them. The sun was in their eyes, and there was no risk of their spotting my face among the soft green feathers of the larch which I pushed aside. So far as I could tell, my legs were not bleeding; drops falling on the lower branches would be the only immediate sign of my presence. The slight bloodstains from my hands were there to be seen if anyone looked for them, but, on black boughs in the half-lit centre of a tree, not readily to be seen.

Three uniformed police were trampling down the hillside: heavy, stolid fellows enjoying the sunshine and good-humoredly following a plain-clothes man who was ranging about on my trail like a dog they had taken for a walk. I recognized him. He was the house detective who had conducted the first part of my examination. He had proposed a really obscene method of dragging the truth out of me and had actually started it when his colleagues protested. They had no objection to his technique, but they had the sense to see that it might be necessary for my corpse to be found and that it must not be found unreasonably mutilated.

When they came nearer I could hear scraps of their conversation. The policemen were looking for me with decent anxiety. They knew nothing of the truth, and were in doubt whether I had been man or woman and whether the case had been accident or attempted suicide. They had been notified, I gathered, that a cry or a fall was heard in the night; then, unobtrusively guided by the detective, they had found my knapsack and the disturbance in the patch of marsh. Of course I could not work out the situation at the time. I could only receive impressions. I was growing to my tree and aware of immense good nature as I listened to them. Later on, I made sense of their words.

Seeing my reptilian trail disappear into the stand of larch, the house detective perked up and took command. He

seemed certain that I should be found under the trees. He shouted to his three companions to run round to the other side in case I should escape, and himself crawled under the low boughs. He nearly gave the show away there, for I was supposed to be eagerly awaiting help; but he wanted to find me himself and alone. If I were alive, it was necessary to finish me off discreetly.

He passed rapidly beneath my tree, and on into the open. I heard him curse when he discovered that I had not stopped in the wood. Then I heard their faint voices as they shouted to one another up and down the stream. That surprised me. I had thought of the stream, naturally, as a morning's march away.

I saw no more of the hunt. A few hours later there was a lot of splashing and excitement down by the water. They must have been dragging the pools for my body. The stream was a shallow mountain torrent, but quite fast enough to roll a man along with it until he was caught by rock or eddy.

In the evening I heard dogs, and felt really frightened. I started to tremble, and knew pain again, aches and stabs and throbbings, all the symphony of pain, all my members fiddling away to the beat of my heart, on it or off it or half a bar behind. I had come back to life, thanks to that healing tree. The dogs might have found me, but their master, whoever he was, never gave them a chance. He wasn't wasting time by putting them on a trail that he could follow himself; he was casting up and down the stream.

When night fell I came down from my tree. I could stand, and, with the aid of two sticks, I could shuffle slowly forwards, flat-footed and stiff-legged. I could think, too. None of my mental activities for the past twenty-four hours could be called thinking. I had allowed my body to take charge. It knew far more about escaping and healing than I did.

II

I must try to make my behavior intelligible. This confession — shall I call it? — is written to keep myself from brooding, to get down what happened in the order in which it happened. I am not content with myself. With this pencil and exercise book I hope to find some clarity. I create a second self, a man of the past by whom the man of the present may be measured. Lest what I write should ever, by accident or intention, become public property, I will not mention who I am. My name is widely known. I have been frequently and unavoidably dishonored by the banners and praises of the penny press.

This shooting trip of mine started, I believe, innocently enough. Like most Englishmen, I am not accustomed to inquire very deeply into motives. I dislike and disbelieve in cold-blooded planning, whether it be suggested of me or of anyone else. I remember asking myself when I packed the telescopic sight what the devil I wanted it for; but I just felt that it might come in handy.

It is undoubtedly true that I had been speculating — a curiosity that we all share — upon the methods of guarding a great man, and how they might be circumvented. I had a fortnight's sport in Poland, and then crossed the frontier for more. I began moving rather aimlessly from place to place, and as I found myself getting a little nearer to the house with each night's lodging I became obsessed by this idea of a sporting stalk. I have asked myself once or twice since why I didn't leave the rifle behind. I think the answer is that it wouldn't have been cricket.

Police protection is based upon the assumption that an assassin is a half-crazed idiot with a clumsy, close-range weapon — the bomb, the revolver, or the knife. It is obvious that the type of man who is a really fine shot and experienced in the approaching and killing of big game would shrink from political

or any other kind of murder. He probably hasn't any grievances, and, if he had, the rifle would not occur to him as a means of redressing them. I haven't any grievances myself. One can hardly count the upsetting of one's trivial private life and plans by European disturbances as a grievance. I don't see myself yowling of love like an Italian tenor and poking at the baritone with a stiletto.

A Bond Street rifle, I say, is not a weapon that the bodyguard need consider, for the potential assassin cannot train himself to use it. The secret police, who know all about the political antecedents of anyone disaffected to the régime, are not going to allow such a man to possess a good rifle, to walk about with it, or even to turn himself into a first-class shot. So the assassin is compelled to use a weapon that can be easily concealed.

Now, I argued, here am I with a rifle, with a permit to carry it, with an excuse for possessing it. Let us see whether, as an academic point, such a stalk and such a bag are possible. I went no further than that. I planned nothing. It has always been my habit to let things take their course.

I sent my baggage home by train, and covered the last hundred miles or so on foot, traveling with only a knapsack, my rifle and sight, my maps and my field glasses. I marched by night. During daylight I lay up in timber or heath. I have never enjoyed anything so much. Whoever has stalked a beast for a couple of miles would understand what a superbly exciting enterprise it was to stalk over a hundred, passing unseen through the main herds of human beings, the outliers, the young males walking unexpectedly upon hillsides. I was killing two birds with one stone. I revived in myself a sense of adventure and — well, I don't see why I wrote 'two birds.' There was only one bird: the fun of the stalk.

I arrived on the ground at dawn and spent the whole day in reconnaissance. It was an alarming day, for the forest

surrounding the house was most efficiently patrolled. From tree to tree and gully to gully I prowled over most of the circuit, but only flat on the earth was I really safe. Often I hid my rifle and glasses, thinking that I was certain to be challenged and questioned. I never was. I might have been transparent. I have learned the trick of watching shadows, and standing motionless in such a position that they cut and dapple my outline; still, there were times when even a rhinoceros could have seen me.

Here, at any rate, they had considered the offensive possibilities of the rifle. At all points commanding the terrace and the gardens clearings had been cut; nobody, even at extreme ranges, could shoot from cover. Open spaces, constantly crossed by guards, there were in plenty. I chose the narrowest of them: a ride some fifty feet broad which ran straight through the woods and ended at the edge of a low cliff. From the grass slope above the cliff the terrace and the doors leading on to it were in full sight. I worked out the range as 550 yards.

I spent the night on a couch of pine needles, well hidden under the mother tree, and finished my provisions and slept undisturbed. A little before dawn I climbed a few feet down the cliff and squatted on a ledge where the overhang protected me from anyone who might peer over the brink. A stunted elder, clawing at the gravel with the tips of its topheavy roots, was safe enough cover from distant eyes looking upwards. In that cramped position my rifle was useless, but I could, and very clearly, see the great man were he to come out and play with the dog or smell a rose or practise gestures on the gardener.

A path ran across the bottom of the ride, just above my head, and continued along the lower edge of the woods. I timed the intervals at which I heard footsteps, and discovered that somebody crossed the ride about every fourteen minutes. As soon as I was certain of that, I came out of hiding and followed.

I wanted to understand his exact routine.

He was a young guard of splendid physique with loyalty written all over him, but he had, I should think, hardly ever been out of an industrial town in his life. He couldn't have seen me if I had been under his feet. He knew perfectly well that he was not alone, for he looked over his shoulder again and again, and stared at the bush or the fold in the ground where I was; but of course he put his sensation down to nervousness or imagination. I treated him with disrespect, but I liked him. He was such a sturdy youth, with one of those fleshy open faces and the right instincts — a boy worth teaching. His eyes when he bagged his first tiger would be enough reward for putting up with a month of his naïve ideas.

After I had been round his beat with him and behind him, I knew for how many minutes, at any given time, I could occupy the grass slope and by what route I must escape. When at last the great man came out to the terrace, my young friend had just passed. I had ten minutes to play with. I was up at once on to the slope.

I made myself comfortable, and got the three pointers of the sight steady on the V of his waistcoat. He was facing me and winding up his watch. He would never have known what shattered him — if I had meant to fire, that is. Just at that moment I felt a slight breeze on my cheek. It had been dead calm till then. I had to allow for the wind. No doubt the great man's disciples would see the hand of the Almighty in that. I should not disagree with them, for providence assuredly takes special care of any lone and magnificent male. Everyone who has stalked a particularly fine head knows that. It's natural enough. The Almighty Himself is always considered to be masculine.

I heard a yell. The next thing I knew was that I was coming round from a severe blow on the back of the head, and

my young friend was covering me with his revolver. He had hurled a stone at me and himself after it — immediate, instinctive action far swifter than fiddling with his holster. We stared at each other. I remember complaining incoherently that he was seven minutes early. He looked at me as if I had been the devil in person, with horror, with fear — not fear of me, but fear at the suddenly revealed depravity of this world.

'I turned back,' he said. 'I knew.'

Well, of course he did. I should never have been such a conceited fool as to upset his nerves and his routine by following him about. He had neither heard me nor set eyes on me, but he was aware enough to make his movements irregular.

Together with his commanding officer he took me down to the house, and there, as I have already written, I was questioned by professionals. My captor left the room after disgracing his manhood — or so he thought — by being violently sick. I myself was detached. Perhaps I should not call it detachment, for my body is sensitive and there was no interruption or hiatus in its messages to my brain. But training counts.

I hold no brief for the pre-war Spartan training of the English upper class — or middle class, as it is now the fashion to call it, leaving the upper to the angels — since in the ordinary affairs of a conventional life it is not of the slightest value to anyone; but it is of use on the admittedly rare occasions when one needs a high degree of physical endurance. I have been through an initiation ceremony on the Rio Javary — the only way I could persuade the natives to teach me how their men can exercise a slight muscular control over hemorrhage — and I thought it more a disagreeable experience than any proof of maturity. It lasted only a day and a night, whereas the initiation ceremonies of the tribal English continue for the ten years of education. We torture a boy's spirit rather than his body,

but all torture is, in the end, directed at the spirit. I was conditioned to endure without making an ass of myself. That is all I mean by detachment.

I suspect that resignation was a lot easier for me than for a real assassin, since I had nothing at all to give away — no confederates, no motive. I couldn't save myself by telling them anything interesting. I had no right to endanger others by irresponsible invention. So I kept on automatically repeating the truth without the slightest hope that it would be believed.

At last someone recognized my name, and my story of a sporting stalk became faintly possible; but, whether it were true or not, it was now more than ever essential that I be discreetly murdered. And that was easy. I had admitted that I had not spent a night under a roof for five days, and that nobody knew where I was. They put all my papers and possessions back into my pockets, drove me fifty miles to the north, and staged the accident.

III

When I came down from that blessed larch and found that my legs would carry me, I began, I say, to look forward. It would be supposed either that I was drowned or that I was lying hurt and incapable in some riverside cover where my corpse would eventually be found. The police and the authorities in neighboring villages would be warned to look out for a moribund stranger, but it was most unlikely that any description of me would have been circularized to other districts. The security officers at the house had no official knowledge of my existence and would share their unofficial knowledge with as few outsiders as possible. It was a convenience to have no existence. Had I stolen a watch instead of stalking the head of a nation, my photograph would have been in all the police stations.

If I could walk, if I had new breeches, and if I could pass the danger zone with-

out calling attention to myself, my chance of getting clear out of the country was not negligible. I had my passport, my maps, and my money. I spoke the language well enough to deceive anyone but a highly educated man listening for mistakes. Dear old Holy George — my private nickname for the ambassador — insists that I speak a dialect, but to him polished grammar is more important than accent. That's a superstition inseparable from foreign affairs.

I wish I could apologize to Holy George. He had certainly spent some hours of those last twenty-four in answering very confidential cables about me — wiring as respectfully as possible that the bodyguard of his revered master were a pack of bloody fools, and following up with a strong letter to the effect that I was a member of his club and that it was unthinkable I should be mixed up in any such business as was, he could hardly believe seriously, suggested. I fear he must have been reprimanded. The bodyguard were, on the face of it, right.

It was now, I think, Sunday night; it was a Saturday when I was caught, but I am not sure of the lapse of time thereafter.

I knew roughly where I was, and that, to escape from this tumbled world of rock and forest, I should follow any path which ran parallel to the stream. My journey would not have been difficult if I had had crutches, but I could find no pieces of wood of the right height and with an angle to fit under the arm. It was, when I come to think of it, a nearly impossible quest, but at the time I was angry with myself, angry to the point where I wept childish tears of impotence. I couldn't make my hands use enough pressure on a knife, and I couldn't find sticks of the right length and shape. For an hour I raged and cursed at myself. I thought my spirit had altogether broken. It was pardonable. When everything was impossible, it was unreasonable to expect myself to distinguish between the

miracle that could be forced to happen and the miracle that could not happen.

Finally, of course, I had to accept a miracle that could be forced: to make myself progress without crutches. With a rough staff in each hand I managed about four miles, shuffling over even ground, and crawling for short distances over obstacles or for long distances whenever my legs became unbearably painful. I remember that common experience of carrying a heavy suitcase farther than it can reasonably be carried; one changes it from arm to arm at shorter and shorter intervals until one can no longer decide whether to continue the pain in the right or change to instant pain in the left. So it was with me in my changes from crawling to walking and back again.

I thanked God for the dawn, for it meant that I need not drive myself any farther. Until I knew exactly where I was, and upon what paths men came and went, I had to hide. I collapsed into a dry ditch and lay there for hours.

At last I stood up and had a look at my surroundings. I was near the top of a ridge. Below me and to the left was the wooded valley along which I had come. I had not noticed in the night that I was climbing. Part of my exhaustion had been due to the rising ground.

I shuffled upwards to the skyline. The long curve of a river was spread out at my feet. The near bank was clothed in low bushes through which ran a footpath, appearing and disappearing until it crossed the mouth of my stream by an iron bridge. On the farther bank, a mile upstream, was a country town with a few small factories. Downstream there were pastures on both banks and a small islet in the centre of the river. It was tranquil and safe as any of our hidden English Avons.

I got out the map and checked my position. I was looking at a tributary which, after a course of thirty miles, ran into one of the main rivers of Europe. From this town, a provincial capital, the search for me would be directed, and to

it the police, my would-be rescuers, presumably belonged. Nevertheless I had to go there. It was the centre of communications: road, river, and railway. And since I could not walk I had to find some transport to carry me to the frontier.

At intervals the breeze bore to me the faint sound of cries and splashing. I thought someone was being hurt, — a morbid fancy, natural enough in the circumstances, — but then I realized that the screaming was the collective voice of several women, and that they were bathing. It occurred to me that, when commerce and education stopped for lunch, men might come to swim at the same place, and I could lay my hands on a pair of trousers.

I waited until I saw the girls cross the iron footbridge on their way back to town, and then hobbled down the ridge — a stony, barren hillside where there were, thank heaven, no fences to cross and no officious small holder to ask me what I was doing. The bathing place was plain enough, a semicircle of grass with a clean drop of three feet into the river. Above and below it the bank was covered with a dense growth of willow and alder. I took to my elbows and belly again, and crawled into the thicket. There was already a sort of runway leading into it, which, at the time, I could only assume the Lord had made for my special benefit. I realized afterwards that it had been bored through the bushes by some young fellow who was curious to know the female form and too poor to arrange for it in the ordinary way. I think of him as charitably as I can. From the end of his burrow I had an excellent view of the bushes behind which a modest bather would undress.

My necessary males were not long in coming. Indeed I had a narrow shave, for I heard them yelling and singing their way along the path before I had turned myself round. They were five hefty lads: sons, I should think, of shopkeepers and petty officials. There were

two pairs of shorts, two of nondescript trousers, and an old pair of riding breeches. For my build all had the waistbands too roomy and the legs too short, and I couldn't guess which pair would best fit me. It was that, I think, which gave me the brilliant idea of taking them all. To steal one pair of trousers would obviously direct attention to some passing tramp or fugitive; but if all disappeared the theft would be put down as the practical joke of a comrade. I remember chuckling crazily as I worked my way back to the edge of the bushes.

They undressed in the open, ten yards from the water. That meant there was only one chance for me — to do the job the moment the last man had dived in and before the first came out. It was a mad risk, but I had gone long beyond caring what risks I took.

They dived in within a few seconds of each other, all but one who remained on the bank shadowboxing with his fat-bottomed, idiotic self until a friend, as fed up with his posing as I was, reached an arm for his ankles and pulled him in. I was out of my observation post on the instant and hunching myself across the grass. I got four pairs; the fifth was too far away. I just had time to slip behind a bramble bush before one of them pulled himself up the bank. He didn't look at the clothes — why should he? — and I crawled downstream with the trousers.

Now what was the one place where they would not look? To climb a second tree was unsafe; young men in high spirits naturally think of trees. As for the bushes, they would trample them down like a herd of buffalo. The best place for me was, I decided, the water. No one would expect a practical joker, presumably fully dressed, to go to such lengths as to sink himself and his friends' breeches in the river. I made for the bank and slid under the willows into a patch of still water full of scum and brushwood. Two of them were swimming quite close, but the boughs trailing

in the water protected me well enough from casual glances.

I needn't have taken so much trouble, for the plan succeeded more easily than I dared hope. They dashed up the path, and I heard their voices resounding from the hillside as they yelled for one Willy. When Willy was not to be found, they draped towels round the tails of their shirts and stormed through the thicket. I don't know if they actually looked over the bank where I was. I heard one of them within a yard or two, and ducked. At last in an evil mood they took the path for home and Willy. They never doubted for a moment that the culprit was Willy. I hope they didn't believe his denials till he was thoroughly punished. The sort of man whom one instantly accuses of any practical joke that has been played deserves whatever is coming to him.

Together with the trousers I let myself float down to the islet which I had seen from the top of the ridge. I could use only my arms for swimming. My generation never normally learned the crawl, and my old-fashioned frog's-leg stroke was too painful to be possible. However, I managed to keep myself and my soggy raft of trousers well out into the river, and the current did the rest.

The islet was bare, but with enough low vegetation on its shores to cover me, provided I kept close to the edge, from observation by anyone on the high ground where I had lain that morning. There were four notices, neatly spaced, to the effect that it was forbidden to land. I can't conceive why. Perhaps because any idle person in a boat would naturally want to land, and anything that encourages idleness is considered immoral.

I spread out myself, my clothes, and the breeches to dry in the afternoon sun. I did not attempt to examine my body. It was enough that the soaking had separated textile from flesh with no worse result than a gentle oozing of matter.

I remained on the islet for the Monday night and all the following day. Probably I was there for the Tuesday night too. It was very heaven, for I lay on the sand naked and undisturbed, and allowed the sun to start the work of healing. I was barely conscious most of the time. I would hunch myself into the half-shade of the weeds and rushes and sleep till I grew cold, and I would hunch myself back again and roast and scar my wounds. I had but those two pleasures within attaining, and both were utterly satisfying. I did not want food. I was, I suppose, running a fever, so my lack of appetite was natural. I did suffer from the cold at night, but not severely. I had all the various garments to cover me, and at any other time I should have thought the weather too hot and still for easy sleep.

I awoke, feeling clear-headed and ravenously hungry, at the false dawn of what turned out to be Wednesday. I chose the riding breeches — as I held them against my body they seemed roomy enough not to rub my hide — and threw shorts and trousers into the river. I hope that their small change was not too great a loss to the owners. Only one had a wallet, and that, since it stuck out from his hip pocket, I had managed to slip on top of the rest of his clothes.

I tied two bits of driftwood together with my belt, and put all my possessions on this improvised raft. I found that I could splash with more ease — though the regular motions of swimming were still beyond me — and reached the farther bank, the raft helping, without being carried more than a hundred yards downstream.

On dry land and within a stone's throw of a main road, I had to take stock of my appearance. So far my looks had mattered no more to me than the condition of its fur to an animal; but now I proposed to reënter the world of men, and the impression I made was vitally important. Only my shoes and stockings were respectable. I couldn't bend to

take them off, so the river had cleaned them.

Item: I had to shave off a four days' beard. That was far from being the mere prejudice of an Englishman against appearing in public with his bristles. If a man is clean-shaved and has a well-fitting collar and tie — even reasonably dirty — he can get away with a multitude of suspicious circumstances.

Item: Gloves. The ends of my fingers had to be shown while paying money and taking goods, and they were not human.

Item: An eye patch. My left eye was in a condition that could not be verified without a mirror. The eyelid had stuck to a mess of what I hoped was only blood.

Item: A clothesbrush. My tweed coat had no elbows, but it might pass provided I brushed off the mud and did not turn away from anyone I spoke to.

I had to have these things. Without them I might as well have given myself up. I had not the will to crawl and hobble night after night to the frontier, nor the agility to steal enough to eat; but if I entered so much as a village shop as I was, the proprietor would promptly escort me to the police or a hospital.

The putting on of the breeches was an interminable agony. When at last I had them up, I couldn't fasten the blasted buttons. I managed three and had to forgo the rest for fear of leaving blood-stains all over the cloth. Shirt buttons were quite impossible.

IV

I crossed a field and stood for a moment on the empty main road. It was the hour before dawn, and there was an imperial sky of blue and gold. The tarred surface of the road was blue and calm as a canal. Only the trains were alive, dashing across the flat vale as if striving to reach the mountains before it was day. At my disposal, as the map had told me, were river, road, and railway. I was inclined to favor escape by river. A man

drifting down the current in a boat doesn't have to answer questions or fill up forms. But again there was the insuperable handicap of my appearance. I couldn't present myself as I was to buy a boat, and if I stole one and it were missed, my arrest was certain at the next village downriver.

On the far side of the road was a farm cart, backed against the edge of a field of wheat. I knelt behind it to watch the passers-by. Men were already stirring — a few peasants in the fields, a few walkers on the road. From the latter I hoped to obtain help or at least, by observing them, an inspiration how to help myself.

There was a workman bound for some small factory in the town to whom I nearly spoke. He had an honest, kindly face — but so had most of them. I had no reason at all to suppose he would protect me. Two aimless wanderers went by together. They looked to be persons who would sympathize, but their faces were those of scared rabbits. I couldn't trust them. Then there were several peasants on their way to the fields. I could only pray that they wouldn't enter mine. They would have had some sport with me before handing me over to the police; they looked that sort. There was a wretched fellow mumbling and weeping who raised my hopes for a moment. But misery is in some way as sacred as happiness: one doesn't intrude — not, at any rate, if there is a risk that one might merely add to the misery. Then came another factory worker, and then a tall, stooping man with a fishing rod. He cut across to the river and began to fish not far from where I had landed. He had a melancholy, intellectual face with a deal of strength in it, and I decided to have another look at him.

The tiresome conception of that state has one comforting effect: it creates so many moral lepers that no one of them, if he has a little patience, can long be lonely. The flotsam of the nation is washed together into an unrecognized,

nameless, formless secret society. There isn't much that the bits of scum can do to help one another, but at least they can cling and keep silence. And dawn, I think, is the hour when the pariah goes out. Not for him is the scornful morning with its crowds pointing the fingers of their minds at him, nor the evening when all but he may rest and be merry. But the peace before sunrise cannot be taken from him. It is the hour of the outlawed, the persecuted, the damned, for no man was ever born who could not feel some shade of hope if he were in open country with the sun about to rise. I did not formulate these thoughts at the time. I have developed them in the curious and lonely circumstances under which I write. But I give them for what they are worth to account for my intuition in choosing the right face and the fact that there were so many to choose from.

There was no cover on the farther side of the road and precious little on the bank, so that I had to make up my mind about the fisherman as I slowly and silently crossed the fields towards him. He was paying more attention to his thoughts than to his rod. By the angle of his float I could see that he had hooked the bottom, but he was quite unaware of it. I walked up behind him and wished him good-morning and asked if he had had any luck. He jumped to his feet with the butt of the rod pointed towards me as if to keep me off. I expect he hadn't seen a creature like me in a long time; they haven't any tramps there. Even considering me the last word in villains, he thought it best to propitiate me. He apologized for his fishing, and said he didn't think there was anything wrong in it. He did his best to look servile, but his eyes burned with courage.

I held out my hands to him and asked if he knew how that was done. He didn't answer a word, just waited for further information.

'Look here!' I said to him. 'I swear there isn't a soul in this country who

knows I am alive except yourself. I want gloves, shaving tackle, and a clothesbrush. Don't buy them. Give me old things that have no mark on them by which they could be traced back to you if I am caught. And if you don't mind putting your hand in my inside coat pocket you will find money.'

'I don't want money,' he said.

His face was absolutely expressionless. He wasn't giving anything away. He might have meant that he wouldn't help a fugitive for all the money in the world or that he wouldn't take money for helping a fugitive. The next move was up to me.

'Do you speak English?' I asked.

I saw a flicker of interest in his eyes, but he made no sign that he had understood me. I carried on in English. I was completely in his power, so that there was no point in hiding my nationality. I hoped that the foreign tongue might break down his reserve.

'I won't tell you who I am or what I have done,' I said, 'because it is wiser that you shouldn't know. But so long as no one sees us talking together, I don't think you run the slightest risk in helping me.'

'I'll help you,' he answered in perfect English. 'What was it you wanted?'

I repeated my requirements and asked him to throw in an eye patch and some food if he could manage it. I also told him that I was a rich man and he needn't hesitate to take any money he might need. He refused, — with a very sweet, melancholy smile, — but gave me an address in England to which I was to pay what I thought fit if ever I got home.

'Where shall I put the things?' he asked.

'Under the cart over there,' I answered. 'And don't worry. I shall be in the wheat, and I'll take care not to be seen.'

He said good-bye and moved off abruptly. In one stride he had dissociated himself from me completely. He knew by experience that among the pro-

scribed the truest courtesy was to waste no time in courtesy.

The traffic on the road was increasing, and I had to wait some minutes before I could safely cross into the shelter of the wheat. The sun rose and the landscape budded men and business — barges on the river, a battalion out for a route march on the road, and damned, silent bicycles sneaking up every time I raised my head.

The fisherman was back in an hour, but the road was too busy for him to drop a parcel under the cart unseen. He solved the problem by fetching his rod and sitting on the cart while he took it apart and packed it. When he got up he accidentally left the parcel behind.

To get possession of it was the devil of a job, for I could not see what was about to pass until the traffic was nearly opposite me. I knelt in the wheat, bobbing my head up and down like a pious old woman divided between silent prayer and the responses. At last I plucked up courage and reached the cart. A stream of cars went by, but they did not matter; the danger was a pedestrian or a cyclist who might be tempted to stop and talk. I kept my back to the road and pretended to be tinkering with the axle. A woman wished me good-morning, and that was the worst fright I had had since they pushed me over the cliff. I answered her surlily and she passed on. To wait for a clear road was exasperating, but I needed a full minute free from possible observation. I couldn't plunge boldly back into the wheat. I had to tread gently, separating the stalks so as not to leave too obvious a track behind me.

At last I knelt in peace and unpacked the parcel which that blessed fisherman had left for me. There was a bottle of milk well laced with brandy, bread, and the best part of a cold chicken. He had thought of everything, even hot shaving water in a thermos flask.

When I had finished his food I felt equal to looking in the mirror. I was

cleaner than I expected; the morning swim was responsible for that. But I didn't recognize myself. It was not the smashed eye which surprised me — that was merely closed, swollen, and ugly. It was the other eye. Glaring back at me from the mirror, deep and enormous, it seemed to belong to someone intensely alive, so much more alive than I felt. My face was all pallors and angles, like that of a Christian martyr in a mediæval painting — and I had the added villainy of bristles. I marveled how such a beastly crop could grow in so poor and spiritual a soil.

I put on my gloves, — limp leather, God reward him, and several sizes too large! — then shaved, brushed my clothes, and dressed myself more tidily. My coat and shirt were patterned in shades of brown, and the bloodstains, weakened by my swim to the island, hardly showed. When I had cleaned up and adjusted the eye patch, I came to the conclusion that I aroused pity rather than suspicion. I looked like a poor but educated man, a clerk or schoolmaster, convalescent after some nasty accident. That was evidently the right part to play.

As soon as I was ready I left the wheat, for now I did not care how wide a track I made so long as no one actually saw me emerge. The road was clearer; it had ceased to feed and empty the town, and become an artery in a greater life. Lorries and cars sped by with the leisurely roar of through traffic. Their drivers had no neighborly feelings towards that mile of road, no damned curiosity about a lonely pedestrian. I covered the mile into town, limping along as best I could and stopping frequently to rest. At need I could walk very slowly and correctly, as if I had been waiting for somebody and hanging on each foot.

I was desperately nervous when first I engaged myself between two lines of houses. There seemed to be so many windows observing me, such crowds on the streets. Looking back on it, I cannot

think that I passed more than a score of people, mostly women shopping; but, at the best of times, I have a tendency to ophlophobia. Even in London I avoid crowds at all cost; to push my way through the drift of suburban idlers in Oxford Street is torment to me. The streets of that town were really no more full or empty than those of my own county town, and normally I should not have been affected; but I seemed to have been out of human society for years.

I cut down to the river by the first turning, and came out on to a paved walk, with flower beds and a bandstand, where I could stroll at my artificial pace without making myself conspicuous. Ahead, under the bridge, were moored a dozen boats. When I came abreast of them I saw the expected notice of 'Boats for Hire' on a prettily painted cottage. There was a man leaning on the fence, meditative and unbuttoned, and obviously digesting his breakfast while mistaking that process for thought.

I wished him good-day and asked if I could hire a boat. He looked at me suspiciously and remarked that he had never seen me before, as if that ended the discussion. I explained that I was a schoolmaster recovering from a motor accident and had been ordered by my doctor to spend a week in the open air. He took his pipe out of his mouth and said that he didn't hire boats to strangers. Well, had he one for sale? No, he had not. So there we were. He evidently didn't like the look of me and wasn't going to argue.

A shrill yell came from a bedroom window: —

'Sell him the punt, idiot!'

I looked up. A red face and formidable bust were hanging over the window sill, both quivering with exasperation. I bowed to her with the formality of a village teacher, and she came down.

'Sell him what he wants, dolt!' she ordered.

Her small, screaming voice came most

oddly from so huge a bulk. I imagine he had driven her voice higher and higher with impatience until it stuck permanently on its top note.

'I don't know who he is,' insisted her husband with stupid surliness.

'Well, who *are* you?' she shrieked, as if I had repeatedly refused her the information.

I told my story: how I couldn't yet walk with any ease, and so had thought of spending a holiday in drifting down the river from town to town and realizing a dream of my youth.

'Where's your baggage?' asked that damned boatman.

I patted my pockets, bulging with the thermos flask and shaving tackle. I told him I needed no more than a nightshirt and a toothbrush.

That set the old girl off again. She skirled like a suckling pig separated from the litter.

'You expect him to travel with a trunk? He's a proper man, not an ignorant, shameless idler who wastes good money on clubs and uniforms and whores, and would rather go to the river than raise his hand to pull the plug. He shall have his boat! And cheap!'

She stamped down to the waterfront and showed me the punt. It was comfortable, but far too long and clumsy to be handled by a man who couldn't sit to paddle. It wasn't cheap. She asked about double its fair price. Evidently her kindness was not at all disinterested.

There was a twelve-foot dinghy with a red sail, and I inquired if it was for sale. She said it was too expensive for me.

'I shall sell it again wherever I finish the trip,' I answered. 'And I have a little money — compensation for my accident.'

She made her husband step the mast and hoist the sail. How that man hated the pair of us! He announced with gusto that I should certainly drown myself and that his wife could take the blame. A child couldn't have drowned himself. That boat was exactly what I wanted,

The sail was hardly more than a toy, but it would be a considerable help with the wind astern, and was not large enough to be a hindrance if I let go the sheet and drifted with the current. I knew that some days must pass before I felt equal to the effort of tacking.

While she raved at her husband, I got out my wallet. I didn't want them to see how much I had, nor to wonder too much at my fumbling with gloved hands.

'There!' I said, holding out to her a sheaf of notes. 'That's all I can afford. Tell me yes or no.'

I don't know whether it was less or more than she intended to ask, but it was a sight more than the little tub was worth to anyone but me. She looked astonished at my rural simplicity and began to haggle just for form's sake. I sympathized. I said that no doubt she was right, but that sum was all I could pay for a boat. She took it, of course, and gave me a receipt. In five minutes I was out on the river, and they were wondering, I suppose, why the crazy schoolmaster should kneel on the bottom boards instead of sitting on a thwart, and why he didn't have his coat decently mended.

V

Of the days and nights that passed on the tributary and the main river there is little to write. I was out of any immediate danger and content — far more content than I am now, though no less solitary. I didn't exist, and so long as I was not compelled to show my papers there was no reason why I should exist. Patience was all I needed, and that was easy enough. I recovered my strength as peacefully as if I had been the convalescent I pretended; indeed, thinking myself into the part actually helped me to recover. I nearly believed in my motor accident, my elementary school, my housekeeper, and my favorite pupils about whom I prattled when I fell in with other users of the river or took a meal in an obscure riverside tavern.

From nightfall to dawn I moored my boat in silent reaches of the river, choosing high or marshy or thickly wooded banks where no one could burst in upon me with questions. At first I had taken to the ditches and backwaters, but the danger of that amphibian habit was impressed on me when a farmer led his horses down to drink in my temporary harbor, and insisted on regarding me as a suspicious character. Rain was the greatest hardship I had to endure. After a night's soaking I felt the chill of the morning mist. A rubber sheet was unobtainable, but I managed at last to buy a tarpaulin. It kept me dry and uncomfortably warm, but it was heavy, and hard for my hands to fold and unfold. Only the most persistent rain could force me to use it.

I made only sixty miles in the first week. My object was to heal myself rather than hurry. I took no risks and expended no effort. Until the back of my thighs had grown some sturdy scars I had to kneel while sailing or drifting, and lie on my stomach across the thwarts while sleeping. That limited my speed. I could not row.

In the second week I tried to buy an outboard motor, and only just got out of the deal in time. I found that to purchase an engine and petrol I had to sign enough papers to ensure my arrest by every political or administrative body that had heard of me. I must say, they have made the way of the transgressor uncommonly difficult. At the next town, however, there was an old-fashioned yard where I bought a businesslike lug sail and had a small foresail fitted into the bargain. Thereafter I carried my own stores, and never put in to town or village. With my new canvas and the aid of the current I could sometimes do forty miles a day and — what was more important — I could keep out of the way of the barges and tugs that were now treating the river as their own.

All the way downriver I had considered the problem of my final escape from the

country, and had arrived at three possible solutions. The first was to keep on sailing and trust to luck. This was obviously very risky, for only a fast motorboat could slip past the patrol craft off the port. I should be turned back, either as a suspicious character or as an ignorant idiot who oughtn't to be allowed in a boat — and the chances, indeed, were against my little twelve-foot tub's being able to live in the short, breaking seas of the estuary.

The second plan was to embark openly on a passenger vessel — or train, for that matter — and trust that my name and description had never been circularized to the frontier police. This, earlier, I might have tried if I had had the strength; but as my voyage crept into its third week it seemed probable that even the most extensive search for my body would have been abandoned, that it would be assumed I was alive, and that every blessed official was praying for a sight of me and promotion.

My third solution was to hang around the docks for an opportunity of stowing away or stealing a boat or seeing a yacht which belonged to some friend. But this demanded time — and I could not sleep in a hotel without being invited to show my papers or in the open without showing them to a policeman. Whatever I did, I had to do immediately after arrival at the port.

Now of course I was thinking stupidly. The way out of the country was laughably easy. A boy who had merely hit a policeman would have thought of it at once. But in my mind I was a convalescent schoolmaster or I was a ghost. I had divested myself of my nationality and forgotten that I could call on the loyalty of my compatriots. I had nearly thrown away my British passport on the theory that no papers whatever would be safer than my own. As soon as I came in sight of the wharfs, I saw British ships and realized that I had merely to tell a good enough story to the right man to be taken aboard.

I moored my boat to a public landing stage and went ashore. I made a bad mistake in not sinking her. It did occur to me that I should, but, quite apart from the nuisance of sailing back up the river to find a quiet spot where she could be sunk unobserved, I disliked the thought of the friendly little country tub rotting away at the disgusting bottom of an industrial river.

I bought myself a nondescript outfit of blue serge at the first slopshop I came to, and changed in a public lavatory. My old clothes I sold in another slopshop — that seeming the best way to get rid of them without a trace. If ever they were bought it must have been by the poorest of workmen. He will find an unexpected bargain in my favorite coat; it will last him all his life.

Strolling along the quays, I got into conversation with two British seamen by means of the old and tried introduction (which has extracted many a sixpence from me) — ‘Got a match?’ We had a drink together. Neither of them was in a ship bound for England, but they had a pal in a motor ship which was sailing for London the next day.

The pal, haled from the bar to join us on our bench, was a bit wary of me; he was inclined to think that I was a parson from the seamen’s mission masquerading as an honest worker. I calmed his suspicions with two double whiskeys and my most engaging dirty story, whereupon he declared that I was a ‘bit of orl right’ and consented to talk about his officers. The captain, it seemed, was a stickler for correct detail. But Mr. Vaner, the first officer, was ‘a one and a fair caution’; I gathered from his wry smile that pal found the mate a hard taskmaster, while admiring his flamboyant character. Mr. Vaner was obviously the man for me. And, yes, I might catch him still on board if I hurried, because he had been out late the night before.

She was a little ship, hardly more than a coaster, lying alongside an endless ribbon of wharf with her gray and white

forecastle nosing up towards the load line of the huge empty tramp in front of her, like a neat fox terrier making the acquaintance of a collie.

Two dock policemen were standing near by. I kept my back to them while I hailed the deck importantly.

‘Mr. Vaner on board?’

The cook, who was peeling potatoes on a hatch cover, looked up from the bucket between his knees.

‘I’ll see, sir.’

That ‘sir’ was curious and comforting. In spite of my shabby foreign clothing and filthy shoes, the cook had placed me at a glance in Class X. He would undoubtedly describe me as a gent, and Mr. Vaner would feel he ought to see me.

I say Class X because there is no definition of it. To talk of an upper or a ruling class is nonsense. The upper class, if the term has any meaning at all, means landed gentry who probably do belong to Class X but form only a small proportion of it. The ruling class are, I presume, politicians and servants of the state — terms which are self-contradictory.

I wish there were some explanation of Class X. We are politically a democracy — or should I say that we are an oligarchy with its ranks ever open to talent? — and the least class-conscious of nations in the Marxian sense. The only class-conscious people are those who would like to belong to Class X and don’t: the suburban old-school-tie brigade and their wives, especially their wives. Yet we have a profound division of classes which defies analysis since it is in a continual state of flux.

Who belongs to Class X? I don’t know till I talk to him and then I know at once. It is not, I think, a question of accent, but rather of the gentle voice. It is certainly not a question of clothes. It may be a question of bearing. I am not talking, of course, of provincial society in which the division between gentry and non-gentry is purely and simply a question of education.

I should like some socialist pundit to explain to me why it is that in England a man can be a member of the proletariat by every definition of the proletariat (that is, by the nature of his employment and his poverty) and yet obviously belong to Class X, and why another can be a bulging capitalist or cabinet minister or both and never get nearer to Class X than being directed to the saloon bar if he enters the public.

I worry with this analysis in the hope of hitting on some new method of effacing my identity. When I speak a foreign language I can disguise my class, background, and nationality without effort, but when I speak English to an Englishman I am at once spotted as a member of X. I want to avoid that, and if the class could be defined I might know how.

Mr. Vaner received me in his cabin. He was a dashing young man in his early twenties, with his cap on the back of a head of brown curls. His tiny stateroom was well hung with feminine photographs, some cut from the illustrated weeklies, some personally presented and inscribed in various languages. He evidently drove himself hard on land as well as sea.

As soon as we had shaken hands, he said:—

‘Haven’t met you before, have I?’

‘No. I got your name from one of the hands. I hear you are sailing to-morrow.’

‘Well?’ he asked guardedly.

I handed him my passport.

‘Before we go any farther, I want you to satisfy yourself that I am British and really the person I pretend to be.’

He looked at my passport, then up at my face and eye patch.

‘That’s all right,’ he said. ‘Take a seat, won’t you? You seem to have been in trouble, sir.’

‘I have, by God! And I want to get out of it.’

‘A passage? If it depended on me — but I’m afraid the old man —’

I told him that I didn’t want a pas-

sage, that I wouldn’t put so much responsibility on either him or the captain; all I wanted was a safe place to stow away.

He shook his head and advised me to try a liner.

‘I daren’t risk it,’ I answered. ‘But show me where to hide, and I give you my word of honor that no one shall see me during the voyage or when I go ashore.’

‘You had better tell me a little more,’ he said.

He threw himself back in his chair and cocked one leg over the other. His face assumed a serious and judicial air, but his delightfully swaggering pose showed that he was enjoying himself.

I spun him a yarn which, so far as it went, was true. I told him that I was in deadly trouble with the authorities, that I had come down the river in a boat, and that an appeal to our consul was quite useless.

‘I might put you in the storeroom,’ he said doubtfully. ‘We’re going home in ballast, and there’s nowhere in the hold for you to hide.’

I suggested that the storeroom was too dangerous, that I didn’t want to take the remotest chance of being seen and getting the ship into trouble. That seemed to impress him.

‘Well,’ he replied, ‘if you can stand it, there’s an empty fresh-water tank which we never use, and I could prop up the cover so that you’d get some air. But I expect that you’ve slept in worse places, sir, now that I come to think of it.’

‘You recognized my name?’

‘Of course. I wouldn’t do this for everyone.’

All the same I think he would, given a story that appealed to him.

I asked when I could come aboard.

‘No time like the present! I don’t know who’s down in the engine room, but there’s nobody on deck except the cook. I’ll just deal with the cops!’

He waited till the couple of police had walked two hundred yards up the wharf

and then started waving and shouting good-bye as if someone had just gone away between the warehouses. The two looked round and continued their stroll; they had no reason to doubt that a visitor left the ship while they had their backs to her.

Mr. Vaner sent the cook ashore to buy a bottle of whiskey.

'You'll need something to mix with your water,' he chuckled, immensely pleased now that he had committed himself to the adventure, 'and I don't want him around while I open up the tank. You wait here and make yourself comfortable.'

I asked him what I had better say if anyone came aboard unexpectedly and found me in his cabin.

'Say? Oh, tell 'em you're her father!' He pointed to a photograph of a giggling young girl who was bashfully displaying her legs as if to advertise silk stockings. 'I should surely have urgent business elsewhere if you were. Inside the water tank myself, as likely as not!'

He settled his cap over one ear and marched out of the cabin, whistling with such an elaborate air of unconcern that any one of his young women would have known he was planning some deception. But I was pretty sure he would take no risks. His play-acting was for his own amusement and for me, his partner in crime. To the rest of the world he was the responsible ship's officer.

He was back in ten minutes.

'Hurry!' he said. 'The cops have just gone round the corner.'

We did have to hurry. The manhole was on a level with and in full view of the wharf, being set into the quarter-deck between the after wall of the chartroom and a lifeboat slung athwartship. We took a hasty look round and I pushed myself through into a space about the size of half a dozen coffins.

'I'll make you comfortable later on,' he said. 'It will be slack water in about two hours.'

I was comfortable enough, more re-

laxed than I had been since the first week on the river. The darkness and the six walls gave me an immediate sense of safety. I had gone to ground after the hunt, and the cold iron of the closed tank was more protective than the softest grass in the open. This was the first of my dens, and I think that it provided me with the idea of the second.

At the bottom of the ebb, when the quarter-deck had sunk well below the edge of the wharf, Mr. Vaner turned up with blankets, the cushion of a settee, water, whiskey, biscuits, and a covered bucket for my personal needs.

'Snug as a bug in a rug!' he declared cheerfully. 'And what's more, I've given you a safety valve.'

'How's that?'

'I've disconnected the outflow. Can you see light?'

I looked down a small pipe at the bottom of the tank and did see light.

'That's on the wall of the captain's bathroom,' he said. 'I never knew we could get fresh water there. The worst of these labor-saving ships is that one never has time to find out all the gadgets. Now, you have that and you have the air intake, so if the old man notices the manhole and I have to screw it up for a time, you'll be all right.'

'Where do you dock?' I asked.

'We're going right up the river to Wandsworth. I'll tell you when it's safe to slip ashore.'

I heard steps on the deck — one heard in that tank everything that touched or struck the deck — and Mr. Vaner disappeared. I never saw him again.

VI

I dozed uneasily until all the noises ceased; the crew, I suppose, had come on board and settled down for the night. Then I slept in good earnest and awoke to the sound of heavy boots trampling above and below me; it was morning, for I could see light at the end of my two pipes. The manhole was screwed up

tight with a finality which I didn't enjoy — not that there was the slightest risk of asphyxiation, but it suddenly occurred to me that if Mr. Vaner were washed overboard I should be in the tank until the captain discovered, if he ever did discover, that he could fill his bath with fresh water by making a simple connection.

That was the sort of ridiculous fear which alcohol can dispel quicker than self-control, so I poured myself a stiff whiskey and ate some biscuits.

Then we sailed — an unmistakable jangle of sounds like a hundred iron monkeys playing tag in a squash court. Some hours later my manhole was opened and propped, and a cold mutton chop, with a note attached to it instead of a frill, descended on my stomach. I ate the chop and knelt below the crack of light to read the message.

Sorry I had to screw you down. The cops found a boat and traced it to you. They turned us inside out this morning and all other ships at the wharf. Caught four stowaways, I hear. We are outside territorial waters, so you're O.K. They know all about your eye patch. If you're likely to run into any trouble, take it off. I'll slip you a pair of dark glasses when it's time to go. Dock police reported that a chap of your build had come on board and left. I said I had been asked for a passage, and refused. If you have any papers you want to get rid of, leave them in the tank and I'll deliver them wherever you direct.

R. VANER (*First Officer*)

P.S. Try not to upset anything. Have just remembered that if you do it will run into the old man's bathroom.

I wish I could have given the dashing Mr. Vaner some convincing evidence that he was serving his country instead of a — well, I can't call myself a criminal. If there were any crimes committed, they were committed on my person. But, as I say, I do not blame the men who committed them. They had every reason to think that they had caught an assassin.

Their police organization is superb; but the finding of that paralyzed thing which had crawled and bled was a casual job for foresters. Only within the last day or two, I expect, when an exhaustive search for my corpse at last suggested that there might be no corpse to find, did they extend inquiries to road, rail, and river, and learn about the boating schoolmaster who had an eye patch and always kept on his gloves. Then the police came into action. They hadn't picked me up, I should guess, for the simple reason that they had just begun to look for a boat with red sails and happened to miss the little yard where I changed them; but when some officials noticed an unfamiliar dinghy moored where I probably had no right to moor her, she was at once identified.

Vaner's suggestion that my troubles might by no means be over when I reached London was disturbing. I hadn't given the matter any thought. One's instinct is against looking too far forward when the present demands all available resource.

I began to speculate on what would happen if I reappeared quite openly in England. I was perfectly certain that my pursuers would not appeal to the Foreign Office or to Scotland Yard. Whatever I might have done or intended, their treatment of me wouldn't stand publicity. They couldn't be sure how the English would react; nobody ever is. After all, we once went to war for the ear of a Captain Jenkins — though Jenkins was an obscurer person than I and had, considering the number of laws he broke, been treated with no great barbarity.

Would they, then, follow me up themselves? Mr. Vaner, with his taste for romance, appeared to think they would. I myself had assumed that, once I was over the frontier, bygones would be bygones. I now saw that this was a foolishly optimistic view. They couldn't go to the police, true, but neither could I. I had committed an extraditable

offense; if I complained of being molested, I might force them into telling why I was molested.

It came to this: I was an outlaw in my own country as in theirs, and if my death were required it could easily be accomplished. Even assuming they couldn't fake an accident or suicide, no motive or a wrong motive would be discovered for the crime, and no murderer or the wrong murderer would be arrested.

Then I thought that I had let myself be carried away by a casual phrase of Vaner's, and that this uneasiness was preposterous. Why on earth, I argued, should they take the unnecessary risk of removing me in my own country? Did they imagine that I was likely to put the wind up them by another of these sporting expeditions?

I reluctantly admitted that they might very well imagine it. They knew that I was an elusive person who could quite possibly return, if he chose, and upset the great man's nerves once more. As to whether I would so choose, there were among my opponents — I can't call them enemies — some notable big-game shots who would realize that the temptation was not unthinkable.

The manhole was never screwed up again, and I lay on my cushion suffering little more discomfort than I generally suffer at sea. I am a good sailor, but even in a first-class stateroom I feel gently and sleepily bilious, disinclined to do more than walk from my cabin to the library and back, or be faintly polite to a fellow passenger at the hour of the *apéritif*. On the credit side of this voyage was the fact that I hadn't got to be polite to anyone; on the debit, that I hadn't got a book. I passed my time in sleep and slightly nightmarish meditation.

The boom and thump of the Diesels, resonant and regular as distant tribal drums, signaled to me our progress up the Thames. They slowed to pick up the pilot; they were fussed and flurried by

the engine-room telegraph in the crowded waters of Gravesend Reach; they handed over to the whirl of electric capstans when we tied up, as I guess, somewhere below bridges (for she rode too high to pass upriver on the top of the flood); they beat slowly seven hours later, while I imagined them carrying us up through the Pool and the City, through Westminster and Chelsea, until the telegraph belled them into incoherent rhythms and finished with the engines.

There were bangings and tramlings, and then silence. After a while my tank settled over to port, and I assumed that we were resting on the Wandsworth mud. Another note was dropped through the manhole, accompanied by a pair of formidably dark glasses wrapped in brown paper.

Don't go out through the gates. There's a chap watching I don't like the look of. The dinghy is under the starboard quarter. As soon as she floats I'll give you a knock, and you beat it quick. Row across to the public steps by Hurlingham east wall. I'll take the boat back later. Best of luck.

R. VANER (*First Officer*)

He rapped on the manhole an hour or so later, and I pushed out my arms and shoulders by merely standing up; indeed I could stand up no other way. There was a light in Mr. Vaner's cabin, and a loud noise of conversation; he was assuring my privacy by entertaining the night watchman. I dropped into the dinghy, and pulled quietly across the river through the pink band of water that reflected the glare of London into the black band of water beneath the trees. My arrival was noticed only by a boy and girl, the inevitable boy and girl to be found in every dark corner of a great city. Better provision should be made for them — a Park of Temporary Affection, for example, from which lecherous clergymen and aged civil servants should be rigorously excluded. But such segregation is more easily accomplished by the uncivilized. Any competent witch

doctor could merely declare the Park taboo for all but the nubile.

It was nearly ten o'clock. I walked to the King's Road and found a grillroom where I ordered about all the meat they had to be put on the bars and served to me. While I waited I entered the telephone box to call my club. I always stay there when I have to be in London, and that I should stay there this time I never doubted until the door of the box shut behind me. Then I found that I could not telephone my club.

What excuses I gave myself at the moment, I can't remember. I think I told myself that it was too late, that they wouldn't have a room, that I didn't wish to walk through the vestibule in those clothes and in that condition.

After my supper I took a bus to Cromwell Road and put up at one of those hotels designed for gentlewomen in moderately distressed circumstances. The people didn't much care about taking me in, but fortunately I had a couple of pound notes and they had a room with a private bath; since their regular clientele could never afford such luxury, they were glad enough to let me the room. I gave them a false name and told them some absurd story to the effect that I had just arrived from abroad and had my luggage stolen. To digest my meal I read a sheaf of morning and evening papers, and then went to my room.

Their water, thank God, was hot! I had the most pleasurable bath that I ever remember. I have spent a large part of my life out of reach of hot baths; yet, when I enjoy a tub at leisure, I wonder why any man voluntarily deprives himself of so cheap and satisfying a delight. It rested and calmed me more than any sleep; indeed I had slept so much on the ship that my bath and my thoughts while lying in it had the flavor of morning rather than of night.

I understood why I had not telephoned my club. This was the first occasion on which I recognized that I had a second enemy dogging my movements — my

own unjust and impossible conscience. Utterly unfair it was that I should judge myself as a potential murderer. I insist that I was always sure I could resist the temptation to press the trigger when my sights were actually on the target.

I have good reason now for a certain malaise. I have killed a man, though in self-defense. But then I had no reason at all. I may be wrong in talking of conscience; my trouble was, perhaps, merely a vision of the social effects of what I had done. This stalk of mine made it impossible for me to enter my club. How could I, for example, talk to Holy George after all the trouble I had caused him? And how could I expose my fellow members to all the unpleasantness of being watched and questioned? No, I was an outlaw not because of my conscience (which, I maintain, has no right to torment me) but on the plain facts.

There was no lack of mirrors in the bathroom, and I made a thorough examination of my body. I shall carry some extraordinary scars for life, but the wounds had healed, and there was nothing any doctor could do to help. My fingers still appeared to have been squashed in a railway carriage door and then sharpened with a penknife, but they were in fact serviceable for all but very rough or very sensitive work. The eye was the only part of me that needed attention. I didn't propose to have anyone monkeying with it, — I dared not give up my freedom of movement for the sake of regular treatments or an operation, — but I wanted a medical opinion and whatever lotions would do it the most good.

VII

In the morning I changed all the foreign money in my possession, and bought myself a passable suit off the peg. Then I got a list of eye specialists and taxied round and about Harley Street until I found a man who would see me at once. He was annoyingly inquisitive. I told him that I had hurt the eye at the begin-

ning of a long voyage and had been out of reach of medical care ever since. When he had fully opened the lid, he fumed over my neglect, folly, and idiocy and declared that the eye had been burned as well as bruised. I agreed politely that it had and shut up; whereupon he became a doctor instead of a moralist and got down to business. He was honest enough to say that he could do nothing, that I'd be lucky if I ever perceived more than light and darkness, and that, on the whole, he recommended changing it for a glass eye for the sake of appearance. He was wrong there. My eye isn't pretty, but it functions better every day.

He wouldn't hear of my going about in dark glasses with no bandage, so I had him extend the bandages over the whole of my head. He humored me in this, evidently thinking that I might get violent if opposed; my object was to give the impression of a man who had smashed his head rather than a man with a damaged eye. He was convinced that my face was familiar to him, and I allowed him to decide that we had once met in Vienna.

The next job was to see my solicitors in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The partner who has the entire handling of my estate is a man of about my own age and an intimate friend. He disapproves of me on only two grounds: that I refuse to sit on the board of any blasted company, and that I insist upon my right to waste money in agriculture. He doesn't mind my spending it on anything else, finding a vicarious pleasure in my travels and outlandish hobbies. He himself has a longing for a less ordered life, shown chiefly in his attitude to clothes. During the day he is sombrely and richly attired, and has even taken in recent years to wearing a black silk stock. At night he puts on tweeds, a sweater, and a tie that would frighten a newspaper man. One can't make him change for dinner. He would rather refuse an invitation.

Saul greeted me with concern rather than surprise; it was as if he had expected me to turn up in a hurry and the

worse for wear. He locked the door and told his office manager we were not to be disturbed.

I assured him that I was all right and that the bandage was four times as long as was necessary. I asked what he knew and who had inquired for me.

He said that there had been a pointedly casual inquiry from Holy George and that a few days later a fellow had come in to consult him about some inconceivable tangle under the Married Woman's Property Act.

'He was so perfectly the retired military man from the West of England,' said Saul, 'that I felt he couldn't be real. He claimed to be a friend and neighbor of yours and was continually referring to you. When I cross-examined him a bit, it looked as if he had mugged up his case out of a law book and was really after information. Major Quive-Smith, he called himself. Ever heard of him?'

'Never,' I replied. 'He certainly isn't a neighbor of mine. Was he English?'

'I thought so. Did you expect him not to be English?'

I said I wasn't answering any of his innocent questions, that he was, after all, an Officer of the Court, and that I didn't wish to involve him.

'Tell me this much,' he said. 'Have you been abroad in the employ of our government?'

'No, on my own business. But I have to disappear.'

'You shouldn't think of the police as tactless,' he reminded me gently. 'A man in your position is protected without question. You've been abroad so much that I don't think you have ever realized the power of your name. You're automatically trusted, you see.'

I told him that I knew as much of my own people as he did — perhaps more, since I had been an exile long enough to see them from the outside. But I had to vanish. There was a risk that I might be disgraced.

A nasty word, that. I am not disgraced and I will not feel it.

'Can I vanish? Financially, I mean?' I asked him. 'You have my power of attorney and you know more of my affairs than I do myself. Can you go on handling my estate if I am never heard of again?'

'So long as I know you are alive.'

'What do you mean by that?'

'A postcard this time next year will do.'

'X marks my window, and this is a palm tree?'

'Quite sufficient if in your own handwriting. You needn't even sign it.'

'Mightn't you be asked for proof?' I inquired.

'No. If I say you are alive, why the devil should it ever be questioned? But don't leave me without a postcard from time to time. You mustn't put me in the position of maintaining what might be a lie.'

I told him that if he ever got one postcard, he'd probably get a lot more; it was my ever living to write the first that was doubtful.

He blew up and told me I was absurd. He mingled abuse with affection in a way I hadn't heard since my father died. I didn't think he would take my disappearance so hard; I suppose he is as fond of me, after all, as I am of him, and that's saying a lot. He begged me again to let him talk to the police. I had no idea, he insisted, of the number and the subtle beauty of the strings that could be pulled.

I could only say I was awfully sorry, and after a silence I told him I wanted five thousand pounds in cash.

He produced my deed box and accounts. I had a balance of three thousand at the bank; he wrote his own check for the other two. That was like him — no nonsense about waiting for sales of stock or arranging an overdraft.

'Shall we go out and lunch while the boy is at the bank?' he suggested.

'I think I'll leave here only once,' I said.

'You might be watched? Well, we'll soon settle that.'

He sent for Peale, a gray little man in a gray little suit whom I had only seen emptying the waste-paper baskets or fetching cups of tea.

'Anybody taking an interest in us, Peale?'

'There is a person in the gardens between Remnant Street and here feeding the birds. He is not very successful with them, sir,' — Peale permitted himself a dry chuckle, — 'in spite of the fact that he has been there for the past week during office hours. And I understand from Puce & Fothergill that there are two other persons in Newmans Row. One of them is waiting for a lady to come out of their offices — a matrimonial case, I believe. The other is not known to us, and was observed to be in communication with the pigeon man, sir, as soon as this gentleman emerged from his taxi.'

Saul thanked him, and sent him out to fetch us some beer and a cold bird.

I asked where he watched from, having a vague picture of him hanging over the parapet of the roof when he had nothing to do.

'Good God, he doesn't watch!' exclaimed Saul, as if I had suggested a major impropriety. 'He just knows all the private detectives who are likely to be hanging around Lincoln's Inn Fields — on very good terms with them, I believe. They have to have a drink occasionally, and then they ask Peale or his counterpart in some other firm to keep his eyes open. When they see anyone who is not a member of their trades-union, so to speak, they all know it.'

Peale came back with the lunch, and a packet of information straight from the counter of the saloon bar. The birdman had been showing great interest in our windows and had twice telephoned. The chap in Newmans Row had hailed my taxi as it drove away. He would be able to trace me back to Harley Street and to the clothes shop, where, by a little adroit

questioning, he could make an excuse to see the suit I discarded. My identification would be complete; it didn't much matter, since the watchers already had a strong suspicion that I was their man.

Peale couldn't tell us whether another watcher had been posted in Newmans Row or whether the other exits from Lincoln's Inn Fields were watched. I was certain that they were, and complained to Saul that all respectable firms of solicitors (who deal with far more scabrous affairs than the crooked) should have a back door. He replied that they weren't such fools as they looked, and that Peale could take me into Lincoln's Inn or the Law Courts and lose me completely.

Perhaps I should have trusted them; but I felt that, while their tricks might be good enough to lose a single private detective, I shouldn't be allowed to escape so easily. I decided to throw off the hunt in my own way.

When I kept my gloves on to eat, Saul forgot his official discretion and became an anxious friend. I think he suspected what had happened to me, though not why it had happened. I had to beg him to leave the whole subject alone.

After lunch I signed a number of documents to tidy up loose ends, and we blocked out a plan I had often discussed with him of forming a sort of Tenants' Coöperative Society. Since I never make a penny out of the land, I thought the tenants might as well make their own loans, pay rent to themselves, and do their own repairs, with the right to purchase the land by installments at a price fixed by the committee. I hope it works. At any rate Saul and my land agent will keep them from quarreling among themselves. I have no other dependents.

Then I passed on to him the address that the fisherman had given me, and we arranged for an income to be paid where it would do the most good — a most discreet trust that couldn't conceivably be traced to me. It appeared to come from

the estate of a recently defunct old lady who had left the bulk of her money to an institution for inoculating parrots against psittacosis, and the rest to any charitable object that Saul, as sole trustee, might direct.

There was nothing further to be done but arrange my cash in a body belt, and say good-bye. I asked him, if at any time a coroner sat on my body and brought in a verdict of suicide, not to believe it but to make no attempt to reopen the case.

Peale walked with me across the square and into Kingsway by Gate Street. I observed that we were followed by a tall, inoffensive fellow in a dirty mackintosh and shabby felt hat, who was the birdman. He looked the part. We also caught sight of a cheerful military man in Remnant Street, wearing a coat cut for riding and trousers narrower than were fashionable, whom Peale at once recognized as Major Quive-Smith. So I knew two at least whom I must throw off my track.

VIII

We parted at Holborn underground station, and I took a shilling ticket with which I could travel to the remotest end of London. The birdman had got ahead of me. I passed him on the level of the Central London, and went down the escalator to the west-bound Piccadilly Tube. Ten seconds after I reached the platform, Major Quive-Smith also appeared upon it. He was gazing at the advertisements and grinning at the comic ones, as if he hadn't been in London for a year.

I pretended I had forgotten something, and shot out of the exit, up the stairs, and down a corridor to the north-bound platform. No train was in. Even if there had been a train, the major was too close behind for me to catch it and leave him standing.

I noticed that the shuttle train to the Aldwych left from the opposite side of the same platform. This offered a

way of escape if ever there were two trains in at the same time.

The escalator took me back to the Central London level. The birdman was talking to the chap in a glass box at the junction of all the runways. I'd call him a ticket collector, but he never seems to collect any tickets; probably he is there to answer silly questions such as the birdman was busily engaged in asking. I took the second escalator to the surface, and promptly dashed down again.

The birdman followed me, but a bit late. We passed each other about mid-way, he going up and I going down and both running like hell. I thought I had him, that I could reach a Central London train before he could; but he was taking no risks. He vaulted over the division on to the stationary staircase. We reached the bottom separated only by the extra speed of my moving staircase — and that was a mere ten yards. The man in the glass box came to life and said: 'Ere! You can't do that, you know!' But that didn't worry the birdman. He was content to remain and discuss his antisocial action with the ticket-non-collector. I had already turned to the right into the Piccadilly Line and on to Major Quive-Smith's preserves.

At the bottom of the Piccadilly escalator you turn left for the north-bound trains, and continue straight on for the west-bound. To the right is the exit, along which an old lady with two wide parcels was perversely trying to force her way against the stream of outcoming passengers. Major Quive-Smith was away to the left, at the mouth of the passage to the north-bound trains; so I plunged into the stream after the old lady, and was clear of it long before he was.

I ran on to the north-bound platform. An Aldwych shuttle was just pulling in, but there was no Piccadilly train. I shot under the Aldwych line, down to the west-bound platform, into the general exit, jamming him in another stream of

outcoming passengers, and back to the north-bound Piccadilly. There was a train standing, and the Aldwych shuttle had not left. I jumped into the Piccadilly train with the major so far behind that he was compelled to get into another coach just as the doors were closing and just as I stepped out again. Having thus dispatched the major to an unknown destination, I got into the Aldwych shuttle, which at once left on its half-mile journey.

This was all done at such a pace that I hadn't had time to think. I ought to have crossed to the west-bound Piccadilly and taken a train into the blue. But, naturally enough, I wanted to leave Holborn station as rapidly as possible for fear of running into the birdman or another unknown watcher if I waited. After half a minute in the Aldwych shuttle I realized that I had panicked like a rabbit in a warren. The mere couple of ferrets who had been after me had been magnified by my escape mechanism — a literal escape mechanism, this, and working much faster than my mind — into an infinity of ferrets.

When we arrived at the Aldwych station and I was strolling to the lifts, I saw that it was not yet too late to return to Holborn. The birdman would still be on the Central London level, for he might lose me if he left it for a moment. Quive-Smith couldn't have had time to telephone to anyone what had happened.

I turned back and reentered the shuttle. The passengers were already seated in the single coach, and the platform clear; but a man in a black hat and blue flannel suit got in after me. That meant that he had turned back when I had turned back.

At Holborn I remained seated to prove whether my suspicions were correct. They were. Black Hat got out, sauntered around the platform, and got in again just before the doors closed. They had been far too clever for me! They had evidently ordered Black Hat

to travel back and forth between Holborn and the Aldwych, and to go on traveling until either I entered that cursed coach or they gave him the signal that I had left by some other route. All I had done was to send Quive-Smith to Bloomsbury, whence no doubt he had already taken a taxi to some central clearing point to which all news of my movements was telephoned.

As we left again for the Aldwych, Black Hat was at the back of the coach and I was in the front. We sat as far away as possible from each other. Though we were both potential murderers, we felt, I suppose, mutual embarrassment. Mutual. I wish to God he had sat opposite me, or shown himself in some way less human than I.

The Aldwych station is a dead end. A passenger cannot leave it except by the lift or the emergency spiral staircase. Nevertheless I thought I had a wild chance of getting away. When the doors of the train opened, I dashed on to and off the platform, round a corner to the left, and up a few stairs; but instead of going ten yards farther, round to the right and so to the lift, I hopped into a little blank alley that I had noticed on my earlier walk.

There was no cover of any sort, but Black Hat did just what I hoped. He came haring up the corridor, pushing through the passengers with his eyes fixed straight ahead, and jumped for the emergency staircase. The ticket collector called him back. He shouted a question whether anyone had gone up the stairs. The ticket collector, in turn, asked was it likely. Black Hat then entered the lift, and in the time it took him to get there and to glance over the passengers I was out of my alley and back on the platform.

The train was still in, but if I could catch it, so could Black Hat. The corridor was short, though with two right-angled twists, and he couldn't be more than five seconds behind me. I jumped on to the line and took refuge in the

tunnel. There wasn't any employee of the Underground to see me except the driver, and he was in his box at the front of the coach. The platform, of course, was empty.

Beyond the Aldwych station there seemed to be some fifty yards of straight tube, and then a curve, its walls faintly visible in a gleam of gray light. Where the tunnel goes, or if it ends in an old shaft after the curve, I didn't have time to find out.

Black Hat looked through the coach and saw that I wasn't in it. The train pulled out, and when its roar had died away there was absolute silence. I had not realized that Black Hat and I should be left alone a hundred feet under London. I lay flattened against the wall in the darkest section of the tunnel.

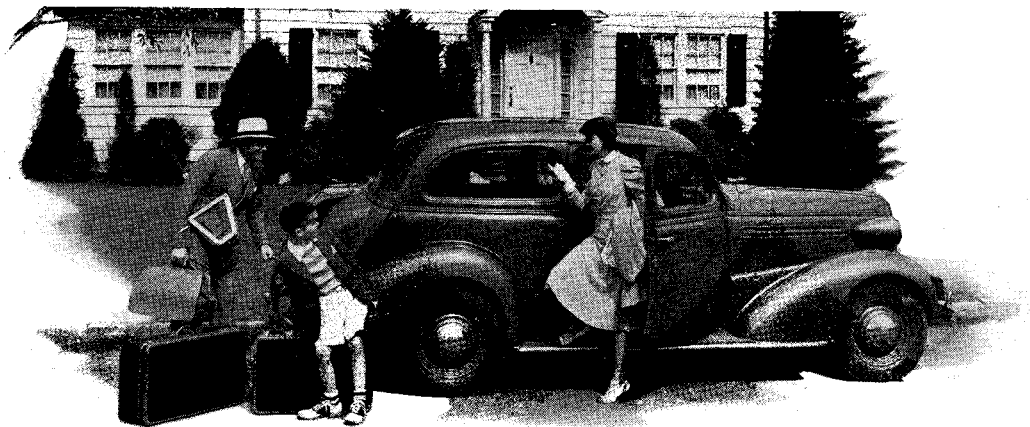
The working of the Aldwych station is very simple. Just before the shuttle is due, the lift comes down. The departing passengers get into the train; the arriving passengers get into the lift. When the lift goes up and the train leaves, Aldwych station is deserted as an ancient mine. You can hear the drip of water and the beat of your heart.

I can still hear them, and the sound of steps and his scream and the hideous, because domestic, sound of sizzling. They echoed along that tunnel which leads Lord knows where. A queer place for a soul to find itself adrift.

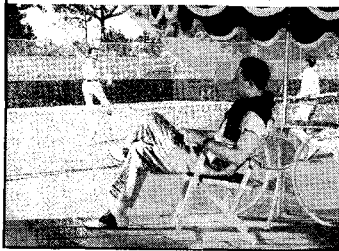
It was self-defense. He had a flashlight and a pistol. I don't know if he meant to use it. Perhaps he was only as frightened of me as I was of him. I crawled right to his feet and sprang at him. By God, I want to die in the open! If ever I have land again, I swear I'll never kill a creature below ground.

I lifted the bandages from my head and put them in my pocket; that expanse of white below my hat attracted too much attention to me. Then I came out, crossed the platform into the corridor, and climbed a turn of the emergency stairs. As soon as the lift came down, I mingled with the departing passengers

HOW TO PLAN A TROUBLE-FREE VACATION



DON'T OVEREXERT—Take your exercise in moderation at first. Fast tennis, long swims, or climbing mountains may thrill you, but think twice — athletes break into training slowly! Even young hearts, dependable under normal conditions, can be dangerously strained by sudden, prolonged exertion.



DRESS LIGHTLY—EAT WISELY—Guard against sunstroke or heat prostration. Wear porous clothes and always keep your head covered when in the scorching sun. Eat light foods, properly salted to replace the salt lost through perspiration. Drink generous amounts of cool water.



BEWARE OF IMPURE WATER—When you are picnicking, drink only water that is known to be pure or which has been boiled. Sparkling brooks, old-fashioned wells and tempting wayside springs may contain typhoid germs or other disease-producing organisms.



NEVER SWIM ALONE—Even though you swim well, avoid rough, unfamiliar or contaminated waters. Refrain from bathing when overheated or immediately after a meal. Do not dive unless you know the water's depth. These simple precautions make bathing safer.



To make your car trouble-free—
Did You Have—

	YES
the brakes adjusted?	_____
the steering mechanism tested?	_____
the wheel alignment checked?	_____
the headlights focused?	_____
the taillights checked?	_____
the exhaust system checked for leaks?	_____
the battery tested?	_____
the oil checked; car greased?	_____
the tires and tire pressure checked?	_____
the ignition and fuel systems inspected?	_____

THREE HELPFUL BOOKLETS

The Metropolitan booklet "First Aid" tells how to apply artificial respiration, and how to treat ivy poisoning, stings, sunstroke, snake bites, etc. Two other booklets—"Swimming and Life Saving" and "Calling All Drivers"—will help you plan a trouble-free vacation. Send a post card for all three... or mail the coupon.

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and waited for the train. When it came in, I went up in the lift with the new arrivals. I gave up my shilling ticket and received a surprised glance from the collector, since the fare from Holborn was but a penny. The only alternative was to pretend I had lost my ticket and to pay; that would have meant still closer examination.

I left the station free, unwatched, unhurried, and took a bus back to the respectable squares of Kensington. Who would look for a fugitive between the Cromwell and Fulham roads? I dined at leisure, and then went to a cinema to think.

In these days of visas and identification cards it is impossible to travel without leaving a trail that can, with patience, bribery, and access to public records, be picked up. In the happy years between 1925 and 1930 you could talk yourself over any western European frontier, so long as you looked respectable and explained your movements and business with a few details that could be checked; you could treat frontier police as men of decency and common sense — two virtues that they could then afford to indulge. But now, unless a traveler has some organization — subversive or benevolent — to help him, frontiers are an efficient bar to those who find it inconvenient or impossible to show their papers; and even if a frontier be crossed without record, there isn't the remotest village where a man can live without justifying himself and his reasons for being himself. Thus Europe, for me, was a mere trap with a delayed action.

Where then could I go? I thought at once of a job on a ship, for there's a shortage of seamen in these days; but it wasn't worth visiting shipping offices

with my hands in the state they were. Rule out a long voyage as a stowaway. Rule out a discreet passage on a cargo ship. I could easily have got such a passage, but only by revealing my identity and presence in England to some friend. That I wanted to avoid at all costs. Only Saul and Peale and the admirable secret service which was hunting me knew that I wasn't in Poland. None of them would talk.

There remained a voyage on a passenger vessel. I could certainly get on to the ship without showing my passport; I might be able to get off it. But passenger lists are open to inspection, and if my name appeared on one some blasted reporter would consider it news and save my hunters trouble. They would, anyway, be watching the lists themselves.

Then I needed a false passport. In normal circumstances I have no doubt that Saul or my friends in the Foreign Office could have arranged some tactful documentation for me, but, as it was, I could not involve any of them. It was unthinkable, just as police protection was unthinkable. I could not risk embarrassing the officials of my country. If the extraordinary being at whose waistcoat I had looked through a telescopic sight were moved by his daemon or digestion to poison international relations even further, a very pretty case could be built up against a government that helped me to escape.

As I sat back in that cheap cinema seat, with my eyes closed and with the meaningless noises and music forcing my mind from plan to plan, I saw that I could disappear only by not leaving England at all. I must bury myself in some farm or country pub until the search for me had slackened.

(To be continued)

With each twelve months of the Atlantic

THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR



Building Speaks in Billions

DESPITE some improvement in recent months, the building industry is still in a severely depressed state, as it has been for nearly a decade.

More than 79 billion dollars was spent in this country in the six years from 1925 through 1930 for construction and modernization of homes, factories, commercial properties and public works. The past six years, however, show a drop of nearly 50%, with construction expenditures totalling only 40 billions, despite the fact that construction undertaken by the Federal Government had increased nearly six-fold.

The situation has been especially serious in the case of home building. From 1933 through 1938 total spending for urban home construction was less than 5 billion dollars, a shrinkage of nearly 80 per cent from

the six years ending with 1930. This stagnation affects the entire national welfare.

Between 1920 and 1930, more than 6,500,000 workers were employed in the construction industry and in producing materials used in building. Since 1931, nearly half of all workers in the building and related trades have been unemployed, to the injury of every form of business activity.

The need for building exists. Funds with which to finance new construction are readily available. The missing element is confidence. Only when people have confidence in the security of their jobs and incomes are they willing to spend and borrow money for new homes. Only when confidence in future profit possibilities exists will corporations and private investors launch commercial building projects.

*As bankers for industry, and as trustee for the funds of others,
it is part of our responsibility to contribute something to a
better understanding of the facts about private business.*

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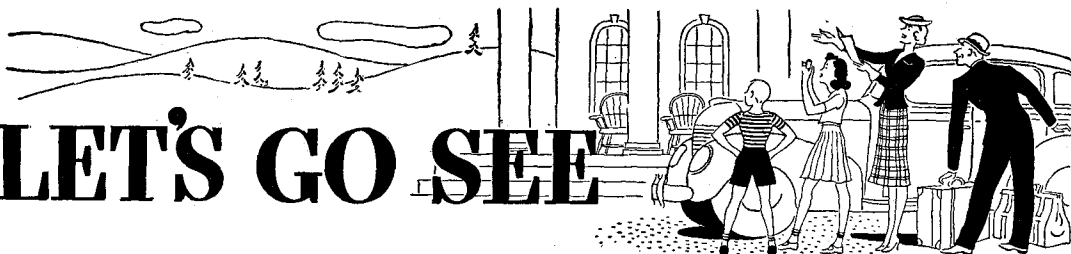
UPTOWN OFFICE: MADISON AVENUE AT 63RD STREET

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LET'S GO SEE



By now we have all managed, in various ways, the questions of what to do with moths, annual seedlings, and the young. The last fall roughly into three Motor Age groups: the ones you keep from under wheels, the ones you allow to go if they are home not later than seven, and the ones who persuade you that unless they can borrow the family car for indefinitely protracted periods their entire future is in jeopardy. . . . If you have ever seen the thousand-strong exodus to summer camps from the Grand Central Station early in July, you understand that the loud rumbling noise is not the trains, but the Pied Piper turning in his grave. . . . We personally, having had an uncle who refused to go to picnics on the grounds that he did go to one once, make for New York pavements — as a starter, anyhow.

Lots of outdoor eating — either on sidewalks or roofs. . . . *Jardin du Perroquet*, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, is the most agreeable downtown place. . . . The Marguery's Pavilion is leisurely, and the food topnotch. . . . If you feel strong enough, hear and see Johnny Payne — the swing-cultists' idol — in the Elysee Bar. . . . The Hartmans dance on the Pierre roof. . . . Mary Martin sings at suppertime in the Rainbow Room. . . . On a hot night the Marine Roof of the Bossert, in Brooklyn, really is a seagoing sort of place. You can't see the Fair from it; but you can see the spire of Henry Ward Beecher's Plymouth Church. Frankly a welcome change. . . .

DESPITE the Fair's stiff competition, several shows on Broadway are going strong. . . . Philip Barry's *Philadelphia Story* is mostly Katharine Hepburn delivering Main Line



repartee from an exceedingly pretty dead-pan. . . . Laurette Taylor makes the revival of *Outward Bound* exciting and moving. . . . *Pins and Needles*, 1939 has the best of the original songs and some good new ones. . . .

BRITISH-GAUMONT will be broadcasting television to some of the Broadway theatres in a week or so. . . . General Electric and R C A have television shows at the Fair. . . . The results are a good deal like those fat small books of pictures you used to hold up to your eye and flip through with your thumb. Still and all, it's Progress. . . .

THE concerts at the Lewisohn Stadium are among the pleasantest institutions of New York summers. You needn't buy seats ahead. . . .



You might dine early, near enough by, at the old Claremont Inn, overlooking the Hudson at 124th Street. . . . The Claremont was flourishing when the Eden Musée on 14th Street was just around the corner from F. A. O. Schwarz. . . . Its successor, the new Wax Museum on 50th, has no Chamber of Horrors, which seems a pity. . . . But the Paris Musée Grévin made it, and it's good. . . .

THINGS are sort of shaking into shape at the Fair. . . . That giant cash register is at last working. Rings up the attendance right before your eyes. Cynics are a touch suspicious of the figures. They set the thing ahead when they finally got it going. Supposed to be the gross total now. . . . But how they decided is shrouded in mystery. . . .

THE classical music programs in the Hall of Music have been canceled. Nobody came. . . . There will be Pops, or something of the kind, and Olin Downes resigned his Fair Music Chairmanship because of the change. . . . But — score a cultural offset — the short Shakespearean plays in Olde England are crowded. . . . However, General Motors is the hit of the whole Flushing Shangri-La. Mile-long waiting lines all the time. . . .

THE Kennington bust of T. E. Lawrence is in the British Pavilion art gallery. Came too

Answers to Bethlehem Quiz

(See back cover)

1. (c) The iron, which had been soft, was found after heating with the diamond to have a surface of hard steel. The diamond had disappeared.
2. (d) 55-gallon drums are widely used in the shipment of oil and kerosene.
3. (a) Hypodermic needles are usually made from cold drawn seamless tubes.
4. (a, f, g, h) George Ross, James Smith and George Taylor, all of Pennsylvania, and Stephen Hopkins of Rhode Island.
5. (d) Bethlehem Steel Company, like others, passes steel billets through roughing, intermediate and finishing rolls, designed to produce steel beams.
6. Luxembourg.
7. (b) The first wrought iron or steel tubular product was made from old musket barrels screwed together end to end.
8. (d) About 80 per cent of the weight of the average passenger automobile is steel.
9. (b) Water. The steel industry uses four times as much water daily as New York City.
10. Bethlehem Steel Company.

WHAT TO SEE AND DO IN SCANDINAVIA

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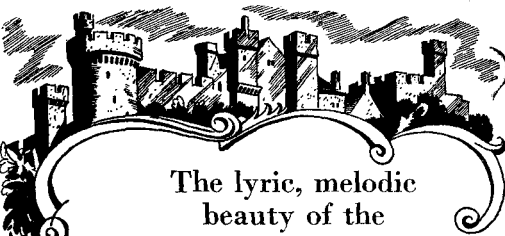
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**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC-
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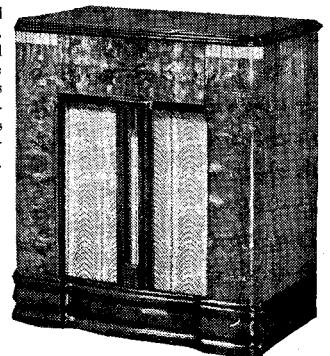
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late for the first catalogue. . . . And no one knows the whereabouts of the Slobodkin statue of Lincoln which stood in the Garden Court. One of the Commissioners decided 'it just wasn't right,' and statue and sculpture have both vanished. . . . There is probably no connection, but it seems that early one morning last week



a note was found penciled on the back of the Freedom of Speech statue. Says you! (it read) *D. J. K. Sioux City.* . . . They got it washed off before opening hours.

LOGICALLY — but with curious effect — there are no ikons or other religious symbols in the fabulous Russian Building. . . . Fronted by its great stainless-steel Feyda, it is to be set up as a permanent structure in Moscow. Perhaps that is U. S. S. R. symbolism. . . .

Lots of people are coming in their own boats. Motley collection, ranging from precarious twenty-footers to Diesel-powered yachts. . . . Flushing Bay Basin has mooring for three hundred. . . . Rather looked down on by those who arrange to tie up at the New York Yacht Club in the East River. . . .

EVEN though the artists are agonizing over the fact that the mural colors are fading a little, dark glasses are handy. . . . Cotton in your ears helps at the Aquacade. The loud-speaker system is stepped up pretty high. . . . The evening, because of the recurrent dream of the lights, is the best time. . . . The Danish Pavilion and the French Building both have superlative food. . . . Come right down to it, the ideal guide is a coldly discriminating friend, who knows what to be world-weary about and what to admire. Failing such, make a beeline for what you simply have to see. All those jokes about broken arches and the growing wealth of chiropodists are proving, like the Proverbs, tiresomely true. . . .



You can't get away from New York's skyline. You are always looking up at it or down from it. . . . The Museum of the City of New York has just opened an *Evolution of the Skyscraper* exhibit. Takes you back before the Flatiron Building. Plans, pictures, and the Museum's specially famous scale models, which

tend to make you feel like Alice in her tall periods. . . . The Metropolitan has assembled a most extraordinary loan exhibit — *Life in America.* . . . The genre paintings are the most fun, and the like of the whole thing will probably never be under one roof again. . . .

GETS you thinking about what painting trends do to house decorations. . . . Ruby Ross Wood, at 460 Park, is one of the places where this *trompe-l'œil* business can be seen at its best. . . . It was certainly forecast by the man who *Thought he saw an elephant upon the mantel-piece, He looked again.* . . . Knowing people are forever telling us that it all began when an artist went mildly mad doing murals in a villa outside Venice. When you pin them down, their erudition fails them — we don't yet know *what* artist, nor *what* villa. . . .

ON Second Avenue, near 60th, the Atlas Importing Company has herbs you've never heard of. . . . The Bazar Français casserole dishes are the things to do that kind of cooking



in. . . . There's a Spanish grocery at 208 West 14th where, among less unlikely things, you can get real Spanish *espadrilles.* . . . Also on 14th is the New York Band Instrument Company. Here, and at the Gramophone Shop, are all the out-of-the-way and foreign records. Ask about Caspar Reardon, the *hot* harpist. And the Decca Caribbean records, of which our favorite is the *Duke and Duchess of Kent.* . . . When you're down there find out what foreign movie is running at the Cameo, on Union Square. Lots of foreign films show there and no place else. . . . On West 12th Street the New School for Social Research is physically distinguished for its architecture, its Benson and Orcozo murals; socially distinguished for its own teaching, and the University in Exile. . . . Around the corner on West 11th is the last remaining row of balconied early-Victorian houses left in the town. . . .

ALL the big hotels and department stores have special information places. No charge. . . . Macy's claim the people at theirs speak twenty-six languages. . . . *Jambo, tolo!* These are free. . . . For a fee Your Secretary, 29 East 69th, will provide anything from a reliable nursemaid to an elephant gun or a passage to Tahiti.

Nor so far away, at New London, Connecticut, on June 23, are the Yale-Harvard boat



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... races. . . . The Thames jammed with festive boats and the boats jammed with festive collegians. . . . The next day the Eastern Yacht Club ocean race to Marblehead sets out



from there. Grand sight to see the sails rounding Eastern Point. . . . New London is a vivid sample of what the hurricane did, and of how New England is taking it. Sure, the trees are down, and new trees set up. Sure, the boats and docks were smashed; there are new boats and docks all over the coast. . . . Remember what was said by this year's most famous American travelers? . . . *Is it all oranges ever'where?* . . . *Well, maybe not ever'where, but plenty places.*

MUSIC Mountain, outside Falls Village, Connecticut, begins its Sunday concerts now. . . . In Norfolk on the village green is Cora Brown's excellent Inn. You can ski on pine needles in Norfolk if you want to. . . .

DRIVING down through Hartford, lunch at Honiss' Oyster House, as indigenous as the life-insurance companies. Sawdust on the floor, old prints, waiters nearly as old. . . .



IN Newport, on July 3, the Master-Apprentices open their summer theatre. . . . There lives in Newport, among other people you have heard of, John Benson, the young sculptor, who is so enchanted with beautiful lettering that he makes classically admirable tombstones. . . . *Don't miss Bristol, Rhode Island, if you care about old houses.* . . .

ALL the New England museums have special summer shows. . . . Worcester's energetic Francis Taylor is having an exhibit with one hand and reconstructing his museum with the other. . . . June 28 gives you a chance to go inside the houses on Chestnut Street, Salem. Many people think this the most distinguished street in the country. . . . Marblehead's gardens are open the same day. . . . The Esplanade concerts in Boston begin early in July, and on the 23rd there'll be model yacht racing on the Charles. The owners, in their frenzy, are as good a show as the boats. . . . The Blue Ship, on T Wharf, redeems itself from being a wee touch quaint by giving you a chance to eat right in the middle of the harbor traffic. . . . Brattle Hall

in Cambridge is housing the Straw Hat theatre. . . . Funny thing, the two most attractive-looking apartment houses around Boston are the Harvard Houses and Old Harbor Village; tenants of both strictly limited, more applications than admissions. . . .

THE Cape Playhouse and the Cape Cinema, at Dennis, are the deans of all the summer theatres. . . . Since they moved the old meetinghouse on to the farm, and young Rockwell Kent painted the walls in the microscopic movie house, a lot of famous plays have had their first nights there. . . . The Cape is cluttered in a lot of places, but Yarmouth Port is not one of them. . . . The Anchorage there is rather like the best of the Bermuda guesthouses. Very small. . . .



TUNA and swords and blues are beginning to run. . . . Someone took a 710-pound tuna in Ipswich Bay last summer. . . . If you want to charter a boat, complete with pulpit and tackle, the Massachusetts Development Company, in Boston, will set you out from Marblehead or Gloucester in whatever style or direction you please. . . . The Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole knows all about what goes on under sea water. . . . Pull will get you out on their specimen collecting boat. Good sailors, only. It's a rough trip. . . . Down there the West Falmouth Inn is a quiet place — nice people, *very* nice food. . . .

Of course if you begin to get scientific about fish and bird life there's no knowing. . . . A bird-stalking Bostonian saw a gull eating a fish on Ipswich Beach. Gull and fish both new to him. He photographed the gull and took what was left of the fish to be identified. Turned out to be an ivory gull, not native to the U.S.A., and a European carp, also never seen in these parts. . . . The gull left no address, but the carp had escaped from the Cranes' pool. They just happened to run into each other. . . .

Stop Light

